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["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."]

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HOLMBY HOUSE.

"Oh! I know what I know," proceeded Faith, with increased agitation and alarming volubility. "I know where you were spending the day yesterday, and the day before, and the day before that! I know why you leave your work in the morning, and the dinner stands till it's cold, and the horse is kept out all day, and comes home in a muck of sweat; and it's 'where's the sergeant?' and 'has anybody seen Hugh?' and 'Mistress Faith, can you tell what's become of Dymocke?' all over the house. But I answer them, 'I've nothing to do with Dymocke; Dymocke don't belong to me. Doubtless he's gone to see his friends in the neighborhood; and he knows his own ways best.' Oh! I don't want to pry upon you, sergeant; it's nothing to me when you come and go; and no doubt, as I said before, she's a good girl, and a comely; and got a bit of money too; for her sister that married Will Jenkins she's gone and quarrelled with her father; and the brother, you know, he's in hiding; and they're a bad lot altogether, all but her; and I hope you'll be happy, Sergeant Dymocke; and you've my best wishes; and (sob) prayers (sob), for all that's come and gone yet (sob), Hugh!"

To say that Dymocke was astonished, stupefied, at his wits' end, is but a weak mode of expressing his utter discomfiture; the old soldier was completely routed, front, flanks, and rear, disarmed and taken prisoner, he was utterly at the mercy of his conqueror.

"It's not much to ask," pursued Faith, her cheeks flushing, and her bosom heaving as she wept out her plaint; "it's not much to ask, and I should like to have back the broken sixpence, and the silver buckles, and the—the—bit of sweet marjoram I gave you yesterday was a fortnight, if it's only for a keepsake and a remembrance when you're married, Hugh, and you and me are separated for ever!"

With these desponding words the disconsolate damsel buried her face in her apron and sobbed aloud.

What a brute he felt himself! how completely she had put him in the wrong—how his conscience smote him, innocent as he was concerning the miller's daughter, for many little instances of inattention and neglect towards his affianced bride, who was now so unselfishly giving him up, with such evident distress. How his heart yearned towards her now, weeping there in her rustic beauty, and he pitied her, pitied her, whilst all the time, with his boasted sagacity and experience, he was as helpless as a baby in the little witch's hands.

"Don't ye take on so, Faith," he said, attempting an awkward caress, from which she snatched herself indignantly away, "don't ye take on so. I never went near the miller's daughter, Faith—I tell ye I didn't, as I'm a living man!"

"Oh! it's nothing to me, sergeant, whether you did or whether you didn't," returned the lady, looking up for an instant, and incontinently hiding her face in her apron for a fresh burst of grief. "It's all over between you and me now, Hugh, for evermore!"

"Never say such a word, my dear," returned Dymocke, waxing considerably alarmed, as the possibility of her being in earnest occurred to him, and the horrid suspicion dawned on his mind that this might be a ruse to get rid of him in favor of the comely yeoman, after all; "and if you come to that, lass, you weren't so true to your cousin yourself yesterday, that you need to turn the tables this way upon me."

She had led him to the point now. Then he was jealous, as she intended he should be, and she had got him sure.

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean, Sergeant Dymocke," answered Mistress Faith, demurely, sobbing at longer intervals, and drying her eyes while she spoke. "If you allude to my conversation with one of his blessed Majesty's servants yesterday, I answer you that it was in the presence of yourself and all my lord's servants; and if it hadn't been, I'm accountable to no one. A poor lone woman like me can't be too careful, I know; a poor lone woman that's got nobody to defend her character, speak up for her, or take care of her, and that's lost her best friend, that quarrels with her whether she will or no. Oh! what shall I do?—what shall I do?"

The action was very nearly over now. Another flood of tears, brought up like a skilful general's reserve, in the nick of time, turned the tide of affairs, and nothing was left for the sergeant but to surrender at discretion.

"It's your own fault if it be so," whispered Hugh, with that peculiarly sheepish expression which pervades the male biped's countenance when he so far humiliates himself as to make a *bona fide* proposal. "If you'll say the word Faith, say it now, for indeed I love you, and I'll never be easy till you're my wife, and that's the truth."

But Faith wouldn't say the word at once, nor indeed could she be brought to put a period to her admirer's sufferings, in which, like a very woman, she found a morbid and inexplicable gratification, until she had well-nigh worried him into a withdrawal of his offer, when she said it in a great hurry, and sealed her submission with a kiss.

On the subsequent festivities held both in the parlor and the hall—for Sir Giles drank the bride's health in a bumper, and the ladies of the family thought nothing too good to present to their favorite on the happy occasion of her marriage—it is not our province to enlarge. In compliance with the maxim that "happy's the wooing that's not long in doing," the nuptials took place as soon as the necessary preparations could be made, and a prettier or a happier-looking bride than Faith never knelt before the altar.

The sergeant, however, betrayed a scared and somewhat startled appearance, as that of one who is not completely convinced of his own identity, bearing his part nevertheless as a bridegroom bravely and jauntily enough.

At his own private opinion of the catastrophe we can but guess by a remark which he was overheard to address to himself immediately after his acceptance by the pretty waiting-maid, and her consequent departure to acquaint her mistress.

"You've done it now, old lad," observed the sergeant, shaking his head, and speaking in a deliberate, reflective, and somewhat sarcastic tone. "What is to be must be, I suppose, and all things turn out for the best. But there's no question about it—you've—done—it—now!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"YES OR NO."

Old Sir Giles never refused his daughter anything now. He had always been an indulgent parent, but it seemed that of late years Grace had more than ever wound herself round his heart. The old Cavalier was getting sadly broken and altered of late. Day by day his frame became more bent and more attenuated; the eye that used to gleam so bright was waxing dim and uncertain; the voice that had rung out so clear and cheerful above the tramp of squadrons and the din of battle, now shook and quivered with the slightest exertion, and the once muscular hand that used to close so vigorously on sword and bridle-rein, had wasted down, thin, white and fragile like a girl's. The spirit alone was unaltered—bold, resolute and unyielding as of old; the staunch Cavalier drank the King's health as unshrinkingly every night as was his wont; and looked opportunity only to lead the King's troops into action as undauntedly as ever. Ay, although too feeble to sit upright in a saddle, he had waved them on to certain death from a sick man's litter. It is glorious to think how the spirit outlives the clay. But with Grace it seemed as if he could not be tender and gentle enough. Whether it was an instinctive feeling that his child was not happy, or an inward presentiment that they must soon take leave of each other in this world, something seemed to prompt him to lavish all the affection of his warm old heart on his darling, and bade him grant her all she asked, and anticipate her lightest wish while it was yet in his power. Thus it befel that to Grace's unexpected proposal, "Father, may I write in your name to bid General Effingham to the Hall?" he answered feebly in the affirmative, and the young lady found herself in consequence sitting down for the first time in her life to pen a formal letter to the Parliamentary General.

How this invitation, albeit unnatural and unexpected enough, scarcely did as much violence to Sir Giles's feelings as might have been supposed. Years before, at Oxford, he had imbibed a strong personal liking for George Effingham; and although the latter's desertion of his colors had been a grievous offence to the loyal old Cavalier, he could not but respect the successful and distinguished soldier, who had won such laurels on the side he had espoused too late; he could not forget that he owed his life to Effingham on the fatal field of Naseby, nor could he be insensible to the many kindnesses conferred upon him and his by the General since he had entered upon his high command at Northampton. It was bitter, truly, thus to be beholden to a renegade, and a Roundhead to boot; but then the rebel, though a political enemy, was a personal friend, and it was doubtless pleasant to be [illegible] from the fire, [illegible] and other [illegible]

to which those Cavaliers were liable who were not so fortunate as to possess a protector on the winning side. So Sir Giles answered in the affirmative, though a little testily, considering it was Grace to whom he spoke.

"As thou wilt, wench, as thou wilt. Let him come and see the two poor old cripples, an' he choose. Vaux is a bad, and I'm little better, but the time has been that he's ridden alongside of us in buff and steel, the renegade. 'Slife, he's seen us front, and flanks, and rear, and all," laughed the old knight, grimly, reverting to the defeats at Marston Moor and Naseby. "Let him come and have a look at us, now we're laid upon the shelf and he's got the sun on his own side o' the hedge, with a murrain to it! But write him a civil cartel, Gracy, too, for we're beholden to the black-muzzled varlet, Roundhead though he be."

And thus it came to pass that Grace sat alone in the great hall at Boughton, with her color coming and going, and her heart beating a very quick march the while George Effingham's orderly led his horse from the door, and the General himself walked into her presence, trembling in every limb, and in a state of nervous alarm sufficiently contemptible for a man who could face a battery without wincing. The usual ceremonious observances were gone through. Grace presented a cold cheek to her visitor's salute as she bade him welcome. And the latter dropped the hand extended to him as if it were some poisonous reptile, instead of the very treasure on earth for which he would have given every drop of blood in his body. They did not speak much of the weather, but according to the custom of the time, the gentleman made the most minute and circumstantial inquiries as to the state of health enjoyed by each separate member of her family, and the lady answered categorically, and by rule. Then there was a dead silence, very awkward, very painful, apparently interminable. Grace began almost to wish he hadn't come.

She broke it at last with an effort.

"I have to thank you, General Effingham, for so promptly attending to my request. Were you not surprised to receive my letter?" she added, with an attempt to lapse into a more playful vein.

Gerogo muttered something unintelligible in reply. He was no carpet-knight, our honest friend, and the last man on earth to help a lady either out of or into a difficulty.

She was obliged to go on unassisted. It was not so formidable as she fancied, now that the ice was broken, and she had recovered the alarm of hearing her own voice.

"I can count upon you as a friend, General," she said, one of her frank, cordial smiles lighting up the whole of her pretty face; "and I am about to put your friendship to the test. You can do me a kindness that will make me the happiest girl in the world—can I depend upon you? I you promise me, I know I can."

He colored with a swarthy glow of pleasure. This frank feeling accorded well with his honest earnest nature.

"I am a plain soldier, Mistress Grace," he replied; "I would give my life to serve you, and you know it."

Grace's head began to turn. Now for it—she must plead with her lover to save one whom he could not but consider his rival, and perhaps the effort would cost the mediator all that makes life most valuable. Well, she was in deep water now, and must sink or swim. She struck out boldly at once.

"Do you know that your old comrade, Humphrey Boeville, is a prisoner in London on a charge of high treason?"

He had not heard a word of it. He was grieved beyond measure. Boeville was so devoted, so persevering, had been so staunch to the Royal cause, had been concerned in every plot and every scheme, had been pardoned once by the the Parliament. It would go hard with him this time—he was very, very sorry to hear of it.

"And that is exactly what I ask you to prevent," she broke in. "I have sent for you that I might implore you to save him. George Effingham, you are the only man alive that I would ask to do so much. Grant me my desire as freely and frankly as I entreat it of you."

It was exactly the way to take him. Had she beat about the bush and *finessed* and coquetted with him, he would probably have refused her sternly, although such a refusal would have forbidden him ever to see her again. He would have set up some objection of duty or principle, and hardened himself to resistance, even against her, but he was not proof against this open-hearted, confiding, sisterly kind of treatment, and had she asked him to ride to London incontinently, and beard Cromwell to his face, he must have yielded on the spot. Where had Grace acquired her knowledge of human nature? Surely it is by intuition that women thus readily detect and take advantage of our most assailable points. They need no Vauban to tell them that "a fortress is no stronger than its weakest part," but direct their attack unhesitatingly where the wall is lowest, and carry everything before them by a *coup de main*.

George saw all the difficulties in his path plainly enough. He knew that to ask for his old comrade's life would subject him to much suspicion and misrepresentation on the part of his colleagues. Like all successful men he had no lack of rivals, and now that the fighting was over it had already begun to be whispered that the converted Cavalier was but a luke-warm partisan after all, nay, the fanatics averred that he was, alas! but a "whited sepulchre," and little better than a "Malignant" in his heart. Cromwell indeed, whose religious enthusiasm was strongly dashed with political far-sightedness, knew his valor, and to Cromwell he trusted; but he could not conceal from himself that he was about to stake on one throw the whole of that influence and position he had so ardently coveted, and which it had cost him such strenuous and unceasing efforts to attain.

But George's was a generous nature, and the instant he had determined to make the sacrifice for the woman he loved, he had resolved that she should be the last person to learn its value and importance.

"Is it to save my old friend's life, Mistress Grace," he said, "that you think it necessary thus to entreat me? I should indeed be grateful to you for informing me of his danger. I will lose no time in making every exertion on his behalf, ay, even should I have to give my life for his. I only wish you had proposed to me some more unwelcome task that I might have shown you how ready I am to comply with your every wish."

He spoke with a playful, for him, even with a courtly air. He marked the glistening eye and the flush of pleasure with which she listened, nor did he wince for a moment, and though his lip trembled a little, the brave face was as firm as marble.

Did he think he could blind her? Could he believe she did not calculate his danger, and appreciate his unselfishness? Did he not feel how her woman-nature must respond to a generosity so akin to its own? If ever you would win her, George Effingham, open your arms now, and take her to your heart!

The tears were coming to his eyes, but he drove them back with a strong effort, as, seeing she was too much moved to speak, he proceeded—

"I will bring him back to you without a hair of his head being harmed, Mistress Grace. Perhaps in happier days you will both think kindly of the renegade Cavalier."

She put her hand in his, smiling sweetly through her tears.

"Do this," she murmured, "and ask me what you will in recompense."

He was too proud to understand.

"There is not a moment to be lost," he said; "make my excuse to Sir Giles and good Lord Vaux, that I must take my leave without waiting on them. Farewell, Mistress Grace; fare ye well. Farewell!"

Without another word, without even touching her hand, he made a profound obeisance and left the room.

Grace's knees were knocking together, and she shook in every limb. She sank into Sir Giles's huge arm-chair, and there she sat and pondered the momentous question that some day or another presents itself in every woman's heart. "How noble" thought Grace, "how generous, how chivalrous, and how good! Never to show that he was conferring a kindness, never to place me under the sense of an obligation; and all the time he is willing to give up his fame and his command and his position; nay, a dearer, fonder future still, and for my sake." Grace blushed up to her temples though she was alone. "This is indeed true affection—the affection I have heard of and dreamt of; that I never thought any one would be found to feel for me. For me!—what am I that that brave, determined goodly man should thus be at the disposal of my lightest word?" Grace went to the end of the hall, peeped in the glass, and sat down again, apparently a little more satisfied and composed. "If their positions were reversed, would Humphrey have acted so? I trow not. Has he the firmness and the energy and the strength of mind of this one? Oh! Why did I not love George Effingham instead? Stay! do I not love him now? Shame, shame!—and I almost told him so. And perhaps he sees how wavering and unworthy I am, and despises me after all." Grace sat back in her chair, in a most unenviable frame of mind—provoked with the past, impatient of the present, and undecided as to the future. George stepped calmly along the terrace, with the sad composure of a man who has nothing more to fear on earth. He had long known it must come to this at last; had long anticipated the moment when the frail cobwebs of self-deception which weave themselves insensibly around the human heart must be swept away in a breath; when the vain imitation of Hope that had beguiled its loneliness must be surrendered once for all; and he accepted his lot with a proud, quiet hesitation. At least he would make her happy, ay, though it cost him every treasure he had in the world; and when he could bear it he would see her again, and in her welfare should be his reward.

The rustle of a lady's dress behind him caused him to start and stop. Could she have followed him for one more last word? Could his self sacrifice have touched and softened her? No; as he turned his head it was Mary Cave that hurried up to him with trembling steps, and accosted him in the faltering accents of extreme anxiety and distress.

She was so altered he hardly knew her. She whose manner used to be so composed and queenly, daened it may be with a little too much self-confidence and assumption, was now nervous and pre occupied; apparently humbled in her own estimation, and abrupt, almost incoherent, in her address. She had lost her rich color, too, and there lines on the brow he remembered so smooth and fair; while the soft blue eyes that formerly laughed and sparkled, and softened all at once, had grown fixed and dilated, even fierce in their expression.

"One word with you, General Effingham," she said, without waiting to go through any of the common forms of salutation; "have you seen Mistress Allonby?"

He answered in the affirmative with a bow. She seemed to know it, for she scarcely waited for a reply.

"You have heard it all," she hurried on, speaking very fast and energetically, with a certain action of the hand and wrist that was habitual to her, but never (and this was so unlike her), never looking her companion in the face. "Grace has made no subterfuge, no concealment; she has told you everything—everything? And you are going to London immediately?—this very day? You will not lose an instant? He will be saved, General Effingham—don't you think he will?"

"I shall be on the road before the sun goes down," he replied courteously, affecting to ignore her agitation; "I have already promised Mistress Allonby that I will leave no stone unturned to save Humphrey Boeville. I think I can answer for his life being spared."

She could not help it; she burst into tears. Alas! they come easier every time, and she had so often cause to weep now! But it relieved her, and after this display of weakness she relapsed into something of her old air of composure and superiority.

"He is a very dear friend," she said, the color gradually stealing over her pale face; "a very dear friend to us all. You will command Grace's eternal gratitude, and Sir Giles's and Lord Vaux's—and mine."

He was only too happy to serve them, he said; and he, too, valued Humphrey as much as any of them—so brave, so kindly; above all, so gentle and true-hearted.

"Hush!" she stopped him, quite eagerly, the while she laid her hand in his with a frank, cordial pressure, but her face worked as though she would fain burst out crying once more. "There is not a moment to lose; I must detain you no longer. There is one thing more I had to say. You will see him; you will tell him how anxious we all have been for him, and you will give him this packet yourself," she drew it from her bosom as she spoke, "and you will entrust it to no other hand but his own. It is only a matter of—of—business," she faltered out, "but I wish it to arrive safe at its destination. Thank you—God bless you."

She would not have been a woman had she not reserved this one little bit of concealment. Effingham must not know, no one must ever know, how she had loved Humphrey Boeville. The packet was but a matter of *business*—business, forsooth!—exchange and barter, and dead loss and utter bankruptcy; but none must fathom it. They are all alike; reeling from a death-blow they can find a moment to dispose their draperies decently, nay, even tastefully, around them. And whilst on the subject of drapery we may remark that even in the deepest affliction they preserve no slight regard to the amenities of dress. Though Mary's heart was breaking, her robe was not disordered, neither was her hair out of curl.

As Effingham ordered out his horses and betook himself to the saddle, he little thought how he had created so deep an interest in the two gentle hearts he left behind him. Grace was already studiously comparing him with a previous idol, a comparison which generally argues the dethronement of the prior image from its pedestal in the female breast; and Mary, of all people, could most thoroughly enter into his feelings, pity his loneliness, and appreciate his self-sacrifice.

Humphrey's case was indeed one of extreme peril. Heavily manacled, and committed to Newgate like a common malefactor, his only prospect of release was when he should be brought before the Parliament and placed on trial for his life. Scant mercy, too, could he expect from that conscientious assemblage. A confirmed Malignant, a brave and zealous officer, an adherent of the Queen; lastly—setting at naught his previous pardon—an emissary from the French Court to the imprisoned King, nothing was wanting to prove him guilty of high treason against the majesty of the Commons House of Parliament by law assembled, nothing but an extraordinary reversal of the usual sentence could prevent his paying the extreme penalty attached to that heinous offence.

In vain he pleaded the innocence of the letters with which he was charged; in vain he urged that they contained a simple application to his Majesty from the Prince, his son, for permission to accompany the Duke of Orleans to the wars. In vain he pleaded his own position as a mere domestic functionary attached to the person of the Queen. His well-known character for loyalty and reckless daring, accompanied by his steady refusal to sign his name to a written statement embodying the above explanations, utterly nullified all that could be said in his defence, and left him nothing to anticipate but an adverse verdict, a short shrift, and a speedy end.

It was evident, however, that some strong influence was at work below the surface in favor of the Royalist prisoner. Powerful debates in the House of Commons itself urged the policy of clemency, and the antecedents of the culprit, as arguments for a mitigated sentence, if not a free acquittal. Shrewd lawyers reserved points of law in his behalf. One eminent patriot boldly expressed his admiration of such devoted constancy even in an enemy; and although the case was too clear to admit of doubt, and Lenthall (the Mr. Speaker of the day) was compelled to do his duty and commit the prisoner for trial on the capital charge, he was not even then abandoned by friends, who must indeed have felt themselves secure to make such exertions in his behalf.

On his return to Newgate from Westminster, the coach in which he sat was curiously enough upset. Two of his guards appeared strangely stupefied, a third was drunk, and the fourth, slipping a note into his hand, bade him run for his life the while he extricated the horses and rated the driver soundly for their misfortune. Perhaps Humphrey was not so surprised as he might have been, had he not previously held an interview with Effingham in his prison, whose writing he recognized in the slip of paper in his hand. Its contents were short and pithy:

"Keep quiet and in hiding," it said, "for a few months. You will be purposely overlooked, but remain where you are not known, and above all—keep still."

There was no signature, but Humphrey wisely tore it into shreds as he made his escape through the increasing darkness.

And now Effingham was anticipating his reward. As he journeyed rapidly back to Northampton, riding post, and urging the good horse beneath him to their swiftest pace, he was thinking of Grace's grateful smile when he should assure her that her lover had been saved by his exertions; and his own gratification, in which indeed there was no inconsiderable leaven of pain, at her delight.

He was to see her just once again—that once which, contrary to the rules of arithmetic, is multiplied by itself into so many, many times—to witness her happiness with his own eyes, and feel that henceforth he was never so much as to think of her again. For this he had worked and fawned, cajoled and promised, intrigued and threatened; done constant violence to his stern, true nature, and lost that position with his party which it had cost him so much to attain. And for this he would have done as much and twice as much again, because, you see, he was going to have his reward.

How even this consolation was denied him, we must detail in another chapter.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"WELCOME HOME."

There was hurrying to and fro in the old house at Boughton; a hushed confusion seemed to pervade the establishment, and though the servants rushed here and there in aimless anxiety, everything was done as noiselessly as possible, and they did not even venture to express in words that which their scared faces and white lips told only too well.

Horses had been saddled hastily, and ridden off at speed in search of medical assistance. With the strange piteous earnestness to do something which pervades us helpless mortals when we feel that nothing can avail, mounted messengers had been dispatched in needless repetition. There was little to be done but to wait for the leech and summon fortitude to endure his confirmation of their worst fears. The sick man said himself there was no hope. He seemed less affected than any in the household by the recent catastrophe.

Sir Giles was down under a mortal stroke. He preserved his senses and his speech; the rest of the man was a mere helpless shell; but his mind was as vigorous as ever, and the old knight's courage had not given way even now—no, not an inch.

He had often looked on death before, and fronted him in the field, spurring his good horse against him, with a jest on his lips, and told him that he feared him not to his face. He had seen all he had loved best on earth fast in the skeleton's embrace, and he had not quailed even then. Would he shrink from him now? Pshaw! let him do his worst.

We have said it before, and we say it again, that the mind which has never prepared itself for the great change is usually incapable of doing so when that change is actually present. Far be it from us to aver that it is ever too late whilst there is life; we only remark that it seems ill-advised to make no preparation for a long, what if it be an endless journey? till the foot is actually in the stirrup.

Grace was weeping by his bedside, her hand in his, her face turned to him to hide the big drops that coursed each other down her cheeks. Poor Gracy! Many a true friend loves you well, many a heart leaps to the glance of your kind eye, and warms to your gentle voice; but where will you find an affection so constant, so unwavering, so regardless of self, so patient of ingratitude, as his who lies gasping there on his death-bed? Where will you find another love that shall be always willing to give everything and receive nothing? that shall pour on you its unceasing stores of care and tenderness, nor ask even for a word of thanks in return?

"I've been a kind old father to thee, lass," said the dying man, "and thou'st been a rare daughter to me; but I must leave thee now."

What could Grace do but bow her head down upon the poor thin hand she held, and weep as if her heart would break?

He folded the pretty head to his bosom as he used to do when she was a little child, stroking the hair down, and fondling and consoling her.

"Don't ye cry so, my darling," said the old warrior. "What! Gracey, little woman, cheer up! 'tis not for long, lass, not for long."

She seemed to be the dying one of the two. She lay motionless, her head buried in his breast. She was praying for him to his Father and hers.

He was still for a time. Conscious of his failing powers, he was gathering himself, as it were, for an effort. When he spoke again she looked up astonished at his strength of voice.

"Is Mary here?" he asked—"Mary Cave? bid her come round here. God bless thee, Mistress Mary."

She had been sitting afar off at the window, quietly waiting, as was her custom, till she could be of use. She came to the bedside now, and put her arm round Grace, and looked down upon the helpless knight with a calm, sad face. The greater grief absorbs the less, and constant pain will make callous the most sensitive nature. Poor Mary! two short years ago she would hardly have stood so composed and statue-like at good Sir Giles's deathbed.

"Care for her, sweet Mistress Mary," he resumed, with something of his old energy of voice and manner; "take charge of my pretty one when I am gone. I thought sometimes to see her married to you, good lad, him that rode the sorrel horse so fairly—my memory fails me now, I think—how call you him? Ay, I thought to have seen her married and all; but she's young, very young yet. I am failing fast, Mistress Mary; don't ye speak to Gracey anent it; she loves her old father, and it might disturb the child; but I'm not for long here. I know not if my senses may be spared me. I must speak out whilst I can. Gracey, are you there. Where is Gracey?"

She was close to him still, pressing her wet cheek to his.

"Here, father," she whispered, "dear father;" and her voice seemed to revive him for the time.

"Mary will take care of thee, my little lass," he said feebly stretching his hand to hers, and trying to place it in that of her friend. "Thou wilt not leave her, Mary; never leave her till she's married to some good man—not a rebel, Gracey, never a rebel, for the old father's sake. I loved that bold lad well; why doth he never come to see 'ee now? Kiss me, Gracey. I shall see thee again, my child. God forgive my sins! I have never sinned by thee. I shall see thee again, and thy mother too. God bless thee, Gracey!"

He sank into a stupor. The leech had not arrived yet. Something told their hearts that all the leechcraft on earth would be of no avail, and the two women sat noiselessly weeping in the silence of the death-chamber.

He spoke again after a while; but his eyes shone with a strange brightness, and the indescribable change was on him—the change which we cannot but instinctively acknowledge, and which pervades the dying, like a gleam of pale light from the land beyond the grave.

He spoke of the old times now. Anon he was charging once more at the head of his brigade on Naseby field; the tramp of squadrons and the rattle of small arms were in his ears, and Effingham's steel-headed pikes lowered grimly in his front. Alas! the battle shout was but a hoarse laboring whisper, yet the two pale listeners could recognize the tactics of an action and the stirring old war-cry, "God and Queen Mary! For the King! for the King!"

Then he prayed for his Sovereign, fervently, loyally, prayed that he might recover his power and his throne, intermingling short pithy phrases from the ritual of his church, and expressing himself proud, happy, privileged that he might die for his King.

Yet a thread of consciousness seemed to run through these fitful wanderings of departing reason. It was pitiful to hear him urge on his fancied retainers to ease his saddle and curb his good horse tighter, as he flew his hawk once more in the green meadows under the summer sky.

"He was getting infirm," he said, "and the days were long at this time of the year; but it was evening at last, and he was glad, for he was tired, very tired. It would be dark before they got home. It was very dark even now."

There was a dead silence. The startled women thought he was gone; but he breathed yet, though very faintly, and with parted lips. His eyes were closed, but he was wandering still. He called to his hawk, his horse, and his hounds. He must see Gracey, too, he said, "before he took his boots off"—"She was very little, surely, very little to run alone;" and he spoke fondly and tenderly to another Grace—a Grace that had been treasured up many a long year in the depths of his stout old heart, a Grace that would almost weary expecting him, even in heaven—that was surely waiting for him now on the other side.

He opened his eyes once more, but they rolled aimlessly around, fixing themselves at last feebly upon his daughter. Grace felt to her heart's core that his last look was one of consciousness upon her—that he knew her even while that look was glazing into death—that the "God bless thee, Gracey!" which he gasped out with his last breath, was the same old fond familiar farewell with which he was always used to depart upon a journey.

So he went upon his way, and surely when he reached the promised land he found a fond face there, waiting to welcome him home.

Ere the surgeon arrived in hot haste there was nothing left on earth of the stout old Cavalier but a goodly war-worn frame, a fixed marble face, smooth and placid, renovated, as it were, to the sculptured beauty of its prime. He shook his head as he acknowledged himself to be too late, and left the mourners to the sacred indulgence of their grief. Grace Allonby wept in her friend's arms, clinging to her in her distress with the helpless abandonment of a child, and Mary, roused from her own sorrows by the necessity for exertion, soothed her gently and pitifully like a mother. Lord Vaux was by this time a helpless invalid, and both women felt they had at last lost their only protector, as well as their best and kindest friend.

"You must never leave me, Mary," sobbed out Grace again and again, as a fresh burst of grief broke wildly forth, "never leave me now, for I have but you in the world."

It was a goodly funeral with which they did honor to the brave old Cavalier. Many a stout yeoman came from far and near to see him laid in his last resting-place, and told, not without pride, as he quaffed the ale which ever flowed freely on such occasions, how he had charged to the old knight's battle-cry at Naseby, or followed him through serried columns and levelled pikes at Edgehill or Roundway-down. Not a brave heart within three counties but when he heard of Sir Giles's death said, "God rest him! he was a bold one." The King himself, the harassed, careworn Charles, wrote a letter of condolence with his own royal hand to the daughter of his faithful servant; and Prince Rupert, pining in exile, vowed that "the last of the real old Cavaliers was buried with Sir Giles."

But better than troopers' admiration, prince's approval, and king's autograph, there was more than one poor friendless widow that came with her orphans in her hand, whilst the turf was fresh and ere the stone was up, to weep over the grave of her kind friend and benefactor. Epitaphs may lie, monuments may crumble, deeds of arms and mortal fame may pass away, but the tears of the widow and the fatherless are treasured up as a lasting memorial in a certain stronghold, where "neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"WESTMINSTER HALL."

"Wrap thy cloak well round thee, Gracey; the wind strikes chill to the very marrow." It was Mary Cave who spoke, and suiting the action to the word, drew with a tender hand the folds of a large dark mantle round the form of her companion.

Grace shivered from head to foot, her teeth chattered, and she tottered as she walked, supported by her friend, who, faithful to the trust he left her, seemed to take a maternal charge of Sir Giles's orphan daughter.

"I never thought they would have dared to do it," observed Mary, pursuing the train of her own reflections, "but it has come at last. He was brought from Windsor last night. I saw him myself by torchlight as he descended from the coach—so altered, Grace, so altered, in a short eighteen months!"

The expression of Grace's countenance was as that of one who sees some horrible deed of sacrilege committed, which the witness is powerless to prevent. She hurried on nervously, and without answering a word.

More than a year had elapsed since the events recorded in the preceding chapter—a year of trouble and anxiety to the nation—a year of sorrow and seclusion to these two hapless mourners. Lord Vaux, whose failing health had long been a subject for alarm, seemed utterly unable to recover the shock occasioned by his old friend's death. His kinswomen had brought him to the capital in search of the best medical assistance, and the two Royalist ladies were naturally anxious to be near the centre of those desperate measures which agitated the politics of the day. A powerful hand, too, seemed to protect this Malignant family. They came and went unquestioned where they would and were free from the annoyances to which so many of their friends were subjected. It is possible that Grace may have been able to guess the shield which guarded her; but if so, gratitude did but add another painful ingredient to the total of her sufferings. Her father's kind old face was ever before her eyes as she saw it last, and the dying whisper, "not a rebel, Gracey, never a rebel, for the old father's sake!" seemed to ring in her ears day and night.

She shivered again as she drew the dark heavy folds tight around her; it was so cold—so bitter cold.

A keen black frost, very different from his gladsome brother who comes sparkling down upon us, his stiff crisp raiment glittering with diamonds in the sunshine, bound the shrinking earth in a churlish embrace. A cutting north-easter, sweeping over her surface in fitful gusts, whirled up clouds of dust that stung and irritated the unprotected face like pin-points, and a dull leaden sky, against which the leafless trees of the Mall seemed to wave their skeleton branches as it were in mockery, lowered over all. London wore her blackest, her most forbidding look, and the pinnacles and spires of proud old Westminster frowned hard and threatening in the dense cold atmosphere.

Yet people were standing about in groups, whispering with suppressed though eager gestures; others waiting patiently, as if for some show or pageant. As is usual in a crowd, the women slightly predominated, yet was there but little sarcastic questioning and shrill reply, while the gambols of the London urchin—a race never on any public occasion to be sought in vain—failed to excite more than a transient smile in the grave and preoccupied multitude.

As Mary and Grace passed rapidly on they heard many an ominous whisper and broken phrase respecting the great event which was thus collecting the agitated citizens. Strange improbable rumors flew from lip to lip; hints of impossible combinations and contradictory circumstances obtained implicit credence. Here a sedate-looking personage assured his auditors that "his Majesty was never firmer on the throne; that he was coming in state to Westminster to open his faithful Parliament in person; that the Lords at Windsor, the greatest personages in the kingdom, served him daily on their knees; and that he knew this to be a fact, he who now spoke to them at the present time, for his sister's son, a gardener by trade, had the King's own commands for the sowing of certain Spanish melons at Wimbledon. And it is likely," added the orator, looking up to the gloomy sky, "that his Majesty would be sowing melons, especially Spanish ones, and in this weather too, unless he felt confident of seeing them ripen?" "God bless him!" he would have added, but he caught the scowl of a wild fanatical-looking personage glaring so fiercely at him that the words died upon his lips.

Then a little dirty man, a cobbler by trade, something of a demagogue by profession, and a drunkard by choice, gave it as his own opinion, with much unnecessary circumlocution, that "Charles," as he called him, was about to place himself unreservedly in the hands of his Parliament. "Do we not know," said the little man, brandishing aloft a pair of much-begrimed hands, and steadying his whole person by fixing his lack-lustre eye on a quiet individual in the crowd, who thus found himself, much to his annoyance, an object of considerable interest—"do we not know that the people, under God, are the original of all just power? that the Commons chosen by and representing us" (the little man smote his shabby breast violently with his dirty hands) "are the fountain of all power and authority, so that what the Commons declared law is law and nothing but law? and all the people of this nation are concluded thereby, although the consent and concurrence of the King and the House of Peers be not had thereunto!"

The little man had got the last clause of the Parliament proclamation carefully by rote, and used the same for his peroration with considerable skill, much to the delight of his auditors, who very generally expressed themselves satisfied with the soundness of his reasoning and the correctness of his principles.

But still, amongst all the conflicting reports alluded to, all the different opinions expressed by this motley assemblage, not a whisper was breathed as to the dreadful event which was really impending, not a suspicion seemed to exist even amongst the strongest partisans of the Parliament, that the people of England would exact the penalty of a king's blood.

It was only the well-educated and the far-seeing—those, in fact, who might be said to be behind the scenes—that could anticipate the worst; those who knew that the Commons had declared themselves independent of the Lords, that a commission had already been nominated for the trial of Charles Stuart on the charge of high treason, and that out of the hundred and thirty-five members appointed, scarce eighty consented to act, might indeed acknowledge the signs of the coming storm—the blast that was so soon to level the loftiest head in England with the dust.

As the hour of noon approached the crowd thickened considerably, and as it drew into its vortex more and more of the lowest rabble, the feeling against the King seemed to gain greater strength. Coach after coach rolled by, bearing the magnates of the country to the important scene in Westminster Hall, and as these were mostly well known to the populace, it might be remarked that such as were suspected even of a leaning toward royalty were assailed with groans and execrations, sometimes even with missiles of a more injurious nature, whilst those whose levelling principles were beyond doubt received a perfect ovation of cheers and congratulations, sometimes ridiculously personal, but always intended to be complimentary in the highest degree.

Amongst the rest one equipage in particular aroused a perfect tumult of applause; it was the coach of General Fairfax, containing his lady, seated alone in all the pomp of her native dignity and her robes of state. Like every successful man for the moment, Fairfax was at that period an immense favorite with the mob, and they clustered around the carriage that conveyed his wife with coarse and boisterous expressions of good will. The face inside was a study of strong suppressed feeling. Sitting there in the majesty of her beauty, she could scarce restrain the overpowering sentiments of hatred and contempt with which she regarded those who now surrounded her with such demonstrations of affection. The blood of the Veres boiled within her as she thought of her husband's forfeited loyalty, and the scene from which she had persuaded him to be absent, but to which she was herself hurrying. Her face turned red and white by turns, she bit her lip and clenched her hand as she bid her coachman lash his horses recklessly and drive on. Like the proud Tarquin's prouder wife, she would scarce have stopped had a human form been down beneath her feet.

Jostled by the crowd, notwithstanding her haughty step and imperious gesture, Mary could scarce make her way, and Grace's visible agitation increasing more and more, rendered her position one of peculiar annoyance and discomfort.

They narrowly escaped being run over by the rapidly approaching carriage, but as it passed so close that its wheels brushed Mary's garments, a well known face appeared at the window, a familiar voice she had not heard for many a year called to the coachman to stop, and Lady Fairfax bade them enter and come with her, in her usual accents of command.

"Mary Cave! I thought it was you," she exclaimed. "What are you doing amongst this *canaille*? Jump in, and your friend too. Let us see the end of this shameful business in Westminster Hall."

The unconscious *canaille* gave her ladyship and friends three hearty cheers as they drove off.

Under such protection as that of Lady Fairfax, with whom Mary had been intimate in girlhood's brighter days, the two ladies found no difficulty in obtaining access to the Hall.

Seats had been apportioned, and what were even then termed "boxes," partitioned off for the wives and families of the chief actors to witness the proceedings, and one of the principal of these had been reserved for the lady of the powerful Parliamentary General.

It was an awful and a solemn scene which burst upon the sight of our two devoted royalists as they entered. The King's trial was about to commence, and already had the commissioners taken their seats, with more than the usual pomp of form and ceremony. The stern and able Bradshaw, he whose sense of duty has earned him an unenviable immortality under the title of "The Regicide," stood erect as President, supported by his assessors, Lisle and Say, skilful lawyers both, and bold uncompromising men.

All heads were turned, all eyes directed towards the bar, at which was set a velvet chair of state. This inanimate object seemed to excite universal interest. It was to receive the royal prisoner, but it was still empty.

Anon the vague murmur that pervades all large assemblies increased audibly, and a certain stir was apparent at the far end of the Hall; then succeeded the deep hush of intense expectation, and many a heart heard nothing but its own thick beating, as it strained for a forward glimpse of but a few hours.

A sedan-chair was carried slowly up the Hall; many uncovered as it passed them; one or two voices were even heard to murmur a blessing. But that chair contained Charles Stuart, and his judges sat doggedly with their hats on, neither rising nor showing the slightest mark of respect to their unfortunate Sovereign.

When the King reached the bar he alighted, and without removing his hat, seated himself at once in the chair appointed for him; but presently rising again, looked sternly about him, at the president, at the court, at the people in the galleries; his nerve was as unshaken as it had ever been in the presence of physical danger. He was at bay now, and he was every inch a king.

But he was altered, sadly altered too. Mary's heart sank within her as she traced the furrows that suffering and anxiety had ploughed in those royal lineaments, for which she had all her life been taught to cherish an affectionate veneration. His well knit figure was firm and upright as ever; nor were his locks, though slightly tinged with grey, much thinner than of old; but his features were sharpened, and his eyes hollowed, as if he had been suffering acute physical pain; while the doomed expression that had always been the chief characteristic of his face, had deepened to an intensity of melancholy that it was piteous to look upon.

When Bradshaw spoke, however, his features hardened into defiance once more.

Silence was proclaimed, and a whisper might have been heard from one end to the other of that vast hall. Then the clerk, in a sonorous and business-like voice, read over the ordinance for the King's trial, a formal document, couched in terms of legal obscurity. When the ceremony was concluded, the list of commissioners was called over by the same functionary, those present answering to their names.

"John Bradshaw!"

"Here," replied the President, in a loud undaunted voice, looking sternly at the King, who returned his glance with a haughty and contemptuous frown.

"Thomas Fairfax!"

There was no response. A stir pervaded the hall as men turned and stared, and whispered to their neighbors with eager, anxious faces.

Again the clerk called in a loud voice, "Thomas Fairfax!"

"He has more wit than to be here," was answered, in distinct confident tones; but though Bradshaw bent his brows in anger, and the commissioners made hasty inquiries, and gave peremptory orders to their officials to secure the offender, it was not easy, in the increasing confusion, to ascertain whence the bold reply had come.

It originated, however, a murmur and a disturbance which it took some minutes to quell. Signs of disapprobation were swamped by a strong inclination to applaud; and it was evident that a powerful feeling in favor of the royal prisoner existed even in the very court in which he was to be tried.

The impeachment was then read over, accusing the monarch of "designs to erect to himself an illimited and tyrannical power, to overthrow the rights and liberties of the people; of high treason in respect of the levying war against the present Parliament, and the people therein represented;" as denoted by his appearance at York and Beverley with a guard; by the setting up of the standard at Nottingham; by the battle of Edgehill; and so on in order enumerating the different battles at which the King had been present. The document then went on to say, that he had caused the death of thousands of free-born people; that after his forces had been defeated, and himself made prisoner, he had stirred up insurrection in the country, and given a commission to the prince, his son, to raise a new war against the Parliament; and that, "as he was the author and contriver of these unnatural, cruel and bloody wars, so was he therein guilty of all the treasons, murders, rapines, burnings, spoils, desolation, damage and mischief to the nation which had been committed in the said wars, or been occasioned thereby; and that he was therefore impeached for the said treasons and crimes, as a tyrant, traitor and murderer, and a public implacable enemy to the Commonwealth, on behalf of the good people of England."

The King had sat perfectly silent and composed during the reading of the above strangely-worded impeachment save that at the terms "tyrant and traitor" as applied to himself, he had smiled contemptuously in the faces of the court. He raised his head, however, as the clerk paused to take breath after enunciating the last paragraph, and seemed about to make some objection or remark, but was arrested in the act, for the same female voice that had already interrupted the proceedings of the court, now rose once more, distinct and forcible through the hush of the attentive audience.

"The good people of England!" it exclaimed, in clear mocking tones. "No! nor one hundredth part of them!"

Great was the disturbance that ensued; several members rose hurriedly from their seats, and a tumultuous rush in the body of the hall added to the general confusion. Some even thought a rescue was impending; and a few of the more timorous were already glancing about for a speedy egress. Colonel Hacker who commanded the guard of musketeers, and to whom was confided the custody of the King's person, who gave orders to fire into the box whence these sounds of disapproval had arisen; and the stern soldiers had already levelled their muskets to obey this unmilitary command. Lady Fairfax rose undauntedly and faced their muzzles with a bold imperious brow. Mary too rushed to the front to share the danger of her friend. Grace, trembling and weeping, shrank behind them, half paralysed with fear. For a few moments all was breathless confusion; but a voice, that even in her terror the frightened girl recognized only too plainly, was heard to exclaim, in loud reproving tones, "Shame! shame! Recover your arms! Cowards! would you fire upon your countrywomen?" and George Effingham, in his uniform as a general of the Parliament, struck up the barrels of the muskets, and threatened to put Hacker under immediate arrest.

An usher of the court, however, came round to the box occupied by Lady Fairfax and endeavored to prevail upon her to withdraw. It was only under a promise that she would remain tranquil, extorted from her by the entreaties of her companions, that she was permitted to remain. With clenched hands and angry brow she sat out the remainder of the proceedings.

When order was once more restored, Mr. Cook, the Attorney-General, being about to speak, the King laid the long amber-headed cane which he usually carried, upon his shoulder, and bade him "hold;" but the Lord President requiring him to proceed, his Majesty folded his arms, and bending his brows fixedly upon him, listened attentively to a summary of the charges against him, which was now repeated.

His Majesty then required to know by what authority he was brought hither.

"I have," said Charles, "a trust committed to me by God by old and lawful descent; I will not betray it to answer to a new unlawful authority; therefore, resolve me that, and you shall hear more of me."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A QUEEN IN EXILE.

A Tragical Scene in Daudet's New Novel of "Les Rois en Exile."

(From the Literary World.)

Christian gradually falls lower and lower; he finds his companions among doubtful characters, and involves himself in financial difficulties which only the noble generosity of an old general, whom he had once driven from his kingdom, prevents from reducing him to abject poverty. He sells the decoration which had hitherto been the pride of great nobles, and the "cross of Illyria" becomes the property of any bourgeois who is able to pay the price. Frederique protests, threatens, pleads—all in vain. At length the Dalmatian assembly announces that if Christian will abjure his claim to the throne, his estates will be made over into his control. After some hesitation he signs the document, but is discovered by the Queen in the very act. Then follows a scene of great dramatic effect. To the remonstrances of Frederique the King turns a deaf ear. She hastens from the room and returns leading the little Leopold.

"Frederique, without a word, dragged the child to the feet of Christian I., and suddenly kneeling, placed him before her, clasping his little hands in her own. 'The King will not listen to me; perhaps he will listen to you, Zara. Come, say after me—my father.' The timid voice repeated: 'My father—my father—my King, I conjure you—do not rob your child, do not take from him the crown which he should one day wear. Remember that it is yours alone; that it comes from above; that it comes from God, who for 800 years has given it into the care of the house of Illyria. God wills that I be King, father—it is my heritage, my own, you have no right to take it away from me.' The little prince accompanied the eager murmur with the imploring glances of one at prayer; but Christian turned away his head, shrugged his shoulders, and raging although seemingly calm, muttered between his teeth, 'Wildness—unseemly—turn the child's head.' Then he walked to the door. With one bound the queen stood before him, glanced at the table which no longer held the parchment, and knew, with a blush of shame, that the act of infamy had been signed: 'Christian!' He continued to advance. She stepped forward as if to follow, then suddenly exclaimed: 'Very well! so be it.' He paused and beheld her upright before the open window, her feet upon the narrow stone coping, one arm clasping her child and the other uplifted in menace toward the departing figure of the king. The moonlight streamed in over the group.

"'To the king of the opera, the queen of the tragedy!' she said, in a grave and terrible voice; 'Burn instantly what you have just signed, take oath upon the cross that you will never again attempt such a deed—or your race is ended, broken. Your wife and child there—below upon the pavement.' And in her words, her lovely form bending out into space, there was such determination that the terrified king sprang forward to hold her back: '*Frederique!*' At his father's cry, and the trembling of the arm which upheld him, the child—even then without the window—thought that all was over and that they were to die. He had not a word, not a murmur, since he was to depart in his mother's embrace. He simply clasped his little hands about the queen's neck, and turning his head toward her flowing hair, closed his beautiful eyes in dread of the fall. Christian resisted no further. The resignation, the courage of the infant-king, who already comprehended his future role so well, even to die!—his heart was beating rapidly. He threw the document which he held upon the table and sank sobbing into a chair. Frederique, still defiant, read it through from the first line to the signature, then held it to a candle burning it to her fingers, cast the blackened fragments upon the table, and went away to place her son in bed—her son who already slept in his heroic attitude of a suicide."

GOULD AND GARRISON.

The largest Cash sale to any One Man ever Consummated.

A correspondent of a Boston paper gives the following account of the manner of Jay Gould's purchase of the Missouri Pacific, avouching that his information comes from inside sources and is perfectly trustworthy. The story needs some such assurance; and it would be the more credible if the name of "inside" party were given. The correspondent says:

When Gould paid $3,800,000 to Commodore Garrison for his interest in the Missouri Pacific Railroad, it was spread broadcast throughout the length and breadth of the world that he gave the Commodore his individual check for the money. This is an error, as the sequel will show. Gould had never approached Commodore Garrison on the subject of purchasing his (Garrison's) interest in the road, neither had the Commodore any idea of disposing of it. He argued that it was all right, and he gave it only its natural business attention. But one evening, several weeks since, Jay Gould with some friends was in the Windsor Hotel, on Upper Fifth avenue, New York, and one of Commodore Garrison's sons chanced to be there also. Gould saw the young man, and in a jocular way said to him: "Look here, Garrison, would your father take $1,500,000 cash for his entire Missouri Pacific stock?" The inquiry naturally enough took young Garrison by surprise, but, thinking perhaps Gould might be jesting, he quickly replied, "Well, Mr. Gould, father might take $1,800,000." Here the conversation on the matter stopped. Young Mr. Garrison, when he got home, told his father what a query Gould had put to him at the Windsor Hotel, as also telling him his reply. The Commodore paid no more attention to it. Next day about noon Gould made his appearance at the Commodore's office. "See here," said Gould, "Garrison, will you take $1,800,000 cash for your Missouri Pacific railroad stock?"

"Well," replied the Commodore, "I might have yesterday, but to-day I ask $500,000 more than that for it." "You do, do you? Well, good day, Mr. Garrison." Gould turned to walk out, when the Commodore said: "Look here, Gould, it is $2,300,000 I ask for that stock to day, to-morrow it will be $2,800,000, the next day it will be $3,300,000, and every day it will increase in price just $500,000."

"All right, Garrison, good day," replied Gould, and out of the office he went.

Sure enough, the next day Gould came again to the Commodore's office and asked the Commodore what he would take for the stock.

"Two million eight hundred thousand dollars, cash, Mr. Gould; it has gone up $500,000 since yesterday," replied Garrison.

Gould went out. The next day Gould came again. The price was then $3,300,000. The next day in came Gould again. From his manner the Commodore thought he meant business. However, the Commodore kept quiet. Gould asked:

"How much for that stock to-day?"

Garrison replied: "Three million eight hundred thousand dollars, cash, Mr. Gould."

"I will take it, Garrison; it is a sale. Here is my check for the money. Give me a bill and receipt; pass over the whole business—it's mine," replied Gould.

The Commodore looked at Gould, and the two millionaires stared at each other for a moment, when Garrison said: "I don't want your check, Mr. Gould; I want gold, cash." "All right; come over to the sub-treasury." So Gould and Garrison started. At the sub-treasury Gould paid Garrison $3,800,000 cash in gold certificates, and the sale was completed. This is the history of this great sale, which is considered the largest cash sale to any one man ever consummated.

THE TELEPHONE IN A NEW ROLE.

The following letter relating to new experiments with the telephone was lately received by Mr. Edison:

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Dec., 1879.

MR. T. A. EDISON:

MY DEAR SIR,—During my stay here I have learned a most curious and useful application of the telephone. Captain John E. Greer, a most able officer of the Ordnance Department, United States Army, states as follows:—"Hitherto the accurate determination of flight of small-arm projectiles has been practically impossible at long range, owing to our inability to see them strike, even when firing over water. The discovery of the telephone has opened up to us a simple as well as a novel means of obtaining the time desired, and has also afforded us the means of verifying the formulas by which these times were formerly deduced. In these experiments two telephones provided with Blake transmitters (a form of Edison's carbon telephone) were used. One was placed within a few feet of the gun and left open to receive and transmit the sound of the discharge. The other was in the shelter-proof, which was about thirty feet in front of the right edge of the target. A stop watch, beating fourths of a second, was used in connection with it. The telephone being at the ear, the instant the sound of the discharge was received at the target the watch was started, and at the bullet striking was stopped. A mean of a large number of observations, which rarely differed more than a quarter to half of a second from each other, gave the time of flight. Of course there is a slight delay in starting the watch, but this is neutralized by a similar one in stopping it. The time given may therefore be accepted as strictly correct. It is worthy of notice that the times vary on different days, being shortened by a rear and lengthened by a head wind. The velocity of sound may be readily obtained with the telephone in the same manner. The time for the sound of the discharge passing through the air was always shown by the watch, but as it was not desirable for any purpose to stop the watch until the bullet reached the target those times were not taken. This so far as I am aware, is the first attempt to utilize the telephone in experiments of this nature." Thinking this would prove of interest I have copied and send you the above. Very truly, yours,

C. B. NORTON.

—He was about leaving her. The console (or something) clock on the Parisian marble mantel had just rung eleven on the silver bell. The fire crackled in the burning grate. It was a very impressive scene. "My darling," said he, "when shall I look again into the blue depths of your eyes?" and he put both arms around her. "Come at the earliest possible moment, my king," said she. Then he drew her toward him, hugged her just a little, and a kiss broke softly on the air. The sumptuous appartment was just flooded with bliss when on the quiet scene, as he clasped her to his heart, there rang out a sound like the crack of a rifle, and he felt something under his right arm. "Oh, je-whiteaker!" he yelled, as he rushed out doors. "I've broke her rib, by jingo," and he streaked it down street, while there floated after him a pleading voice—"O, my heart's idol, come back! It was only a corset bone!" But he was gone.

—Belfast, Me., can boast of a boy of nine who a year or two ago pushed a little girl into a bonfire and caused her death. Subsequently he caused the death of his own father by the simple process of tying a string across a path, over which the old gentleman fell. He died. This precocious child would make an excellent playmate for Jesse Pomeroy.

—In the poorhouse of Saginaw county, Mich., there was an old man who for many years had been in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company. Alone and friendless, he hoped for a speedy termination of his wretched existence; but life, when it was least wanted, would not depart. He grew to be 108 years of age, and then committed suicide in a gully at the almshouse.

—The smartest Newfoundland dog yet discovered lives at Haverhill, Mass. He meets the newsboy at the gate every morning and carries his master's paper into the house; that is, he did so till the other day, when his master stopped taking the paper. The next morning the dog noticed the boy passing on the other side without leaving the newspaper, went over and took the whole bundle from him and carried them into the house.

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MR. HENDERSON
HAS removed his law office to the rooms over the store of Sydmer Ross & Co.—Entrance—Side door.

G. D. RAWE,
CLERK OF THE SIXTH DIVISION Court, County of Hastings, Commissioner in B. R., &c., &c., Madoc, Ont.

W. A. DAPOE, M. D., &c.,
TORONTO.
L. R. C. P. AND L. R. C. S., EDINBURGH.
Victoria Block, Madoc.

J. F. TAYLOR,
SURGEON DENTIST, CAMPBELLFORD, Will visit Madoc, every Saturday.
ROOMS IN MADOC HOUSE, DURHAM ST.

CHARLES GREAM,
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, NOTARY, Attorney, Conveyancer, &c., Madoc.
OFFICE IN VICTORIA BLOCK.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,
BARRISTERS, BELLEVILLE. MONEY to loan on farm property at very low rates.
A. R. DOUGALL. N. B. FALKINER.

P. G. DUNCAN,
AGENT for Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines of all kinds. Also solicits subscriptions for the NORTH HASTINGS REVIEW. $5.

DENMARK & NORTHRUP,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.
GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

S. L. NASH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Graduate of the University of Michigan, U. S. and University of Victoria College, Canada.
BRIDGEWATER, ONT.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly.
RESIDENCE, STIRLING, ONT.

HENRY BLEECKER,
BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Office,—Bridge Street, Belleville, over Custom House.
Mr. Tinsa, from Mr. Bleecker's office, will attend at each Division Court held at Madoc.

GEO. W. WALKER,
SURGEON DENTIST, Front St. Belleville, Will continue his visits to Madoc village, strictly on the first Monday and Tuesday of every month. Rooms in Mrs. Moon's Hotel. Belleville Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel. 53

EVANS & BOLGER,
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYORS, Civil Engineers and Architects, Belleville.
J. D. EVANS, P. L. S. T. O. BOLGER, P. L. S. & C. E. & A.
N. B.—Orders for Surveying may be left at Mann's Hotel, Madoc, and will be promptly attended to. 52

MONEY! MONEY!
TO FARMERS
Desirous of buying or of improving their farms, or removing
Burdensome Mortgage Encumbrances,
the undersigned offer
EXCEPTIONAL ADVANTAGES.
Rate of interest on straight loans from 7½ per cent. On the Endowment plan most advantageous terms. Terms and times of payment satisfactorily arranged. Payments can be made in any month of the year. No commission, utmost expedition and privacy.
PETERSON & PETERSON,
Solicitors, &c.,
"O'Flynn Block," Madoc.
Head Office, corner Front and Bridge streets, Belleville.
Agents for several Stock Fire and Life Insurance Companies. 122

JOHN G. DEANS,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK!
MADOC.

A. F. WOOD,
LAND, LOAN,
—AND—
Commission Agency.
OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall.
Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.
Madoc, January 27th, 1879. 96

MONEY TO LOAN
—ON—
REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
The Canada Permanent
Loan and Savings Co'y
TORONTO, ONT.
Mortgages and Debentures Purchased.
Apply to
S. D. ROSS, MADOC.
AGENT FOR THE
Lancashire Insurance Comp'y.
All Losses Promptly Settled.
Office at the Store of Sydmer Ross & Co.
Madoc, April 15th, 1879. 107

Banking House!
—OF—
E. D. O'FLYNN,
"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.
Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.
Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted
DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD
Money received on deposit, at 4 and 5 per cent., subject to withdrawal without notice.
Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

North Hastings Review
MADOC, JANUARY 1, 1880.

MINISTERS IN NORTH HASTINGS.

VISIT OF SIR S. L. TILLEY, SIR CHARLES TUPPER, AND HON. M. BOWELL, TO MADOC AND THE MINING DISTRICTS.

One of the great events in the history of this place was the visit, on Tuesday last, of Sir S. L. Tilley, Minister of Finance, Sir Charles Tupper, Minister of Railways and Canals, and Hon. M. Bowell, Minister of Customs, to Madoc and the mining districts. Although the notice of their intended visit was short, ample preparation had been made to give the distinguished visitors a suitable reception. It was expected that the special train which was to bring them from Belleville would arrive here at 9 o'clock, but it did not make its appearance until a few minutes after ten. A large crowd had assembled at the station, among whom were a number of the leading citizens of the village and surrounding country, including T. P. Pearce, Esq., Warden of the County, A. F. Wood, Esq., J. D. Breeze, Esq., and others, most of whom got on board, and in a few minutes a start was made for the iron mines. Over one hundred persons comprised the party from Belleville, among whom were Mayor-elect Patterson, Mayor Robertson, Senator Read, Dr. Boulter, M. P. P., Hector Cameron, M. P., Jas. Brown, M. P., Jos. Keeler, M. P., E. O. Bickford, J. J. B. Flint, Thos. Wells, Geo. E. Henderson, C. L. Coleman, W. A. Shepard, R. Luttrell, superintendent of the B. & N. H. R., and other prominent gentlemen of Belleville, of both political parties. Through some misunderstanding the train did not stop at the Seymour mine, but proceeded to the depot of Messrs. Coe and Mitchell, where the party disembarked, and were taken in sleighs to what is known as the Wallbridge mine. While there two blasts were set off, which were computed to have loosened between three and four hundred tons of hematite ore. After a short stay the party returned to the depot with the intention of taking the train for the Seymour mine, but owing to some blundering on the part of the railway officials, the train had returned to Madoc. As the distance was short, the Seymour mine was soon reached, and a short time spent in inspecting it. Preparations had been made for a blast, which is done at this mine by electricity, and it was discharged by Sir Leonard Tilley. In a short time a start was made for the Malone gold mines, but a large number returned to the village, the majority of whom had to walk back.

Malone was reached in good time, and here it had been intended to take lunch, but for want of room it had been sent on to the Gatling mine. A short time was spent in examining the Feigel mine, which was then running, and another start was made, and the Gatling mine was reached at about 2 o'clock. Here they were received by General Tuttle, Manager, and G. D. Dickson, President of the Company. An excellent lunch was awaiting the party, to which, it is needless to say, full justice was done, the long drive and bracing air having given every one a good appetite. An hour was spent in examining the various points of interest, after which the party drove to the Dean & Williams mine, where a short stay was made, and then started for the village, which was reached about six o'clock. After a short delay they proceeded to the Masonic Hall, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion. On the walls were the mottoes—"God Save the Queen," "Welcome to our Guests," "British Connection," "A Canadian Policy for the Dominion," and "Iron and Gold rule the World." The Brass Band was also present, and rendered several selections in good style. The Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, many being unable to gain admittance. The best of order was maintained throughout the proceedings. Mr. Wood presided as chairman, and read an address, which, together with the speeches made by the hon. gentlemen, we are compelled to keep over until next week. The meeting closed with a vote of thanks to the chairman, and cheers for the Queen, Sir John A. Macdonald, and the visitors.

THE NOMINATIONS.

The nominations for this village were held in the Town Hall, at 12 o'clock, noon, when the following persons were nominated:—

For Reeve—E. D. O'Flynn, by H. Dingman and Thos. Cross. Elected by acclamation.

For Councillors—J. S. Loomis, by Thos. Cross and Wm. Dingman; Henry Dingman, by D. McDonald and Wm. Embury; Wareham Tuller, by N. D. Peters and W. Dingman; H. H. Sutton, by J. C. Dale and C. G. Wilson; Chas. Kirk, by S. Huff and Albert Moon; S. D. Ross, by Albert Moon and John Robertson; William Orr, by Wilson Hulin and Marshall Maybee; Peter Sinclair, by John Robertson and J. C. Dale.

Very little interest was manifested by the villagers in the matter, as only a small number was present. After the nominations were over a public meeting was held, the Returning Officer, Charles Gream, presiding.

Mr. O'Flynn was the first speaker, but not being present at the time we are unable to give a report. We understand, however, that it was principally in reference to the financial affairs of the corporation.

Mr. H. Dingman, who was the next speaker, said he would have preferred hearing the old Council speak first. They should have been here to speak for themselves. He then went on to speak of several matters, in which he did not think the Council had acted right, especially the Pig By-law, which he declared was so crooked that he had been more troubled with animals on the street since it was passed than before. He had also presented a largely signed petition to the Council, asking to have Elgin street opened through to Wellington street. It had been favorably received, was ordered to be advertised in the REVIEW, but at the end of three months a change came over them, and they refused to act in the matter, and he was informed had refused to pay for the advt. Their excuse was that they would spend no money this year, but they afterwards spent money in building sidewalks in every direction. One moved, another seconded, and sidewalks were built opposite their lots, and expensive ones at that. The Street Surveyor would not have time to buy any more turkeys, as it would take all his time, with two others, to keep the sidewalks in repair. The Council had also done wrong in charging the township so much rent for the use of the Town Hall. With regard to the opening of Elgin street, he did not think it would cost much, and the Council would soon reap the benefit by the increase of property on that street. He did not want to be in the Council, but would make known his intentions before the election.

The Reeve made an explanation with regard to the opening of Elgin street eastwards. He had looked into the matter and consulted others, and could not find that it would be of any advantage to the public generally. He thought the pond should be drained, and action would probably be taken during the coming year on that matter. In reply to a question of Mr. Robertson's as to whether the Council would sink a drain along St. Lawrence street, west from Mr. Mackintosh's, he thought that proper action had not been taken by the parties interested. They would first have to procure a report from a competent Engineer, after which the Council could take action on the matter.

Mr. Tuller said his record was clear so far, and if elected he would do the best he could for the interests of the village. His interests were principally in the village, and he would probably become a resident before the year was out. It had been said that he was not eligible, but he had consulted good authority on the matter, and found that he was.

Dr. Sutton said he did not wish to be a candidate, and thought a good Council could be selected from those who had been nominated, without him. With reference to the ditch on St. Lawrence street, he was convinced that if the Council had undertaken it, it would only be benefitting private property at the expense of the municipality. There was considerable expense attending such a work, and he found that all the parties interested were not prepared to go on with it. A system of sheep drainage would probably have to be undertaken by the Council. He preferred not serving another year, but if elected he would endeavor to act as economically as he had done in the past.

Wm. Orr said they knew what his doings had been in the past. If they liked them they could elect him for another year, and if not he would stay at home.

As none of the other parties nominated were present, the Returning Officer then adjourned the meeting to Monday next at 9 a. m.

MADOC TOWNSHIP.

Reeve—P. Vankleek, by acclamation. Deputy Reeve—John Caskey, by acclamation. For Councillors—Charles English, Joshua Broad, sr., Wm. Thompson, and Alexander McInroy.

ELZEVIR AND GRIMSTHORPE.

Reeve—James Tuttle, by acclamation. For Councillors—H. Warren, J. Burns, Henry James, Robert Kelly, P. McIlroy, M. McLean.

HUNTINGDON.

For Reeve—Thos. Emo, by acclamation. For Deputy Reeve—Matthew Robinson, by acclamation. For Councillors—Cotton Tummon, Wm. Henry Morton, John Graham, Francis Reynolds, Allen McTaggart, James Foster, Wm. T. Bird, John Hawkins, and Adam Rushnell.

RAWDON.

For Reeve—Paul Kingston and Thos. Walker. For Deputy Reeve—John Jeffrey, James Montgomery, and Samuel S. Vandervoort. For Councillors—J. B. Russel, John Bateman, jr., Jas. Cook, James Duncan, John McCaw, and Calvin Williams.

CARLOW AND MAYO.

In this municipality the electors have shown their confidence in the old Council, by electing them all by acclamation for another year. Their names are as follows:—Reeve—W. D. Parkhurst; Councillors—James Wilson, Robert Ramsbottom, R. Mathers, and Cornelius Kelly.

DUNGANNON AND FARADAY.

For Reeve—D. Kavanagh, and A. Kennedy. Councillors—H. Bentley, J. Jarman, H. Johnson, T. McCabe, R. McPhee, and F. Mallett.

MARMORA AND LAKE.

Reeve—T. P. Pearce, by acclamation. Councillors—Aylsworth, Clairmont, Campion, Downey, Hamilton, Maloney, Outwaters, Payne, Richardson, Wiggins, Wiley.

TUDOR, ET AL.

For Reeve—James McGregor, Peter Gunter, John Ray, Richard S. Tiry, and Ralph M. Norman. For Councillors,—Blackburn, Gunter (John), Embury, Morrill, Nugent, Peacock, Morton, Gunter (William), Abbott, Campbell.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ESTRAY.
CAME into my premises, Lot No. 4, in the 11th concession of Madoc, a Yearling Heifer. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take her away.
WM. BYRNE.
Madoc, Dec. 27th, 1879. 144-3t

DISTRICT MEETING.
THE Annual Meeting of L. O. District No. 2, North Hastings, will be held in the Lodge Room, at Queensboro, on Tuesday, January 13th, 1880.
A. THOMPSON, D. M.
Madoc, Jan'y 1st, 1880. 144-2t.

Tenders, Tenders.
TENDERS will be received by the undersigned for the erection of a Grain Warehouse, up to the 15th of January, inst. Plans and specifications will be found at Sydmer Ross & Co's.
A. F. WOOD,
S. ROSS & Co.
Madoc, Jan. 1st, 1880. 144-2t

NOTICE.
THE Annual Meeting of the North Hastings Agricultural Society will be held at the "Lake House," Huntingdon, on Wednesday, January 21st, 1880, at 1 o'clock, p. m.
PETER FARGEY,
Secretary.
Huntingdon, Dec. 29, 1879. 144-2t

ESTRAY STEER.
LOST, about the middle of May last, a three-year-old Steer, dark red color, with scar on one flank. Any person giving information leading to its recovery will be suitably rewarded.
THOS. McNAMARA,
Lot No. 3, 10th con., Madoc.
January 1st, 1880. 144-tf

To the Electors of the Village of Madoc.
GENTLEMEN:—
I beg to announce myself as a candidate for the Reeveship of the Village for the incoming year, and tru t that my dealing with the finances of the Corporation, and course of conduct generally in municipal matters, will warrant you in giving me a renewal of your confidence.
Faithfully,
E. D. O'FLYNN.
Village of Madoc, 16th Dec., 1879.

Boots!! Boots!!
TO THE PUBLIC:
THE undersigned wishes to inform his friends and the public generally that he has lately opened a Boot and Shoe Shop in the Village of Madoc, and is prepared to execute all orders in the above line in a first-class manner and at low rates. Particular attention given to repairing and all kinds of custom work. Give me a call.
M. RAE.
Shop—Directly opposite Bristol's Carriage Works. 141

To the Electors of the Village of Madoc.
GENTLEMEN:—Having heard that James Dale, Esq., has declined serving another year as Councillor, I beg to announce that I will be a candidate for that office for the coming year. Being an old resident and personally acquainted with the most of you, I confidently solicit your support. If elected I will do all in my power to serve the best interests of the village.
Yours truly,
WAREHAM TULLER.
Madoc, Dec'r 22nd, 1879.

Notice is Hereby Given
THAT an application will be made at the next session of the Legislature of Ontario for a charter for a Railway Company to construct a Railway to be called the
Toronto and Nipissing Eastern Extension Railway,
from some point on the line of the Toronto and Nipissing Railway, through the Counties of Victoria, Peterborough, and Hastings, thence easterly to the River Ottawa, or to connect with existing lines, and with power to build the same in sections.
JOHN LEYS,
Solicitor for applicants.
Toronto, Dec. 5th, 1879. 142-tf

Gold and Iron.
West half of Lot 25, 4th Con., Madoc.
THIS lot, upon which the Fraser Gold Mining Company's claim is situated, contains an unlimited amount of GOLD BEARING QUARTZ with several of the largest and best defined Quartz veins in the Township, upon which two or three SHAFTS have been sunk. It is also supposed to contain a splendid bed of RED HEMATITE IRON. Capitalists and miners are requested to examine the lot.
A. KEEFER,
Department of Justice.
Ottawa, 20th December, 1879.

MADOC
Flour & Feed Store
I BEG to announce to the citizens of Madoc and the public generally, that I have opened out in the
VICTORIA BLOCK
a first-class Grocery, Flour and Feed Store, and am now fully prepared to attend to the wants of customers.
CHOICE FAMILY FLOUR,
CORNMEAL,
OATMEAL,
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR,
BRAN, SHORTS,
AND
CRACKED FEED
of every description, kept constantly on hand.
PRIME MESS PORK,
By the barrel or pound.
GROCERIES,
CONSISTING OF
Teas, Sugars, Raisins, Currants,
SPICES, TOBACCOS, &c., &c.
Highest Cash Price Paid
FOR ALL KINDS OF GRAIN.
All goods purchased from me will be delivered free to any part of the village.
TERMS - - CASH.
ROBERT ROLLINS.
Madoc, December 10th, 1879.

This Great Household Medicine Ranks among the leading necessaries of life.
These famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on
The Liver, Stomach, Kidneys,
and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.
HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.
Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the world.
For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers, it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even Asthma. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,
GOUT, RHEUMATISM,
and every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.
The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured only at
533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON,
And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.
The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered in Ottawa; hence, any one throughout the British possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.
Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

FOR SALE OR TO LET,
A GOOD Frame House and Lot, situated on St. Lawrence street, nearly opposite the residence of Mr. Orrin Dunn, in the flourishing village of Madoc. The house is in good repair, and there is also on the premises a good stable and never-failing well of water. For particulars apply to
WILLIAM MULLETT,
140-3m Proprietor, Madoc.

FARM FOR SALE.
LOT No. 6, 3rd Concession, Thurlow, containing forty-five acres. There is on the premises a good frame barn, and frame house containing five rooms; a good well of water at the door. The land is in a good state of cultivation, within half a mile of Canifton. The gravel road leading from Canifton to Ross's corners runs across the lot. For particulars apply on the premises to
GEORGE DUNCAN.
Thurlow, March 13th, 1878. 51

HOUSE AND LOT
FOR SALE OR TO LET,
Situated or corner of Church and Elgin sts., in the
VILLAGE OF MADOC.
ALSO
A Small Shop to Let,
Opposite Harper's Block.
WM. MOORE.

Lumber For Sale!
HAVING purchased all the manufactured Lumber at the Bannockburn Mills, I am now prepared to offer for sale 216,000 feet of all kinds of Dry Lumber at Low Prices.
I purpose bringing a large quantity of the above to Madoc Village, and storing it at the Planing Mill. I will be here every Saturday to attend to the wants of customers. During the rest of the week the proprietors of the Planing Mill have kindly consented to attend to the sale of it. From Monday to Friday I will be at Bannockburn to wait on customers there.
CHARLES FOX.
Madoc, Dec. 8th, 1879. 141-3m

NOTICE!
NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Legislature of Ontario at its next session for an Act to incorporate a Company to be called the
Grand Ontario Central Railway Company,
with full power to construct, maintain, acquire, and operate a Railway from the Town of Goderich, in the County of Huron, to the City of Ottawa, and with power to amalgamate or agree with any other Company, except the Grand Trunk Railway Company, which has now or hereafter may have any Railway touching at any point on the line of the proposed Railway, or any extension thereof, or for the lease or purchase of the same or any part thereof.
D. A. JONES,
Becton, Co. Simcoe.
December 5th, 1879. 141-6t

MADOC BAKERY
James Latimer
BEGS to inform the inhabitants of Madoc and surrounding country that he has commenced business as
BAKER AND CONFECTIONER
and will do his utmost to supply his patrons with first-class
Bread & Graham Bread,
DELIVERED DAILY.
Furnishings for Socials and Tea Meetings got up on the shortest notice.
BUNS,
PASTRY,
PIES,
AND CHEWING CANDY,
All of my own make.
Remember the Place—Corner of the Hastings Road.

MONEY. MONEY. MONEY.
MAY BE SAVED
BY PURCHASING
BOOTS,
SHOES,
GROCERIES,
—AND—
Fancy Holiday Gifts!
—AT—
REDUCED PRICES,
FROM
N. D. PETERS,
O'FLYNN BLOCK,
MADOC.

1879 and 1880.
FRESH
X'Mas Groceries
Gray & McGregor,
Victoria Block, Madoc,
HAVE RECEIVED
FRESH LAYER RAISINS,
VALENTIA RAISINS,
SULTANA RAISINS,
NEW CURRANTS,
NEW FIGS,
DRIED APPLES,
CITRON, ORANGE, LEMON PEEL,
VALENTIA ORANGES,
VALENTIA LEMONS,
CANNED PEACHES,
do PEARS,
do CORN,
do GREEN PEAS,
do LOBSTERS,
do SALMON,
do COOKED CORN BEEF
do LUNCH TONGUE,
ORANGE MARMALADE,
PRESERVED GINGER,
POTTED MEATS,
The Celebrated Diamond Brand Oysters
FINNAN HADDIES,
FLOATERS, COD FISH,
LABRADOR HERRINGS,
—ALSO—
A CHOICE STOCK OF
CONFECTIONERY.
Madoc, Dec. 17th, 1879.

TO THE ELECTORS
OF THE
Township of MADOC!
GENTLEMEN:—In deference to the wishes of many friends in various parts of the township, who have repeatedly urged me to run for the office of Councillor, I beg to announce myself as a candidate for that office for the ensuing year, and respectfully solicit your votes and influence. If elected I shall endeavor to keep down taxation and promote the best interests of the township generally.
WM. THOMPSON.
Madoc, December 9th, 1879.

ST. CATHARINES NURSERIES.
A full assortment of splendid
FRUIT & ORNAMENTAL TREES.
ORDERS BY MAIL receive careful and prompt attention.
AGENTS WANTED!
To take Orders in every part of the country. PAY LIBERAL.
DEALERS!
Should call and see the Stock—it is unsurpassed. Prices as low as in the States, thereby saving the duty of twenty per cent.
Address,
D. W. BEADLE,
140-6m St. Catharines.

FOUND!
—AT—
C. G. WILSON'S
Drug Store.
THE FINEST LOT OF
XMAS CARDS
AND
SCENT SATCHETS
IN TOWN. ALSO ALL SIZES OF
Autograph Albums,
Purses, Brushes,
Perfumery, &c.,
FOR THE HOLIDAYS.
Call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

By-Law No. 332.
A By-Law to borrow the sum of Twenty thousand dollars on the credit of the Corporation of the County of Hastings, for the purpose of providing for payment of certain claims of the Grand Junction Railway Company, and of replacing moneys drawn from the County Sinking Funds.
PASSED JUNE 21st, 1878.
1. WHEREAS it is necessary and expedient that the Corporation of the County of Hastings should borrow the sum of Twenty thousand dollars, under the authority and in accordance with the provisions of Chapter 174, Section 333 of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, (36 Victoria, Cap. 48, Section 251,) for the purpose of providing for the payment of certain claims of the Grand Junction Railway Company, and of replacing moneys drawn from the County Sinking Funds.
2. AND WHEREAS the total amount required to be raised annually by Special Rate for the payment of the debentures to be issued under this By-Law and the interest coupons on the same, at the rate of Six per centum per annum, as the same shall respectively become due for the period of twenty years, is Two thousand two hundred and twenty dollars.
3. AND WHEREAS the amount of the whole rateable property of the Municipality of the County of Hastings, according to the last revised assessment rolls, is Eleven millions nine hundred and thirty-seven thousand dollars.
4. AND WHEREAS the whole debt of the Municipality of the County of Hastings is as follows, that is to say, for principal the sum of Two hundred and five thousand dollars, and there is no interest money due thereon, but the said indebtedness may be reduced by the sum of Forty-Nine thousand nine hundred dollars in sinking funds.
5. AND WHEREAS the annual special rate in the dollar for paying the interest and creating an equal yearly sinking fund for paying the said principal sum of Twenty thousand dollars is the one fifty-fourth part of one cent on the dollar upon all the rateable property aforesaid within the limits of the Municipality of the County of Hastings, irrespective of any increase of assessment or other revenue whatsoever.
BE IT THEREFORE ENACTED by the Corporation of the County of Hastings, through the County Council thereof, that the Warden and Treasurer for the time being of the said Corporation be and they are hereby authorized and empowered to issue debentures of the said Corporation, and affix the Corporate Seal thereto, for the sum of Twenty thousand dollars, which debentures shall bear interest at the rate of Six per centum per annum from the day of the date of this By-Law coming into force.
BE IT FURTHER ENACTED that the debentures to be issued by virtue of this By-Law shall be payable at the period of twenty years from the day of the date hereof, and that the interest on the same shall be payable at the rate aforesaid half-yearly, and for that purpose the said debentures shall have interest coupons attached, payable at the rate aforesaid, and half-yearly as aforesaid.
BE IT FURTHER ENACTED that there shall be raised, levied and collected on all the rateable property aforesaid of the said Corporation of the County of Hastings the rate or sum of one fifty-fourth part of one cent on the dollar over and above all other rates or assessments whatsoever for the purpose of paying the interest on and redeeming at maturity the debentures by this By-Law authorized to be issued.
BE IT FURTHER ENACTED that this By-Law shall come into force and have effect on, from and after the twenty-first day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.
WM. R. AYLESWORTH,
(L. S.) Warden.
JAMES T. BELL,
County Clerk,
County of Hastings.

NOTICE!
The above is a true copy of a By-Law passed by the Municipal Council of the County of Hastings, on the twenty-first day of June, 1878; and all persons are hereby required to take notice that any one desirous of applying to have such By-law or any part thereof quashed, must make his application for that purpose to one of Her Majesty's Superior Courts of Common Law, at Toronto, before the end of the term of the said Superior Courts, next after t e special promulgation thereof, by the publication of this notice in three consecutive numbers of the following newspaper, viz., the NORTH HASTINGS REVIEW, or he will be too late to be heard in that behalf; and take notice that such term commences on the second day of February next.
JAMES T. BELL,
County Clerk.
Shire Hall, Belleville, Dec. 13th, 1879.

WRIGHT'S
Grocery, Provision,
WINE & LIQUOR STORE,
(Established by the late Andrew Wright, in 1858,)
NOW CARRIED ON BY MRS. WRIGHT,
On the premises, in Wright's Block, Durham Street, Madoc,
WHO KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A FULL ASSORTMENT OF FIRST-CLASS
GROCERIES, CONFECTIONERY AND BISCUITS,
(A SPECIALITY.)
FRUITS IN SEASON.
WINE, BRANDY,
SPIRITS, GIN,
ALES, and PORTERS,
of the best brands imported direct from the manufacturers.
—ALSO—
CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE,
FLOUR AND FEED, &c., &c.,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL AT THE LOWEST CASH PRICE.
JANE WRIGHT.
MADOC, January 1st, 1880.

CUTTERS!
CUTTERS!
CUTTERS!
LOTS OF CUTTERS FOR SALE AT
BRISTOL'S.
First-Class Timber, and Well Ironed, With Steel Shoes.
SOME AS LOW IN PRICE AS $25.
—ALSO—
FIRST-CLASS SLEIGHS FOR SALE CHEAP.
Madoc, January 1st, 1880.

Special Attractions
FOR THE HOLIDAYS.
No one should fail to examine the immense stock of Holiday Goods which
O'FLYNN & O'HARA
are now showing.
SEE THEIR NEW STOCK OF
CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, VASES,
CRUET STANDS, VALISES,
POCKET BOOKS, TOILET SETS,
AND A HOST OF OTHER ARTICLES
TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION,
ALL OF WHICH ARE BEING
SOLD AT VERY LOW PRICES.
CALL EARLY.
O'FLYNN & O'HARA,
POST OFFICE BLOCK.
Madoc, Dec. 18th, 1879.

E. L. WEISS,
Has just what you want in the way of Holiday Goods, cheap and good.
LOOK!
At the coloured gold Chains, Necklets, Lockets, Ear-rings, Studs, Cuff Buttons, Fine Keeper and Gem Rings, Collar Studs and Pencils.
SEE!
The beautiful Stone and Gold Plated Crosses, Plated Cuff Buttons, Studs, Ear-rings, Brooches, Sets, Nickel Cuff Buttons, Breast Pins, Spoons, Silver Rings, Nickel Chains, etc., etc.
OBSERVE!
The fine lot of Clocks of all kinds, fancy, etc.
NOTICE!
The great variety of Black and Composition Jewelry.
Watches in Gold or Silver gotten up to order.
SPECTACLES always on hand. Purchase and you will be able to inspect goods better.

Holiday Goods!!
A full and complete stock of
WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
JEWELRY,
AND
FANCY GOODS,
Also a choice assortment of
Children's Toys,
and other articles suitable for the present
HOLIDAY SEASON,
will be found at
RAWE'S,
IN THE WILSON BLOCK.
Madoc, December 11th, 1879.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

IN

Colored Dress Goods,
Bl'k & Col'd Cashmeres,
Bl'k & Col'd Silks,
Clouds,
Wool Squares,
Wool Table Covers,

Silk Ties,
Silk Handkerchiefs,
Col'd & Bl'k Kid Gloves,
Fancy Hosiery,
Ladies' Jackets,
Ladies' Dolmans,

Jewel Cases,
Handkerchief Boxes,
Glove Boxes,
Cuff Boxes,
Fancy Back Combs,
Perfumes,

Inlaid Lockets,
Gold do
Silver do
Gold Chains,
Silver Chains,
Cuff Buttons,

ANOTHER CASE OF LADIES' HATS AND PLUMES ADDED TO OUR MILLINERY DEPARTMENT.

The above stock is all new and well assorted. We show special lines in Dress Goods of the newest and most fashionable styles. We also have the latest styles of Trimmings to match, and we are prepared to sell them cheaper than any house in Madoc.

FOSTER & REID.

LOTS FOR SALE!

In the Northern part of the Village of Madoc, (Russel Estate.)

AT MODERATE PRICES. Terms—one quarter cash, balance in three equal annual payments, 7 per cent interest on unpaid balance. Expenses of conveyancing to be paid by purchasers to vendor's solicitor, (Morgan Jellett, Esq., Belleville.)

Apply to S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL, Montreal. 11

Stoves & Tinware.

If you want good

COOKING, BOX, OR PARLOR STOVES

CALL AT GEO. CHOWN'S,

Division Street, Reed's Block,

Where you will find a good assortment, together with all kinds of Tinware, on hand or made to order. Furnaces, Eavetrough, and all kinds of job work attended to. Remember the place, opposite Orr's blacksmith shop.

22 GEORGE CHOWN.

MONEY TO LOAN!

THE CANADA
LANDED CREDIT COMPANY,
TORONTO, ONT.

To Farmers of Madoc and Vicinity:

Do you want to pay off a Mortgage?
To build a new House or Barn?
To make improvements by fencing or clearing?
Or for any other purpose?

APPLY TO

The Canada Landed Credit Company.

EIGHT PER CENT. INTEREST

and ample time given, with privilege of paying as soon as you please.

For further particulars apply to

A. F. WOOD,
MADOC.

Madoc April 2nd, 1877. 1

Loans made outside the Company if required, at long or short dates.

A. F. WOOD.

BUSINESS NOTICE!

The Boot and Shoe business formerly carried on by

MR. LOUIS WEISS, SEN.,

will be in the future conducted by his son,

E. L. WEISS,

with whom all outstanding accounts must be settled

Within Sixty Days,

and all business transacted in the future.

Boots and Shoes

MADE OF

FIRST-CLASS STOCK,

and a fit guaranteed.

THE READY PAY SYSTEM

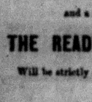
Will be strictly adhered to in the future.

E. L. WEISS.

Madoc, July 24th, 1879. 122

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.

TRADE MARK. The great English remedy. An unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhea, Impotency, and all diseases that follow as a sequence TRADE MARK.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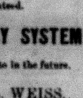
After Taking

of self-abuse, as loss of memory, universal lassitude, pain in the back, dimness of vision, premature old age, and many other diseases that lead to insanity or consumption, and a premature grave. ☞ Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at $1 per package, or six packages for $5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO.,
Toronto, Ont., Canada.

☞ Sold in Madoc and everywhere in Canada and the United States, by all wholesale and retail druggists.

N. B.—The demands of our business have necessitated our removing to Toronto, to which place please address all future communications.

$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. $5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ORANGE LODGES.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
O. RUPORT, Sec'y, Madoc P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Tuesday in each month.
C. DONALDSON, Sec'y, Millbridge.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
HENRY BENTLEY, Sec'y, York River P.O.

DOWNEY'S L. O. LODGE, No. 425,
Held on the first Tuesday in each month.
FRANK H. GAUEN, Sec'y, Ivanhoe P. O.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
W. J. WIGGINS, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

MADOC LODGE, No. 321.
Meets the first Wednesday in each month.
W. BRISTOL, Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every second Monday in each month.
JOHN McCOY, JR., Sec'y, Remington P.O.

HAZZARD'S CORNERS LODGE, No. 1133.
Meets first Friday in each month.
R. KEENE, Secretary, Madoc P. O.

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. SOLMES, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D.M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

NORTH HASTINGS CO. ORANGE LODGE.
M. BRISTOL, Co. Master, Madoc P. O.
JAS. A. ORR, Co. Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

Hearts of Oak Lodge,

No. 139, O. Y. B.

A REGULAR meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Lodge-room, Madoc, **On Friday Evening, January 2nd,** at 7.30 o'clock. A full attendance requested.

FRED. B. TABER, Secretary.

MADOC LODGE

No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on

Monday Evening, Jan'y 5th,

At 8 o'clock.

N. M. MAYBEE, Rec. Secretary.

MADOC LODGE, NO. 48

A. F. & A. M.

THE next special meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Masonic Hall,

On Saturday, Dec. 27th,

at the hour of 10 o'clock. A general attendance of members is requested. Visitors are cordially invited. By order,

S. D. ROSS, Secretary.

B. & N. H. RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

On and after Monday, November 3rd, trains will run as follows:

Going South—Train leaves *Madoc* at 8 a.m., arriving in Belleville at 10.

Going North—Leaves Belleville at 3 p. m., arriving at *Madoc* at 5.05.

Belleville time.

R. LUTTRELL,
General Superintendent.

The best chance ever offered in this place, to get a cheap cutter, is given by Bristol & Bro. Read their new advt.

An interesting letter from a correspondent at Flinton, has been crowded out this week. We are also compelled to leave over Mr. Flint's for another week, and various other matters.

Mrs. Wright's new advt. will be found on the second page. Her stock is now complete in every department. Special attention is called to the stock of Biscuits, of which she makes a specialty, having secured the agency of a celebrated Montreal firm for goods of their manufacture. See advt.

Social To-night.

We would remind our readers of the Social in the Masonic Hall, this (Friday) evening, at 7 o'clock p. m. A good programme may be looked for. Admission 15 cents, or 25 cents per couple; children 10 cents.

The Annual Tea.

At Hazzard's Corners, on the evening of Christmas Day, was quite a success, the proceeds amounting to $116. The Madoc Brass Band and the choir gave excellent music, and the speakers gave humorous and profitable addresses. In fact, all the conveniences possible under the circumstances were accorded to the crowded house. Sorry to part, happy to meet again, next Xmas evening.

Tea-Meeting.

The tea-meeting in connection with the M. E. Church, on New Year's night, proved a decided success. A large and interesting programme was given, consisting of speeches, recitations, and music. It is seldom we have attended a more enjoyable meeting. The speeches were good, the recitations and readings of a high order, and the music superior. We do not like to particularize where all was so good, but we might be allowed to mention especially the singing of Prof. Mendall, which was really excellent.

The New Council.

We understand that Messrs. Sinclair and Orr have decided not to be candidates for municipal honors, leaving the contest between Messrs. Sutton, Loomis, S. D. Ross, Kirk, Tuller and H. Dingman. We not intend to offer any advice to the ratepayers as to whom they should elect, as it probably would not be taken, but this much we will say:—We have always preached up and practiced the doctrine of leaving politics out of municipal matters, and we sincerely hope that our advice thus far will be taken. Vote for the best men, irrespective of creed, politics or any other consideration.

Burglary.

On Saturday night or early Sunday morning last, the store of A. E. Fish & Co., lately opened in this village, was broken into, and a quantity of goods stolen. Entrance was effected by breaking one of the large panes of glass in the front of the store. A young lad, named Page, who had been working at Simmons' Hotel for some time, disappeared on Monday morning, and suspicion was directed against him. He returned to the village yesterday, and was at once arrested by Constable Sills. It appears that he had been back in the country offering goods for sale, and we are informed that he directed the Constable to where the remainder would be found. He was brought before A. F. Wood, Esq., who committed him to the county jail to stand his trial.

Madoc Lodge, No. 48, F. & A. M.

The following is a list of the officers of the above Lodge, for the ensuing year, installed on Saturday last, St. John's Day:—

W. Bro. J. S. Loomis, W. M.
" H. S. O'Hara, S. W.
" Jas. A. Orr, J. W.
" T. S. Agar, Chap.
" Jos. Caverly, Treas.
" James O'Hara, jr., Sec.
" W. Unwin, S. D.
" S. Taber, J. D.
" Allen Moon, I. G.
" S. D. Ross, D. of C.
" Charles O'Hara, } Stewards.
" F. Thompson,
" A. Diamond,
" William Fox,
" Charles Fox,
" E. A. Maybee, Tyler.

Interesting and Very valuable

Is the first number of the *American Agriculturist*, beginning the 39th Annual Volume (1880). This number contains 150 articles and items, illustrated with only 100 engravings. Among these are; the new Carp Fish, which is soon to yield immense supplies of good food from what are now waste swamps and bogs; Cattle Feeding, with 42 best combinations of feeding stuffs; Fencing and Fences with 40 engravings; Marketing Butter, with 9 engravings; Mining, mining terms, etc., explained, with 5 engravings; Black Knot on Fruit Trees, 6 illustrations; and a multitude of practical articles for the Farm, Garden, and Household, (Children included). 15cts. a number; $1.50 a year; 4 copies for $5. ORANGE JUDD CO., New York, Publishers.

Presentation.

Miss Jackson, teacher in School Section No. 16, Madoc, being about to resign her position, received the following address, accompanied by suitable presents:

To Miss Bessie Jackson:—We, on behalf of your pupils, cannot allow this opportunity to pass without expressing in some degree our high appreciation of you as a lady and a teacher. We wish to make known to you our sense of gratefulness for the good example shown by you in morals and religion during the time you have been amongst us, and trust that such example may be the means of leading many to a higher and nobler life.

In parting with you, we wish you to accept this Handkerchief Box, Glove Box and Writing Desk in remembrance of our esteem, and as a slight mark of our gratitude for the fidelity with which you have discharged your duties as teacher in this section. Should you ever come amongst us again, either as a teacher or visitor, you may feel assured of being met with a hearty welcome by all who have the pleasure of your acquaintance.

Signed on behalf of the pupils,
ISAAC BLAKELY,
RICHARD GAWLEY.

School Meeting.

The annual school meeting of S. S. No. 1, this village, was held on Wednesday, in the Town Hall, not more than twenty ratepayers being present, by actual count. Those who were present, however, made it lively enough for a short time. The Returning Officer, Mr. Chas. Gream, presided, and Mr. Jas. A. Orr was on motion appointed Secretary. The Treasurer of the School Board, E. D. O'Flynn, Esq., read a statement of the receipts, and expenditures. Several of the items elicited remarks from some of those present, particularly the printing bill of $18, for fortnightly reports, several thousand of which were furnished to the school by this office; and the raise of $25 salary to the head teacher. Mr. Wood explained the latter, which was as follows:—Mr. Kirk had notified the Board that unless his salary was raised from $650 to $700 he would leave at the end of the year. The Board met, but no action was taken on the matter. Some days after as Mr. Kirk was at the station on his way to Belleville, he saw Mr. Wood, and gave him until that evening to decide whether they would conclude to re-engage him or not. The latter consulted three other members of the Board, viz., Messrs. Ross, Seymour, and Caverly, and they decided to offer him $25 additional, which was afterwards accepted. It had cost some $19 the previous year to advertise for a teacher, and they concluded it would be better to increase the salary $25 than to spend, perhaps, that amount in advertising, particularly if by that means they could secure a teacher who had given such general satisfaction as Mr. Kirk. On the aggregate, however, the salaries were no higher than before, some of the other teachers having been secured at a lower rate than had been previously paid.

Mr. Tuller said that although he had been opposed to raising the salary, he was now in favor of it, as he was well pleased with the progress of the school, and believed it had been most efficiently conducted by Mr. Kirk.

The following nominations were then made for the office of Trustee:—John Robertson, by Dr. Loomis, and John Harper. William Dingman, by W. Orr and Frank Embury. Wareham Tuller, by J. C. Dale and M. Maybee. A. F. Wood, by John Harper and W. Moore.

Mr. Wood said that if there was to be a contest he would retire, and requested his name to be taken off the list of candidates.

A poll was demanded by William Orr, and the Chairman announced that the election would take place on Wednesday next, at 10 o'clock.

We will probably have more to say on this matter in a short time.

Vick's Floral Guide.

Of the many Guides and Seed and Plant Catalogues sent out by our Seedsmen and Nurserymen, and that are doing so much to inform the people and beautify and enrich our country, none are so beautiful, none so instructive as *Vick's Floral Guide*. Its paper is the choicest, its illustrations handsome, and given by the hundred, while its Colored Plate is a gem. This work, although costing but five cents, is handsome enough for a Gift Book, or a place on the parlor table. Published by JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

BLAIR—MCCOY.—On the evening of the 24th ult., at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. John McCoy, by the Rev. James Macfarlane, Mr. Hugh Macwaters Blair, to Miss Martha Ethel McCoy, both of the township of Madoc.

PALMER—CARR.—On Christmas Eve, at the M. E. Parsonage, by Rev. A. Martin, Mr. Anderson Palmer, to Miss Mary Ann Carr, both of Madoc.

VICK'S
Illustrated Floral Guide

A beautiful work of 100 *Pages, One Colored Flower Plate, and 500 Illustrations*, with Descriptions of the best Flower and Vegetables, with price of seeds, and how to grow them. All for a FIVE CENT STAMP. In English or German.

VICK'S SEEDS are the best in the world. FIVE CENTS for postage will buy the FLORAL GUIDE, telling how to get them.

The *Flower and Vegetable Garden*, 175 Pages, Six Colored Plates, and many hundred Engravings. For 50 cents in paper covers; $1.00 in elegant cloth. In German or English.

Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine—32 Pages, a Colored Plate in every number and many fine Engravings. Price $1.25 a year; Five Copies for $5.00. Specimen Numbers sent for 10 cents; 3 trial copies for 25 cents. Address,

JAMES VICK,
Rochester, N. Y.

TIES! TIES!

I AM now prepared to make contracts for any quantity of HEMLOCK, TAMARAC, OAK, or ROCK ELM TIES, delivered along the B. & N. H. Railway.

A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, Nov. 22nd, 1879. 127

LOST!

ON Thursday, 18th inst., between Bannockburn and Madoc Village, a Carpet Bag, containing a Lady's Dress, Coat, and some children's wearing apparel. The finder will be suitably rewarded by returning it to W. H. Brown, Bannockburn, or to this office,

December 22nd 1879.

ESTRAY.

CAME in to my Enclosure, on Lot No. 2, in the 3rd concession of Madoc, about the 15th of August, one red and white Heifer. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges, and take her away.

JOHN RODGERS.
Madoc, 20th December, 1879.

Land For Sale.

TWENTY-ONE (21) Building Lots for sale in the Village of Madoc, laid out on Park Lots 3 and 4, and known as "Norman's Hill."

Enquire of Captain Norman, Millbridge, or the undersigned,

CHARLES GREAM.
Madoc, September, 1879. 131

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS are hereby warned against purchasing or negotiating an order drawn by Archie Riddell, on Messrs. Bronson & Weston, of Ottawa, for $300 (Three hundred dollars), dated Dec. 15th, 1879, and endorsed by us, as the said order has been lost or stolen.

MULLETT & DETLOR,
Bronson, Ont.
142-3t

To the Electors of the
TOWNSHIP OF MADOC.

Gentlemen:—I beg to announce myself as a candidate for the office of Councillor for the year 1880, and respectfully solicit your votes and influence. If elected my motto will be "Economy and Retrenchment" in everything relating to municipal matters.

ALEXANDER McINROY.
Madoc, December 16th, 1879.

TO BE LET.

LOTS 56 and 57, east side Hastings Road, Township of Tudor; also Lot 58, west side (part of the Cameron Mining Lot) comprising 100 acres or upwards. About 40 acres cleared, the rest well wooded, with water accommodation. The above would be well suited to the wants of a grown up family. A lease can be given on very moderate terms.

Apply to CAPT. NORMAN,
or to Millbridge,
Chas. Gream, Esq., Madoc. 130

GRAIN, GRAIN!

MR. A. F. WOOD

WOULD take this means of announcing to the farmers in this vicinity, that as soon as he can get the Storehouse, which he has secured from Mr. Thos. Cross, fitted up, he will be in the market as a buyer of all kinds of grain, for which, as heretofore, he will be prepared to pay the highest prices.

December 23rd, 1879.

MARMORA
Gold & Iron Mines.
FOR SALE CHEAP.

THE South-East Quarter of Lot 14, in 10th con. Marmora—50 acres.

For price and terms apply to A. F. WOOD, Esq., Madoc, or to

W. JAMES COOPER,
25 Imperial Bank Buildings,
Toronto.
Toronto, Dec. 22nd, 1879. 142-2t

$20,000 TO LOAN.

AT THE LOWEST RATES OF INTEREST. Apply to

GEO. A. SKINNER,
140 Solicitor, &c., Stirling.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE East halves of Lots Nos. 25 and 26, in the Eighth concession of Madoc, will be sold cheap. Apply to the publishers of the REVIEW, Madoc, or to

H. HOLDEN,
95-6m Shannonville.

MISS M. A. CUMMINGS,

GRADUATE of St. Mary of the Lake Convent, Kingston, is prepared to receive Music Pupils in Madoc and immediate vicinity.

TERMS MODERATE.

All information required may be had by calling at the residence of Rev. Father Davis.

Private Boarding House

PRIVATE BOARD and comfortable rooms can be obtained by applying to the undersigned, on Elgin Street, leading to the Model School.

MRS. J. HULIN.
Madoc, May 27th, 1879. 113

Land for Sale.

WEST half of Lot 10, in 7th concession of Marmora, (near the Gatling mine,) containing 100 acres, partly cleared. Price moderate and terms liberal. Apply to

S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL,
27-2m 467 St. Paul St. Montreal

HARNESS!
HARNESS!

P. SINCLAIR

HAS REMOVED HIS HARNESS SHOP TO

DALE'S BLOCK!

Annual District Meeting

THE annual District meeting of L. O. District No. 5, North Hastings, will be held at York River, on Tuesday, January 13th, 1880, at 6 o'clock, p. m. A full attendance requested.

J. B. CLEAK, District Master.
York River, Dec'r 22nd, 1879.

Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

HOME-MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

—AT—

MORRICE'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS

in all the different styles and sizes.

☞ CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.

TOYS! TOYS! TOYS!!

JUST RECEIVED,

A LARGE CONSIGNMENT OF

TOYS FOR THE HOLIDAYS,

—ALSO—

CROCKERY

AND

GLASSWARE.

Sets, - $2.00 and $2.50.

A LARGE STOCK OF

Groceries & Provisions

constantly kept on hand.

The highest price paid for all kinds of Farm Produce.

J. HARPER.

Madoc, December 17th, 1879.

No. 1 DAIRY BUTTER.

W. R. McRAE,

BELLEVILLE,

WILL PAY

THE HIGHEST CASH PRICE

FOR FIRST-CLASS BUTTER.

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

U CAN GET

BETTER

FURNITURE,

AND

MORE OF IT,

For Less Money

—AT—

M. MAYBEE'S,

than at any shop in the County.

CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

UNDERTAKING

ALL SIZES OF

Coffins & Caskets

KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Robes, Shrouds,

AND

FUNERAL FURNISHINGS.

M. MAYBEE.

Madoc, April 22nd, 1879.

MADOC PLANING MILLS.

The undersigned having removed their Planing Mills from Bridgewater to the Village of Madoc, and fitted up a

Planing Mill, Door, Sash and Blind Factory,

are now prepared to do all work in our line with promptness and despatch.

CUSTOM PLANING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

KERRS & WALTON.

Madoc, June 29th, 1879.

NEW GOODS!

Our stock of Fall and Winter Goods is now complete in every Department.

PRICES VERY LOW!

Sydmer Ross & Co

Madoc, September 9th, 1879.

NEW GOODS,

at Low Prices

AT

JOHN ROBERTSON'S.

FINAL NOTICE!!

I have fully made up my mind to change my Credit business to the Ready Pay System, by Cash or Produce taken in exchange for goods, considering it better for both myself and customers.

I close my Books on the 15th day of November, inst., and all parties indebted to me are requested to call and settle at once, or costs will be made.

G. M. BROOKS.

Madoc, Nov. 5th, 1879.

CALL FOR THE GREAT

SIERRA NEVADA SMOKING!

At C. G. Wilson's Drug Store, one of the most delicious aromas ever smoked. Cures colds, catarrh, asthma, and all bronchial complaints. Singers and speakers use it successfully. M. L. SMITH, Arkona, Ont.

Notice is Hereby Given

THAT application will be made to the Legislature of the Province of Ontario at its next ensuing Session, on behalf of the Toronto and Ottawa Railway Company, for an Act consolidating and amending the several Acts relating to the incorporation of the Company; for an extension of the times for the commencement and completion of the work, such extension not, however, to affect the provisions of any Municipal By-laws heretofore or hereafter passed aiding the said Company; and for the legalization of all Municipal By-laws as shall have been passed granting aid by way of bonus to the said Company.

E. J. TOKER,
139-7t Secretary.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale his farm of 100 acres, being composed of Lots Nos. 1 and 2, 1st con., township of Herschel. On the premises are erected a good log house, new frame barn, and other outbuildings. A never failing spring of water close to the house. Terms easy, and title indisputable. Apply to the proprietor on the premises, or by letter to

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CHARLES GREAM,
Madoc, Oct. 29, 1879. Solicitor.

CHRISTMAS IN SPAIN!

Written for the Tribune, for Christmas time.

Over the village and over the town
Evening shadows are dropping down;
Catrina fastens the silken veil,
Dolores lists for the vesper bell,
And pretty Nina and gay Babette,
With lips of coral and eyes of jet,
Sit in the twilight fading wan
With the glitter of bracelets and flirt of fan,
And lean o'er the balcony gilded and high
To hasten the stars in the deepening sky,
And watch—just to see—if their lovers pass by!

Down—down in the street
Echoes the patter of nimble feet!
Lights shine out from the darkening panes
As the dusk creeps in and the twilight wanes;
And thro' narrow passage and archway low
Voices of children come and go,
Singing in chorus sweet and wild
Now high and clear, now soft and slow,
A passion of joy with an underflow
Of a dim mysterious pain and woe,
A welcome to the Holy Child,
Cradled in lowliest cell sublime—
The blossom and the fruit of Time!

Aloft in the belfry tower,
'Neath the glow of the midnight sky,
The silent bells await the hour,
With lips that tremble and smile of power
As the mystic dawn draws nigh;
And over the valley and over the hill
Where sleeping herds lie hushed and still,
And far o'er the lonely sea
Where the fisher's boat is rocking slow
And the sailed is furled and the tide drops low
And the long wave breaks on the silent shore
And the heart grows hushed as if never more
Sorrow or pain might be—
They ring and peal with a sudden glee,
An awful gladness, a cry apart
For aught that aches in the care—bow'd heart,
Lifting it up with hands to Heaven,
For sorrows healed and sins forgiven.
See! o'er the landscape and far away
The bon-fires gleam like a second dawn
And a veil of silvery fire-fly spray
O'er the joyous jubilant land lies drawn;
Clear shines the taper and flames the fire
From cottage and mansion and lordly spire;
For the world has grown one fierce desire;
And shrine and minster and palace porch
Glimmer with candle and sparkle with torch
To the roll of the midnight choir!
And far within
Quiet and calm thro' the noisy din
Of pealing organ and murmuring crowd,
Tho' the knee is bent and the form is bow'd
The Babe lies sweet in blessing—
There in his mother's lap lies He,
Only a child on a mother's knee,
A babe for love's caressing
While still the people kneeling
Weep and whisper and wail with passionate feeling!
And the mus'c moans,
And the trumpets shrills,
And the mellow tones
Of the organ fills
The heart brimful of happy tears!
Oh! blessed Babe! Oh! blissful child
Shrined in adoration mild—
Where are now our griefs and fears!
In the cradle let them lie
Hushed with mother's lullaby;
By thy manhood let them gain
Pity for another's pain;
And by all thy grief and cross—
Perfect weal, tho' earthly loss—
Let us greet in Thee this day
The Light! the Truth! the Life! the Way!

WILLIAM M. BRIGGS.

HOW JOE BROUGHT DOWN THE HOUSE.

(From St. Nicholas.)

"Well, girls, there is one way we can help both father and ourselves in these hard times," said Bessie Foot, while her elder sisters looked up from their occupations with kind, interested faces. "We can give up our birthdays or Christmas," begun Bessie slowly.

"That is a good idea," broke in Emily, the older sister. "These numerous gift-days and pleasure-makings draw too heavily upon all our pockets."

"But what will Joe say?" This time they nearly all spoke in concert.

After a little pause, Bessie said, with hopeful decision:

"Oh, perhaps he won't care.

Now Joe was the last, but by no means the least member in Mr. Foot's family. He had arrived late, after this goodly row of girls, and after his parents had given up an earlier and often expressed desire that a boy might be among the number. And if helpful hands and warm hearts make the reception, Joe came

—"to the world as a gentleman comes,
To a lodging ready furnished."

He was twelve years old, but had not "worn out his welcome." Of a pliant, pleasant nature, he fully answered, so far, all the demands made upon him. Not one had ever heard him speak a rough or unkind word, and in all his little affairs of every day he was easily helpful enough to satisfy his loving family. It is true Mr. Foot, who had struggled up through a hard and self-denying youth to an honorable position in the law, began to have some uneasiness about his son's character, and to suffer the first disturbing and perplexing doubt as to the future of the boy to whom life was such a holiday affair, and who would never he able, he feared to take any other view of it.

But these fatherly thoughts and fears Mr. Foot carefully kept to himself. His family was very loving and confiding, and Mr. Foot was not without courage; but I doubt if he would have been willing to contemplate, even in the retirement of his own thoughts, the shock that would have come to all if this beloved son had been closely criticised. So Joe spent his thoughtless, pleasant days undisturbed by criticism, and when Bessie broached the question of the morning for her brother's decision—Christmas being nearly a year away and birthdays close at hand,—he chose in his easy way to keep the near pleasure, and so it came about that there was to be no Christmas celebration that year in Mr. Foot's house.

Bessie's plan worked admirably. The birthdays, scattered through the year, had been made much of, and Joe's coming late in September, had really been a great affair. Joe himself had enjoyed it wonderfully—even beyond his usual happy way. It was very gratifying to have so many new things in advance of all his playmates; even the latest fashioned sled had been procured by extra trouble and expense, and the balls and the books and the knives and the marbles were of the best, for "Joe is to have no presents at Christmas," was the often expressed reason for extra indulgence on his particular birthday. It was all very delightful, and it made Joe quite the hero of the autumn, creating any amount of envy in the minds of other boys who must wait until Christmas.

But Christmas was drawing on, and Joe soon found himself face to face with an anticipation which was not pleasurable—an entirely new position in his experience. In fact the numerous preparations in the world outside began to produce a slightly depressing sensation in other members of Mr. Foot's family; even Bessie, usually firm in her decisions, could not help wishing they had chosen Christmas and given up the birthdays. But it was too late now, so they all carefully avoided any allusion to the coming festival, each hoping by silence to create the impression in the others that the whole plan was eminently satisfactory.

Mr. Foot, quietly reading in his easy chair, was really the only one quite at ease, all the minds of the family being more or less ruffled on Christmas eve, by some thoughts as to what might be going on in Joe's mind; for contrary to his custom he had betaken himself to bed at an unusually early hour. Mrs. Foot and her older daughters were busy with their sewing near the table where Mr. Foot was enjoying the cheerful fire and his evening paper, when Bessie suddenly broke into the room with the exclamation: "Joe has hung up his stockings!" Mr. Foot laid his paper on his knees and the busy needles made slight pause, but no one spoke.

"He has hung up both; he never hung up but one before!" added Bessie, dropping helplessly into the nearest chair.

"That was naughty in Joe," said Mrs. Foot, in a tone in which despair and apology were oddly mingled.

Mr. Foot meditated, apparently unheeding, while the girls went on with their sewing.

Some time elapsed, during which no one ventured a remark, and Mr. Foot still looked into the fire. Strangely vivid remembrances came to him of a country boy, long-forgotten Christmases, an empty stocking and a disappointed heart. He slowly took down his eye-glasses from their perch and put them into his pocket; he folded up his paper softly, and carefully laid it on the table, and with the air of a man who would rather the fact should not be observed, rose quietly from his chair and in a very indifferent voice said;

"Bessie, will you hand me my coat?"

"Why are you going out?" exclaimed Mrs. Foot, looking up excitedly.

"Yes, I think I will take a short walk," replied Mr. Foot, still indifferently, though knowing perfectly well a walk was a most unusual performance for him in the evening after a busy day.

"I believe I will go with you," said the wife, cheerily, and going at once for a hat and shawl.

"Let us go, too," said all the girls, with that liveliness which indicates relief from a dilemma.

All were soon ready, and Mr. and Mrs. Foot leading the way, they were soon on the pavement of a well-lighted street, and moving with the crowd or pausing at the shop-windows to see the unusual and final attractions of the season.

If people would dream facts instead of dreaming dreams, Joe Foot might have smiled to himself as he lay asleep in his little bedroom in sole possession of the house, while the whole family had gone off, moved by one impulse, on an errand which not one of them would have told to another. Joe awake and on his feet might have been resisted; but Joe asleep, with those two expectant stockings yawning in the basement, was an impersonation of that faith which moved mountains. It all came about very naturally and easily, Mr. Foot himself, first expressing some regret that the knife he gave Joe on his birthday had not been of a better quality, and, now that the boy had lost it, it seemed only fair to get him another. This accomplished at the first cutlery store, his mother followed in the purchase of a new boy's book, which she much regretted she had not heard of in time to get for his birthday. His sisters, too, remembered various little things that Joe liked, or had their memories quickened by the sight of new devices for good boys, as they walked along, and so they were each well laden with Christmas things when they finally reached their own door.

I cannot doubt that Joe smiled in his sleep, and if the faithful stockings ran over with their numerous gifts, the family wisely concluded not to make any remarks that might bring into light the inconsistency of the givers' purposes and actions.

The next morning, all but Joe awoke with a slight feeling of uncertainty whether it was Sunday or some other day. Joe knew before he was awake that it wasn't Sunday, still, he did feel a little doubtful if it was Christmas.

But stowed away in the seldom used nook of his closet were some very good reminders of Christmas, until he should descend to the basement. Joe's father would have been pleased enough if he could have looked into the boy's closet just then, as Joe was taking out from their hiding place six small packages, all neatly wrapped and tied with long loops, so that they could be hung on door-knobs. These presents he had purchased with some money given him to spend for himself.

With the little bundles arranged on his arm for distribution, he stole softly in his stocking feet through the hall, hanging each article on its respective knob, without disturbing the occupants of the rooms, who were still soundly abed.

This done, Joe went on to the basement in easy hopefulness. And he was not doomed to disappointment, the contents of the crowded stockings yielding more than a usual amount of joy and admiration.

And when the family came down to breakfast, how delightful it all was! Every one was so pleased with the pretty present Joe had purchased for them, that it was a long time before the happy family could subside to the formality of the morning meal. Joe himself became conscious of a higher pleasure than Christmas had heretofore brought, when his father expressed a hearty satisfaction in the gift his son had, unassisted, given him; and, turning to his youngest daughter, he said: "Bessie, let us have Christmas next year," which caused a general smile all around.

SOME HOLIDAY DISHES.

Excellent Orange Jelly.

For a small dish of jelly take a little more than half a package of Cox's gelatine and dissolve it in a half cup of water, letting it stand for an hour. Then add the juice of five sour oranges and a little less than a pound of white sugar; then, after mixing these together, pour on the whole a half pint of boiling water. The mixture is not to go near the fire at all. Put it into your mould, and set it in a cold place. When ready to serve, dip the mould for an instant into hot water and then turn out the jelly. Double the quantity for a large dish. The cook who has no "judgment" in regard to quantities will never be a good cook. For the tolerable ones it may be added that "a little less than a pound of sugar" may be attained by weighing a pound and then taking out about three level table-spoonfuls. "A little more than half a package" of gelatine means half a package and about a level tablespoonful added.

Coffee Ice Cream.

Make a custard, without any flavor, of a pint of cream and four yolks of eggs. Put into this a quarter of a pound of freshly-roasted Mocha coffee berries; they should, if possible, be used hot. Cover up the stewpan closely with its lid, putting a napkin over to keep in the steam. Let the custard stand for an hour, strain and sweeten, and when cold put it into the freezing pot. Cream thus prepared will not take the color of the coffee, and when carefully made is very delicate and delicious. Coffee ice cream is also made with a strong infusion of coffee. To make the infusion, put two ounces of freshly ground coffee into a French coffee pot and pour over it a gill of fast-boiling water. When the water has all run through the strainer, take out the coffee grounds and replace them with two ounces of fresh coffee. Then pour the coffee infusion thus obtained to a pint of sweetened cream, or freeze.

Tea Ice Cream.

Put half an ounce of fine orange-flavored Pekoe tea into an earthenware pot, and pour on it a pint of boiling milk. Let it stand until nearly cold, then pour it off fine, and, if necessary, strain to free it from any particles of leaf. Put the liquor into a large stewpan, with enough lump sugar to make it sweet. When it is hot add to it a quarter of a pint of rich cream and the yolks of five eggs. Stir over a slow fire until it becomes a thick custard, and then take from the fire; stir occasionally until it is cool, to prevent a skin forming. Freeze in the usual manner.

Croustades of Chicken.

Cut the crumb of a loaf of bread into slices thick, and then with a round paste cutter about two inches in diameter, cut out of each slice as many pieces as possible. With another paste cutter, about one and a half inches in diameter, make a mask on one side of each cylinder of bread crumb. When all are ready, fry them a golden color in very hot lard. A deep frying pan should be used, and plenty of lard, so that the croustades fairly swim in the fat. When done, lay them on a sieve in front of the fire to drain, and afterward remove the cover (marked with the smaller paste cutter), and with the handle of a teaspoon scoop out all the inside of each croustade. Mince finely some remnants of roast or boiled chicken, free from skin, etc.; add an equal quantity of ham or tongue, as well as a small quantity of truffles or mushrooms, also finely minced. Toss the whole in a saucepan with a piece of butter, mixed with a pinch of flour; add white pepper, salt, and powdered spice to taste; moisten if necessary with a little white stock. Stir in, off the fire, the yolk of an egg, beaten up with the juice of half a lemon; fill the croustades with this mince, put a button mushroom on the top of each, cover them with a sheet of oiled paper, put them into the oven to get thoroughly hot, and serve.

Nougats.

Blanch one pound of almonds, and cut each lengthwise into thin, narrow pieces; lay them on a dish in front of the fire, or in the oven (with the door open), to get perfectly dry. Melt in a sugar boiler one-half pound of loaf sugar; when the sugar is a light brown put in the almonds, mix them well but carefully together, and you will have a soft paste, which will harden when cold. Make some small mould very hot; slightly but thoroughly oil them with oil of sweet almonds; put some of the mixture in one of them, and, with the handle of a teaspoon previously oiled, spread it out as thinly as possible, so as completely to line the mould; trim the edges, and when cold turn out the nougats. Make a number in the same way, serve half of them filled with whipped cream and the other half with a croutemeal.

A GOOD STORY.

"You Won't Hold Me Responsible."

OTTAWA, DEC. 17.—Dr. Smith, who has just returned from the Northwest, tells the following good story: Mr. Whitehead, contractor for that section of the Canada Pacific Railway lying between Winnipeg and Rat Portage, was engaged in sending up a lot of nitro-glycerine in cans. Great care has to be exercised in handling the dangerous stuff, and Mr. Whitehead particularly impressed this fact upon the men engaged in making the transportation. One of the men, a half-breed, had just shouldered a sixty two pound can, and was cautioned to be careful, and the man replied in unsophisticated innocence, not knowing the powerful nature of the explosive, "If that dark stuff explodes I hope you won't hold me responsible." He was satisfied when told that they would not. In case of an accidental explosion, the man would have been blown into such small atoms that no funeral would have been necessary.

—"Well, my lad, where are you traveling this stormy weather, all alone?" asked an inquisitive landlord, of a small lad, whose father was engaged in smuggling, and had sent him, young as he was, on an important message, in advance of the party. "Going to draw my pension," was the reply. "Pension!" echoed the astonished landlord; "what does so small a lad as you draw a pension for?" "Minding my own business, and letting that of others alone!"

—Castor oil has been introduced into a school in Galveston, Texas, as a disciplinary agent. A boy had it poured down his throat for smoking, and a girl had it rubbed on her lips for swearing.

A CELEBRATED EDITOR.

The Late Mr. Delane of the London "Times."

The late English papers received by mail notice Mr. Delane, for many years editor of the London *Times*, and recently deceased. The London *Spectator* gives the best criticism of his strong and weak points. We make an extract:

He at 24 was selected, by one of those flashes of insight which have occasionally distinguished the Walter family, to be editor of what was even then the most powerful journal in the world. Almost a boy, imperfectly educated, though on the regular Oxford lines, and with little experience outside the office, he was appointed to succeed Sterling and Barnes, and within two years it was clear that he could in efficiency surpass them both. He seemed to have no need of experience. Writers of double his age and ten times his knowledge deferred, honestly deferred, to his opinion. Cabinet Ministers not only consulted—that is common—but thoroughly trusted one who must have appeared to them an immature lad; and the constituency of the paper, scarcely knowing his name, manifested toward him a confidence which, except for passing moments, was never shaken. Long before he was 35, Mr. Delane was counted by all the initiated one of the small group who govern the United Kingdom, was as powerful as any Cabinet Minister, and was trusted with every kind of political and social secret. And, what was much more wonderful, nobody was ever much surprised. So strong was Delane, and so full did he impress himself upon all political men who came in contact with him, that no one of them all ever wondered why he gave information to that very young man, or why he relied on his discretion, or why, if the opinion expressed were adverse, he revolved over and over again the justice of his own. England is, of all countries, the one most completely governed by the middle-aged, but the youth of Mr. Delane never struck anybody; and there was no reason why it should strike them, for from the first there was in his business intercourse with other men and with the world no Mr. Delane. There was a quiet, plain tongued man, who told them in the clearest and most unmistakable of English what the body of the middle-class of the United Kingdom were thinking and saying, and had in his speech something of the quiet authority of that class, their sovereignty over all departments. If Mr. Delane wrote, or rather ordered an article,—for he seldom or never wrote—that article expressed this body of opinion. If he argued, his interlocutor might be sure he was being opposed by a whole people. If he wrote, his letter had something in it of the power that comes from the innumerable hums of a nation. Mr. Delane was not a man of "literary power," or political originality, or acute political insight. He never wrote anything, he never, that we know of, suggested a measure, and he occasionally made atrocious blunders. Whenever, indeed, the English people could tell him nothing, he was as much at sea as any other man. He was wrong from first to last about the American Civil War, and wrong in a way that was not like him, for he never saw a truth patent to many inferior men, that whatever the merits of the quarrel, the North, which received from Europe week by week reinforcements superior to its losses, must inevitably win; and up to the last moment he believed, or allowed his writers to believe, that Sherman's "march into space" was the signal that the North had lost the game. He did not force the annexation of Nice and Savoy, which so nearly changed all European history. He did not catch the feeling of the people about the French Colonels' menaces. He did not in the least perceive the gigantic strength of Prussia, or expect the overthrow of the Australian supremacy in Germany. He had, in truth, no especial insight into events which occurred, or might occur, outside Great Britain. He was not, in fact, on such subjects, helped by his gift, the gift which made up to him for the lack of any other qualification in which he happened to be deficient.

There was something in his mental ear, some fineness of hearing, some power, which seemed now like an intellectual capacity, and now like a physical instinct, which enabled him to hear what the governing class of Great Britain were thinking about any given topic; and he was able to supply reasons and justifications for that thought which made it, when they read, stronger and clearer than it was before. He knew the opinion of that section of the English people which then had power, and he repeated it; and, when he had repeated it, it became more definite than before. This power, which in domestic affairs scarcely ever, if ever, failed him, was the secret of his immense success as editor; it was so great that he could exercise it through writers other than himself, writers whom he did not always convert, and it has never, to our judgment, been satisfactorily or thoroughly explained.

A SINGULAR LAW SUIT.

A Returning Officer Mulcted in $200 for Refusing to Swear a Voter.

At the recent session of the Welland County Court a very novel case was disposed of. The *Tribune* gives the following particulars: The action was brought by Robert Simpson, of Marshville, against Galvin Robinson, jr., of Wainfleet, for the penalty of $200 for alleged infraction of the election law, at the Dominion election in Monck last September, when the defendant was returning officer at polling subdivison No. 3, Wainfleet. The charge was that he refused or neglected to swear a voter named Wm. Thompson, having been requested to do so by the Conservative scrutineer. Thompson voted as a "farmer's son." Mr. Case and R. Hay, Mr. McCollom's scrutineers, swore that the farmer had asked the defendant to swear Thompson, that he (defendant) asked Thompson to be sworn, but on his refusal to do so allowed him to vote without swearing. They said the voter was challenged before getting his ballot paper, and that they never consented to waive their objections and allow him to vote without swearing. This was the sum of the evidence for the prosecution.

For the defence the returning officer himself, Elliot Henderson and Gavin Henderson, testified positively that the vote was not challenged until after the ballot paper had been given to the voter, and they thought from Mr. Case's silence that he had waived his claim to have the voter sworn before the vote was taken. Thompson thought the objection was made after he got the ballot paper, and when on his way to the compartment. It was also shown that Thompson's name came before the county judge at a court of revision at Marshville, and had been by him pronounced good, although as a matter of fact it was not good, Thompson having been away from home a few weeks too long during the year. But the returning officer had no knowledge of this, and supposed the vote good.

The Judge admitted that the weight of evidence was in favor of the defendant's contention that the voter was not challenged until after he got the ballot paper, also that the returning officers acted in good faith throughout, but he ruled that the returning officer should have refused to take the vote unless the voter would swear it in, although not challenged until after he had got the ballot in his hand; and therefore he found a verdict for plaintiff in the amount of the penalty, $200, giving defendant the right to move for a non-suit in term. Defendant's counsel intend doing so both in this and Overholt's case, and feel confident of having the verdict of each set aside. There was no jury in the Robinson case.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

Out of the Depths, and Don't Put Yourself in Her place—A Woman's Will Broken.

(Guelph Herald.)

Ellen Josephine Morgan lived in that part of Guelph known as Coffeetown. She was the owner of some loose money and a will of her own. She lent the money on mortgage, after the manner of the loan societies who suck the "blood's heart" out of the people—as Caleb Chase would say. When the bond in the mortgage fell due, singularly enough the party of the part that borrows the money—we forget whether it's the one of the first, second, or third part; but, anyway, he was singularly enough, as said before, prepared to ante up to the last cent, and relieve himself from the kel-lutches of the awfully binding document. He tendered payment, but Ellen Josephine preferred continuing the loan. She was of opinion that she had a soft thing, to speak after the manner of the vulgar, and wouldn't accept payment. The matter was taken by the mortgager to John Thomas Cunningham's court, which it is called the court of chancery, and after two persons in gowns had stood before another person in a gown, seated, and mumbled something that appeared to be of no interest to anybody, the money was paid into the court, and it was decreed that the mortgage should be discharged, and Ellen Josephine was commanded to sign the necessary documents. She mentally told the court to go to the What's-his-name, and still refused to sign. This action, or rather inaction on the part of Josephine, was construed into the awful crime of contempt of court, and the lady was clinched into the county of Wellington's British bastile, to pine, or to sigh if she grew tired of pining. Ellen was particularly good at the pining business, and having got her hand well in, she continued to pine and defy the law for a few days over a full year! Last week, however, she concluded to create an anti-hum by closing up the pining business. She had had her own way for an entire year; she had stuck to it like a little man; she had followed the dictates of her own sweet and somewhat unelastic will. But a full year having been occupied in this pleasant business, Ellen began to think that perhaps she wasn't making anybody feel particularly bad after all. The world, so far as she could see through the prison bars, seemed to be jogging on as usual, and she ultimately concluded, what everybody else had fully discovered a year before, that she was only making a fool of herself. So she caved. It was a terrible wrench at the strings of her adamantine heart; it was a most humbling acknowledgement. But she concluded to sign the documents. She was released, hied herself to home to Coffeetown, resumed the business of seamstress, and has the supreme satisfaction of knowing that she is perhaps the only woman in the world who remained a year in jail of her own free will. Well done, Ellen Josephine.

"MURDER WILL OUT."

A Long Hidden Crime Comes to Light—Excitement Along the Niagara Frontier.

Considerable excitement exists on the American side of the Niagara frontier over the bringing to light of a long hidden crime. As announced in Saturday's telegraphic dispatches, two persons, a man and a woman, were secretly indicted by the Grand Jury of Niagara County, N. Y. These persons, Adeline Hotchkiss and Hugh McGregor Wilson, were on the same day arrested in Detroit, while walking together in the street. The indictment against the former is for murder in the first degree, and against the latter for being an accessory before the fact. They are charged with killing two men by poison. The crimes are said to have been committed respectively twelve and ten years ago, and the alleged victims were the husband and son of Adeline Hotchkiss.

In December, 1867, George C. Hotchkiss fell ill and died. He had been married some years to his wife, a handsome brunette, and they lived at Youngstown, N. Y.. The ancestors of Hotchkiss were the first settlers of the village of Lewiston, hard by, and they long held property extending along the Niagara River, opposite to Queenston. Wilson being a doctor attended Hotchkiss during his illness. When Hotchkiss died, after three weeks of agony, Wilson said his disease was acute gastritis. During this time, and before and afterwards, intimate relations existed between Adeline Hotchkiss and Dr. Wilson. Suspicions were felt and expressed when Hotchkiss died that all was not right. But nothing was done, and the suspected persons soon after removed to Buffalo. At Buffalo a son of the Hotchkisses named Holly was at this time attending a commercial college. He had a short time before come heir to some $40,000, which was left him by an uncle. Mrs. Hotchkiss had some money of her own. She took up her residence in Buffalo, and Dr. Wilson was her frequent visitor. On the 18th of January, 1869, the boy Holly, being then about 20 years of age, became suddenly and violently ill. In about three weeks, having made a will in favor of his mother, he died. Not long after Mrs. Hotchkiss returned to Youngstown and thence went to Lockport. Dr. Wilson then established himself in practice in Lockport, but about four years ago the pair, having been the object of some social censure in the meantime, suddenly disappeared. Six months ago there were rumors of investigation. Doubts and surmises, long smothered, took a definite and practical shape. Certain friends of the dead father and son, who are persons of means and influence, took the matter actively in hand. The body of George C. Hotchkiss, which had moldered more than eleven years in the grave, was exhumed. An elaborate analysis was made of the remains by Dr. Simeon T. Clark and Dr. A. Walter Tron, and they produced arsenic therefrom to cause death. The physicians testified that in their belief Hotchkiss was killed by arsenic. Then other facts came out. It was proved that for some time before he died no one was permitted to see the elder Hotchkiss, not even his most intimate friends. After this Dr. Lewis, of Buffalo, testified that Holly, the son, had expired in spasms precisely such as are produced by strychnine. Our evidence was also brought forward against the accused, and hence has sprung their indictment and arrest.

"GESUNDHEIT."

Origin of a Pleasant Custom Which Prevails in Some Parts of Germany.

A little while ago, when we were in Baden, the servant girl entered to put the room to rights while we were busily engaged in reading about the probabilities of a war between Germany and Russia. Suddenly we gave a terrific sneeze, perhaps caused by the dust which the domestic raised. At any rate, the reverberations of the explosion had no sooner died away than she crossed herself and said in a low voice, "Gesundheit!" Two or three minutes afterward we indulged—rather from compulsion than from any desire on our part—in another nasal report, and again we heard the mild voice say, "Gesundheit!" Then we laid our paper down and recalled the origin of that curious and pleasant custom. It was some time in the fourteenth century, we think, that the whole continent of Europe was ravaged by the plague. Neither high nor low were spared, but thousands of all classes fell victims to the dreadful curse. In Pisa you will see to-day large numbers of persons, members of a religious order, whose faces are almost entirely covered with a cloth mask. There are two little holes for the eyes, but those are all. It is a somewhat picturesque but a very uncomfortable headdress, especially in warm weather. Well, these masks are the relics of that plague. The people died in such numbers that they were forsaken even by their nearest relatives. It was fatal for any one to take the breath of the dying. So subtle and powerful was the disease that a single inhalation inoculated the blood and death was sure to ensue. It was important, however, that the dying should receive absolution, and yet it seemed too expensive to spend the life of a member of some holy order every time a man was stricken with the plague. In order to avoid the necessity of taking the sick man's breath, this remarkable headdress with only two little holes for the eyes was adopted, and it has been worn ever since. It was noticed that whenever the crisis of the disaster was passed and the patient began to recover the first symptom was a violent sneeze. The moment a man sneezed, therefore, his delighted friends cried out, "Gesundheit!" or "Health!" and from that day to this the custom of congratulating a person on a good sneeze has prevailed. In certain parts of rural Germany if a man sneezes in company the whole assembly will formally rise and gravely pronounce the word "Gesundheit!"

WHY SHE DRIED HER TEARS.

As the train over the Detroit, Lansing & Northern Road reached Plymouth the other day, going west, a couple on the depot platform were seen to embrace, kiss, hug again and separate, and the woman got aboard the train with her handkerchief to her eyes. She seated herself in front of a man with an open face and any amount of sympathy around the corners of his eyes, and he presently leaned forward and said:

"It is, indeed, hard to part with those we love."

"Y-yes, 'tis," she sobbed.

"I suppose that man was your husband?"

"Y-yes."

"You are to leave his happy home for a visit to some friends I presume?"

"Yes, I am going to Lansing to see ma."

"Just so," continued the benevolent man, "and yet how hard it is to tear yourself from the side of your dear partner! You no doubt believe him the dearest man on earth?"

"Y-yes."

"I saw him press something into your hand as he left, and he seemed to say, 'Here my darling is a gift from your husband.' How lover like—how like a good husband."

The woman had one hand tightly shut. She now opened it, brushed her tears away, and all at once called out:

"The miserable, contemptible old thing—I'll stay all winter and not write him a single word! I just wish I could see him for about a minute!"

"Madam, why this agitation?" asked the man.

"That's why!" she snapped as she hurled a quarter against the front door. "That's what he pressed into my hand at parting, and that's the pin-money he expected to last me three weeks and pay fare home on a dog! If I ever get back I'll [illegible] him out of his boots!"

"How lover-like—how wife-like!" sighed the old man, as he fell back, while the woman raised the window and poked her head out and made up faces at the last house in Plymouth.—*Detroit Free Press.*

HIGH-TONED OBSEQUIES.

(From the Argonaut.)

Andy Munroe was a man who years ago was popular in Virginia City. He went to Napa for his health, and died there a few weeks afterward.

Two warm friends of the deceased went down to assist at the funeral. Seeking the consolation granted by a flask of old rye, they became a trifle tumultuous on the way, and reached the house recently occupied by the deceased just as the coffin was about to be closed up.

"Hold on!" they shouted as they trotted up the yard, breathless, "give us a look at the corpse."

The accommodating undertaker, who was about to screw down the lid, allowed the new-comers to inspect the remains.

"It's Andy, sure enough," remarked one.

"Don't look as if he died hard," said the other.

"He was the boss," murmured the first speaker.

Then the two men looked on the face of the dead for several minutes with glistening eyes.

The undertaker suggested that the procession was forming, and the pall-bearers were waiting.

"We'll take him out, ourselves," said one of the Comstockers, with the air of a man who wanted to save trouble.

"Yes, that's what we came down for," said the second man. "We knew him on the ledge."

The undertaker called attention to the fact that eight leading citizens had been selected as pallbearers.

"Where are they?" asked one of the visiting mourners excitedly.

The undertaker waved his hand toward a group of men in white gloves and black broadcloth, who were grouped in one corner of the room enveloped with an atmosphere of dignified melancholy.

"What! those fellows in the corner—those spindleshanked affairs over there, packing Andy's remains? Hardly. We've come all the way from Virginia City to plant Andy in the right shape. If we'd been here earlier there'd been a funeral what was a funeral. What kind of a half-horse town is this anyhow?" asked the biggest of the two.

"Where's your brass band?" chimed in the other in tones of lowest disgust.

"Glad you mentioned the band, Bill. But these crows don't look like men that would put up much for a funeral. They're runnin' it on the cheap lay. Go up town and git a band right away; tell 'em to bring down a couple of dead-marches, and I'll pay for both. I've got enough coin with me to bury the town."

One started off for a band, and was only induced to come back when he was told there was no band in town.

"Now, don't lie to us for any economical motives. The expenses ain't anything. We'll settle the bills. We've got enough to give him a regular benefit if you just say the word. We'll pile the flowers on his grave as high as a haystack."

The man was finally induced to go back to the house. On entering the room he called out to his partner:

"Here, Bill take the other end and we'll take him out."

The two men seized the coffin, when the other pallbearers stepped up to assist.

"Keep your hands off. We're able to take care of this business."

The undertaker exclaimed that the coffin was a very heavy one, and two men could not lift it.

"You cane-necked, valley bred sun of a gun, what do you know about mountain muscle?" shouted one of the Comstockers, waving a No. 16 fist under his nose. "I can lift it myself;" and rushing to the head of the coffin, he raised it up three times by the handle and slammed it down vigorously on its supports. "When it comes to heavy lifting I'm there."

The two men proceeded to shoulder the coffin, and staggered under their load to the hearse, in which they thrust their burden with little ceremony, and closed the doors with a slam.

They next strode back to the gentlemen who had been selected as pallbearers, and the biggest remarked:

"Gentlemen, those who wish to take exceptions to the part we've taken in this funeral will find us at the hotel just across the street. Here is my card."

No one seemed anxious to take exceptions; and the speaker, laying his card down on the top of the gate post, turned to the driver of the hearse and remarked:

"Start up the horses."

The funeral then proceeded without further interruption, and the fact that the two "intruders" left a check for $1,000 with the widow of the deceased would indicate that their sympathy for the living was on a par with their regrets for the dead.

"We'd give you more, but we shorted some Savage last week and it nearly clinched us in two. I never went short before, and blast me if I ever will again. I never met a man I liked so well as Andy. My partner here doted on him."

"He was the boss," murmured the partner, sorrowfully; "and when the angels see him step through the gate they'll know somebody's come that don't drop in there every day."

They pressed the widow's hand with a genuine heartiness, and, as they went down the walk, one said to the other:

"Bill, I felt like I could crawl through one of the cracks in the porch when we handed her that check. It was so small after the big bluff we made yesterday."

LONGEVITY NOTES

Mrs. Anna Ray of Dunbarton, N. H., who died on Nov. 8, was in her 100th year.

One of the oldest turfmen in Kentucky, was James Shy, who died last week, aged 93.

A bed-ridden colored woman in the Kings County Hospital says that she is 101 years of age. She was born in Flatbush.

There is a colored woman in the Kings County Almshouse who professes to be 101 years old. She was born in Ulster County.

Near Passaic, N. J., Henry Kipp lives with his only child, Mrs. Michael Van Winkle. He is just closing his first century of life.

A farmer of Hampton, N. H., in his 85th year, has suddenly come into possession of his eyesight. He has been unable to read common print fifty years.

At the age of 107, Henry Goens of Lawrence County, Ohio, has been gathered to his fathers. He left forty-five children, having been married five times.

The Little Sisters of the poor in Brooklyn have one room in their building devoted to women over 100 years of age. There were recently five inmates in the room.

Henry Billington of Sunbury, Pa., set type in the office of the *American* when he was 77 years old, and did a good day's work. He died on the 21st inst., aged 85, and was the oldest printer in the State. He served in the war of 1812.

The parents of Mr. Blinn, of Prattsville, Greene County, were overjoyed at his birth, and named him Arrival. After living 93 years, he met his death on Sunday by being thrown from a wagon. He was a pensioner of the war of 1812.

In Fulton County, Ga., a man named Gregg still lives who guarded the great Napoleon during his captivity on the Bellerophon, previous to his departure for St. Helena. He was in the British service, and stood guard at the cabin door.

Although 90 years of age, Littleton Smith, of Edgefield, S. C., can jump up and strike his feet together twice before touching the ground. He has eight children, fifty-five grandchildren, 128 great-grandchildren, and 8 great-great-grandchildren.

A most eccentric farmer was Calvan Hill, recently deceased in his 95th year. He lived at Samers, Mass. He would never begin a piece of work on Friday; would never kill a hog unless the moon was going to the full, so that the meat would swell while cooking. He cut his finger nails at stated times. A flock of crows was an omen of bad luck.

The proprietor of the circus in Champs Elysees, Paris, was M. Dejean, whose death is announced at the age of 91. He started life as a butcher, and his good looks brought all the cooks to his master's shop, who, on retiring, left him the business. Amassing a fortune, he started a circus, which he has owned half a century. He was remarkable for his strength.

DEATH BY DECAPITATION.

The Paris *Figaro* sent recently a special reporter to witness the execution at Beauvais of an atrocious murderer named Prunier. The moment that the guillotine had done its work the body and head were placed in a basket and were taken to the cemetery, where Drs. Evrard, Le Sage, Chevallier, Leguillion, Rochus and Decaisne were present. M. Evrard had asked for and obtained the body of the felon for experiments, "which," says the reporter, "we followed with deep interest, for besides their purely scientific character, they related to a question so often discussed—does life survive after decapitation? Five minutes had elapsed from the moment when the head was separated from the trunk, and it was placed on a stone in the open air, in front of the little chapel of the cemetery. Comparatively little blood had flowed, and some drops were running from the carotid artery. Although the neck was very short the cutting had been very clean. Pinched, stuck with needles, submitted to the most painful experiments, the head never moved; the face remained unaltered, not a muscle quivered. The left ear was completely calcined in the flame of a candle without obtaining the smallest appearance of sensibility. Then they divided the skin of the head into four parts, and, using hammer, scalpel and the saw, they took away the upper portion of the skull and withdrew the brain. This occupied ten minutes. Immediately on being submitted to an electric battery the remains of the head at once displayed nervous contractions—the teeth chattered, the mouth shut, the eye and the cheek made those grimaces which are observed in sleeping people when tickled with a feather. With the body the same result was obtained. It was absolutely without feeling. It was opened, the heart, lungs and intestines were removed, and then, on being placed in contact with the electric battery, the arms and legs instantly moved. At this moment Dr. Evrard asked me what o'clock it was, and it appeared that forty minutes had elapsed from the time of the execution. Lastly came the concluding experiment. Under the action of the battery a shred of hanging flesh, displaced by the operations, stood on end, oscillated, and quickly placed itself back on the spot from which it had been cut." The conclusion of the doctors is that the movements observed in the bodies of persons guillotined on being subjected to the action of electricity are absolutely mechanical and display neither any remainder of life nor of sensation. The experiment will be the subject of a memoir, which will shortly be presented to the Academy of Medicine by M. Evrard, and in which he will demonstrate that death by decapitation is instantaneous.

CALCRAFT, THE HANGMAN.

Much has been written concerning the "Monsieur de Paris," of London, embracing many anecdotes of the famous hangman and a romance touching the cause of his becoming an executioner. About the year 1864 a member of the *Sun* staff, then a reporter for the *Daily Telegraph*, was sent to interview Calcraft regarding the hanging of a convict. He found the hangman, who was a shoemaker by trade, in his pleasant three story brick house in Islington. In front of the house and at its rear were yards filled with flowers. The rear yard was crowded with rose bushes, and the hangman had great pride in them. In the course of the visit he spoke of the gardens, and said that any man who loved flowers could not have a very bad heart. He cultivated many fine tulips and averred that if he had not been Calcraft, the hangman, he would once have taken a prize on his display of tulips at a big fair. There was an iron fence in front of the house. So great was the popular aversion for the office that Calcraft held, that it was almost impossible to rent the houses that were near his, and children ran past the iron gate opening into his yard when they had to go through the quiet street in which he lived.

At that time Calcraft was a pleasant-looking little man, with round features and a full iron-gray beard. He wore an ordinary business suit, and was scrupulously neat in his attire. The house was handsomely furnished. On a table was a large Bible, which, it was said, the hangman read a great deal, and the book bore evidence of having been much used.

Calcraft's wife was at that time a matronly appearing woman, to whom he seemed to be very devoted. In the course of the interview Calcraft said that hanging, if attended to by one who understood his business, was not a painful death. He used small ropes for men of nervous temperament and thicker ropes for those of opposite temperament, and he produced several ropes of different style and showed how the knot should be adjusted.

In his later years Calcraft made a strong effort to enable his children to outlive the stigma that attached itself to their father's position. He educated them liberally, and at length one of them entered the Indian civil service and fulfilled his duties creditably. There was at first a great outcry against the appointment, but it died out as the young man pursued his way openly and gave satisfaction. In his treatment of prisoners who were to be hanged, Calcraft was curt and business-like. At a hanging in Dundee the rope broke, and the hangman always afterwards furnished the ropes himself, and was very careful to inspect the arranging of the gallows and everything pertaining to it.

Thackeray used to tell a story about Calcraft, which the reporter, who interviewed the hangman in Islington, remembers hearing from the novelist's lips. Thackeray said that on the day of the hanging of a man who killed another in a carriage of the Metropolitan Underground Railway, he was riding on the outside of an omnibus. Beside the driver sat a stranger. At Islington, a small, pleasant-spoken man, with a hand-bag, mounted the stage, and sat with the driver. Thackeray, the stranger, and the little man conversed until they reached Newgate, where the latter got down, after shaking hands with the others. Then the driver said to them: "Do you know who that man is who got down?" They did not. When he told them it was Calcraft, the hangman, the stranger, Thackeray used to aver, was so startled that he fell from his seat to the ground.

POOR SERGT. GRAYBURN.

The Benton *Record* of the 28th ult. gives the following additional particulars of the murder of Sergt. Grayburn, of the N. W. Mounted Police, by the Indians: "It is conjectured that the unfortunate policeman was met by two Indians, one on foot, the other riding a pony, and while riding along and conversing with them the Indian on foot treacherously shot him from behind, killing him instantly. The two then threw his body over the embankment. The case was at once reported at the fort, and Col. McLeod ordered a guard place over the remains that night, and the day following the Colonel rode to the scene of the murder and held an inquest, the verdict of which was that deceased died from the effects of a gun-shot wound administered by some party unknown. Good trailers were then set to work to follow up the murderer. Lavellie followed up the horse track until it led into an almost impenetrable thicket where the horse of the murdered policeman was found tied to a tree and shot just behind the ear. Close by Grayburn's belt and ammunition were also found, but no trace of his gun was discovered. The moccasin track was trailed up to the summit of the mountains, where it circled around to the scene of the murder, from thence circling and re-circling until it finally led to the camp of the Blood Indians near the fort. Suspicion points strongly towards the Bloods, and the best prairie and mountain trailers are working up the case.

"This, we believe, is the first serious evidence of hostility shown by a northern Indian towards the Mounted Police, and while it may afford no immediate cause of alarm, it is perhaps an indication of the general feeling among the Blood Indians, at least, if not among the Sioux and other tribes. If discovered, a speedy example should be made of the Indian murderer, and the authority of the police should be strengthened by an increased military force."

PRACTICAL JOKING AT A CALIFORNIA WAKE.

(From the Los Angeles Herald.)

A few days ago a man died near San Fernando, and his friends decided to hold an Irish wake. The corpse was stretched on a bench and covered with a cloth. After the parties had sat around the body for a couple of hours, it occurred to them that a bucket of beer would not be amiss, and one of the boys went out to get the cheering beverage. As soon as he was gone, his friends removed the body to another room, and one of the wakers, with awful levity, stretched himself on the bench and, assuming the rigidity of a dead man, allowed himself to be covered with the cloth. At this juncture an old lady and an old man entered the room for the purpose of helping to watch the body and probably also to help drink the beer. On returning, the messenger placed the foaming stuff on the table and proceeded to dip it out to the crowd. Suddenly the supposed corpse raised himself stiffly on the bench, and said: "Ow! ow! but I want some of that meself." This was sufficient to set off the poor uninitiated fellow, who jumped through the window with an unearthly yell, carrying away with him sash and glass in his hurry. The old man made for the window at a 1:25 gait and got clear away. The old lady bolted for the same place of exit, but fainted near the window sill, while the cold sweat broke out over her wrinkled brow. The old man and his wife have since recovered, but they cannot be prevailed upon to attend another wake. As for the beer carrier, he has not been heard from since, and is believed to have gone to Arizona.

—A wet towel applied to the back of the neck not only induces sleep, but when you sleep you dream that your uncle died and willed you the whole Bay of Biscay as a reward for your goodness.

AROUND THE WORLD.

Frank Johnson, of Naples, Ontario Co., N.Y., who tried to shoot Police Constable Christie at the Great Western station a few nights ago, and was fined $50, was released from jail to day, a friend of his from the other side having paid the fine.

—The two Presidents of the Republic of San Marino have issued a proclamation against gambling and public corruption at large, denying that a "hell" is to be started on their soil. "It is not," they sententiously observe, "material prosperity that keeps up free States, but virtue."

—The Dutch Minister of the Colonies has received from the Commander-in-Chief at Atchin, in Northern Sumatra, a report stating that the power of resistance of the natives may be considered at an end, and that the authority of the Dutch is re-established in the country, though the war is not completely terminated.

—In the district of Waldai, in Russia, wolves are making great ravages this year, and it is feared that the losses of the peasants will surpass those of 1878. The bill of slaughter for this year alone in the above district includes 276 horses, 854 colts, 1,653 sheep, 237 cows, 740 calves and 295 goats and pigs.

—An action in the civil courts of Naples has been brought against the ex-Khedive of Egypt for the sum of 76,000 francs, the balance of 100,000 francs charged for a splendid porcelain service bought by Ismail Pasha some years ago from the Ginori establishment, and it is stated presented by him to the Prince of Wales.

—M. Soleillet proposes to leave soon for West Africa to recommence his explorations, which are to be on the line of route of the Trans-Sahara Railway. A considerable portion of his expenses will be paid from the $120,000 which the French Government contemplate setting aside to defray the cost of the preliminary surveys and investigations connected with the scheme.

—According to official statistics, there were, from 1833 to 1855, no fewer than ninety-four persons buried alive, through accident or ignorance, in various parts of France. Dr. Thouret, while disinterring bodies from a graveyard converted into a public square, observed many skeletons in such strange and difficult postures as to convince him that they had been buried before life was extinct.

—Morris Smith, a woodchopper struck for higher wages. He was alone in a Tennessee forest with his employer, David Norman, and his little game was to give Norman the choice between an advance in pay or death. Norman acceded to the demand, under the stress of circumstances; but, as soon as he could obtain a pistol he lowered the wages to the old rate. Smith thereupon undertook to kill him with an axe, and received a fatal bullet.

—The city of Antwerp has been in a state of delirium over an immense celebration, in which the whole population took part, in honor of Gounod, the composer of Faust. An address was presented to the composer by the widow of the late Burgomaster of the city that was printed on parchment in illuminated letters after the style of 1578, and that is said to be a work of art. At the same time Gounod received his portrait, painted by the President of the Antwerp Academy of Art.

—The Vallejo, California, *Chronicle* discovered a thoroughly Americanized Chinaman in a smoking car on a railroad train that passed through that place. A colored steward of a steamboat entered the car, and, taking a cheroot from his pocket, asked, with a lordly air, for a light from the heathen's cigar. With a look of disdain, the Chinaman replied, "No; you take the Habana all out; me give you matchee," and with that he took from his pocket a match, struck it, and passed it over to the colored gentleman.

—A wedding party was assembled at the residence of the bride's father at Rochester. The groom and the rest were waiting for the girl, who lingered in her room. Half an hour after the appointed time the announcement was made that she had been united to another suitor, having changed her choice at the last moment. The jilted man was dumbfounded, but he rallied quickly, congratulated the bridegroom, kissed the bride, and proposed a continuance of the festivities, and they were accordingly continued.

—Two murderers in the jail at Monmouth, Ill., are peculiar moralists. They are a man and a woman, and they killed the woman's husband. The man made a failure of suicide, after writing a confession, in which he said; "I am not a bit sorry for what I did, for God will never punish a man who only does what is in his heart." The woman says: "My only regret is that my husband was such a bad man; I am afraid he has gone to hell. If he had gone to heaven, there wouldn't have been any sin in murdering him."

—The latest invention is a barber's muzzle. It is a very serviceable contrivance, which can be fastened over a barber's mouth to prevent his talking while shaving customers. It is made of iron, padded inside, and can be fastened securely so as to cover the whole mouth. It is furnished with clamps and screws, which are fixed at the back of the head. Price, $2.50. Those furnished with a lever attachment for the purpose of breaking the barber's jaw come at $5. The plates which fit on the cheek are of the best chilled steel.

—California papers contain much information about the grape culture in that State. The St. Helena *Star* says: "Last summer a certain forty-acre tract, nineteen of which was in vines, was offered for $4,500 Parties thought it too high. This fall the vineyard alone yielded $2,500 worth of grapes." The Anaheim *Gazette* reports: "It is said that there are tons of grapes rotting in the vineyards at Westminster, the owners being conscientious temperance people, who would rather see the fruit waste than sell it to winemakers."

—London has been startled by the news that Prince Bismarck has written to Lord Beaconsfield to say that he will visit him in the summer of 1880. The invitation is of old standing, having been given during the sittings of the Berlin Conference at the Radizivl Palace. Bismarck was absent from two of the sittings, and on learning the ailment, Lord Beaconsfield said that Buxton's Spring was a specific. Bismarck suffers from a strange complication of disorders, aggravated by his enormous consumption of tobacco and his proportionate use of beer, not the light Bavarian, but the heavy beer brewed on his own estate.

—Should the Liberals come into power it seems to be conceded that Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, brother of the Marquis of Lansdowne, will be Chief Secretary for Ireland. He has shown an anxious desire at least to inquire into Irish grievances before deciding on them, which is more than can be said of the present holder, Mr. Lowther. The position has usually been filled by the scion of some noble English house as a training ground, and four Prime Ministers have occupied it within the last half century, viz; the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Melbourne and Lord Derby.

—The decision of the Tribunal of Brunswick, annulling the testament by which the late eccentric Duke made the town of Geneva his sole heir, has caused some excitement in Switzerland. It appears that the present branch of the Dukes of Brunswick is threatened with extinction upon the death of the now living Prince. The next heir is the son of the late King of Hanover. The question is, will Prussia permit the transmission of the crown to a Guelph? If not, it will be Prussia which might be called to claim from Geneva the twenty and odd millions that it has inherited and spent.

—The latest product to which California soil has been found well adapted is opium, of which a superb quality, much superior to the opium of commerce, has been raised in the Sonoma Valley. The only obstacle to its cultivation is the fact that labor costs more than in the Orient, but that is offset by the better quality of the domestic article, and the absence of heavy duties. There seems to be hardly any product of the earth that cannot be raised in some part of the Golden State. Tea, figs, oranges, lemons, bananas, olives dates, even the cinchona tree and poppy plant grow there along with the fruits and vegetables of temperate climes.

—Road robbers stop and plunder overland stages and strip their passengers in Idaho to-day as coolly as in the olden times. A few days ago masked highwaymen stopped and robbed a stage coach at Pilgrim Springs Station, tying and blindfolding the driver and passengers, and breaking open Wells, Fargo & Co.'s treasure box. They were very nonchalant and deliberate, stopping on the spot and cooking their supper. They were careful, however, not to interfere with the United States mails. Soon after they had gone, some men arrived to aid the stage passengers, and rode on horseback, at the highest speed, 450 miles, finally overtaking and capturing two of the highway men, and bringing them back prisoners. Souls that thirst for stirring adventure may still find what they want if they go far enough westward.

—Miss Susan B. Anthony tells a Chicago *Tribune* reporter that the woman's suffrage cause is constantly getting slices of the loaf, and will eventually have all of it. As to the present situation she says: "While the public agitation or excitement in the movement seems to be less than it was, the general public sentiment is growing very rapidly in its favor. We have not gained a great suffrage per se anywhere, but we have gained a great many little points of considerable importance. The fact that six Legislatures have granted the school suffrage to women shows the advance of public sentiment, and the many women's benevolent organizations are the results of the education accomplished by the women suffragists. The women have been taught to believe that women must do something for the elevation of humanity, and not to be afraid to do it. You may add to all this, too, the opening of all colleges, trades, and professions to women as additional results of our agitation."

—A report just issued by the municipality of Berlin gives some interesting information as to the growth of the population of that city. At the end of the seventeenth century, when London and Paris each contained considerably more than 100,000 inhabitants, Berlin was an unimportant town with a population of little over 10,000. It was enlarged and embellished under the Great Elector and the two first Prussian Kings; and at the beginning of the present century its population had already risen to about 150,000. It increased still further after the close of the war with Napoleon and during the long peace that followed, but at the end of 1860, though the municipal district of Berlin had been considerably extended, it did not contain much more than 500,000 inhabitants. During the sixteen years that followed, however, its population was almost doubled. This has not been the case with any town of the same size except New York. Since 1877 the population of Berlin has been over a million, and it is now the largest city in Europe after London and Paris.

COMIC BUDGET.

—Italian lawyers will plead a case lasting three days for $5.

—The net amount of the British national debt is only about £780,000,000.

—When a man gets the rheumatism in his knees he knows the beauty of a gate without hinges.

—The Earl of Dunraven had such a good time in America that he will not be Dunraven about it for years to come.

—It is no favor to lend a man an umbrella, because he will carry off one if he can't borrow it.

—The late John Iliff, king of Colorado cattle, is to have a monument worth $15,000. "Not lost, but gone beef-fore."

—Calcraft, the celebrated English hangman, is dead. He could get the drop on a man quicker than anyone in Britain.

—It is said to be unpleasant for young ladies to appear on the streets of London on account of the rude glances of well-dressed snobs.

—There will be inducements for boys to kill each other just as long as a pistol sells for fifty cents. Cheap figures always attract the young.

—Two daughters of a Long Island farmer ran away because he kept the house too warm. They then ran back home again because the world was too cold.

—A European oculist says that slates are damaging to the eyes of school children, but statistics go to show that they are more dangerous to their heads.

—The Providence *Press* tells of a lady in that city who, after attentively examining a bust in a window, eagerly inquired, "And who was this Terra Cotta, anyway?"

—The two important events in the life of man are when he examines his upper lip and sees the hair coming, and when he examines the top of his head and sees the hair going.

—Knowledge is power, yet when you want some one to turn the grindstone you've got to go out and hunt for a pug-nosed boy, who will stop the machine on the centre to spit on his hands.

—A man who picks up a newspaper and reads his own name under the heading: "To Be Hanged To-Day," must feel himself standing in a singular relation to life and to the world.

—The report is current down East that Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, has become a believer in the actuality of spiritual communications; but he has not publicly acknowledged any such belief.

—Ask the average husband to run down cellar for a pan of potatoes for breakfast and his enthusiasm over the growth and prosperity of America decreases one-half before he reaches the middle step.

—Pedagogue—"What is the meaning of the Latin verb ignosco?" Tall student (after all the others have failed to give the correct definition)—"I don't know." Pedagogue—"Right; go up head."

—A bridal couple from Washoe Valley, at breakfast at the Dominion, conversed as follows: He—"Shall I skin you a pertater, honey?" She—"No, thank you, deary. I have one already skun."

—There is a mysterious disappearance. Man in lower berth of sleeping-car bound for Washington. David Davis in berth above him. Grand crash. Nothing left but part of a paper collar and a button. No cards.

—French gentleman meets a young and pretty American girl in Paris. "What in the world are you doing here?" "I'm spending my honeymoon." "But where is your husband?" "Oh, he's in New York."

—"Papa, they don't have any stone in Ireland, do they?" asked a little boy, the other day. "Yes, my boy; but why do you ask such a question?" "Because, papa, I thought it was all sham-rock over there."

—The papers are always ridiculing the man who parts his hair in the middle. Yet that class of men never read the papers at all, but glean all their information from the wrappers around the packages of cough drops.

—All fowls and animals have a way of communicating their thoughts to each other. When a mule puts his heels against a calf don't you suppose the calf knows that it is an injunction to "move on—hang ye move on!"

—"Please omit flowers" is becoming as frequent a notice in the "deaths" column in some quarters of the world as "no cards" in the "marriage" department. "Please send flowers to the hospitals" might be a better way to put it.

—"Is there any woman in this church who wants to get married?" inquired an Arkansas man, as he stood up. Thirteen females arose in chorus, and several voices were heard saying: "Oh, jiminy! but I wish I was rid of my old man!"

—A conductor discovered a tramp curled up on the front platform the other night, and yelled: "Light out! Move!" The tramp woke up and said: "Oh! don't make so much fuss, or the conductor'll come around here and kick us both off."

—There will come a day in the history of this country when the rag-buyer who halts his old vehicle in front of a house and blows just one little toot on his infernal old horn will be yanked into wolf-meat in exactly forty-five seconds. Have patience!

—In these days of metaphysical research it might be instructive to ask some learned professor what the condition of the man was, who, late at night, after having been out to visit a friend, looked at his wife, and said with uncertain voice, "Maria, you two girls look enough alike to be twins. Which of you is which, eh?"

—*Detroit Free Press*: Lives there a man with ears so dead who hath not to his fellow said, "The other night, at 8 o'clock, I plainly felt an earthquake shock, and then I said unto my wife, 'that was an earthquake, be your life.' My eyes, I was surprised, I guess, on reading in next day's *Free Press*, that the cause of all the shocks was nitro on the Isle of Fox."

ONLY.

Only a white face that's wrinkled with care,
Only a burden too heavy to bear,
Only a weak woman treading alone,
Only some weary feet bruised by a stone.
Only an old maid, an object of scorn,
Only a heart where a great love was born,
Only a grave lying under the snow,
Only a life that no pleasure can know.
Only an angel with bright shining eye,
Only a heart that is bending no more,
Only the end of a dark dreary night,
Only a meeting in mansions of light.

—A monkey belonging to a gentleman of the South of France often helps the cook. Being given a pair of partridge to pick one day he seated himself in an open window. A hawk flew down and snatched one of the birds, when the monkey tricked the hawk by covering himself, and, awaiting, soon saw him come for the other, when the monkey caught the thief. Plucking both the hawk and the remaining partridge, he took them to the cook, and the change was not discovered until the game (?) was served at table.

—It seems a rich and royal feast,
A dream of the voluptuous East,
On a light blue ground is a lily cup,
In undulate beauty caught up,
And there is a pansy, here a rose,
And dewdrops on them soft repose,
Here is a shimmer of crystal waves,
And the Pasha's ducks in flamed slaves;
And over there by the vineclad wall
And peacock dreams on the velvet wall;
Here a dove in a blue stage;
Besides, there are various other things;
Including a horse with a lute
And a good digesting a rubber boot.

North Hastings Review.

JAS. A. ORR & BRO., Proprietors. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.50 per Annum in Advance.

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A CHRISTMAS GREETING.

Wave, mystic bough, with all thy pearls;
Shine, little pearls, o'er bench and stall,
In poor man's cottage, rich man's hall;
Make glad our loving boys and girls.

And gladden us of longer years,
Made children by thy happy glow,
Recalling from the long ago
Dead times and forgotten tears.

We weave thy tints with those that gleam
More bravely in the holly sprays,
And weaving, muse of ancient days,
And musing, see as those who dream.

The forest glades, the solemn night,
The glory where the mysteries dwelt,
The far-off Druidical chant,
The glinting robes—the pagan rite.

And then from out the darkness looms
A light—around the holly borne—
A light that on that Christmas morn
First broke upon Judean steeps.

In golden shafts which flushed the wind
With glory, borne o'er every sea,
The herald of great good to be—
Freedom and hope for all mankind.

Wave, mystic bough! To thee belong
The praises that I fain would sing;
From out the wintry woodlands bring
The gladness of thy thrushes' song.

The foliage died on bank and byre,
The [illegible] stored, stricken dead;
The rain-clouds gather'd overhead,
The west was lit with sullen fire.

Each tree drew on its snowy hood,
Or bared gaunt arms, while you between
Shone out—a flash of golden green
Upon the darkness of the wood.

Shine now on all our sadden'd days,
On hearth and home, on young and old,
And touch some hearts to fling their gold,
As though thy light, in straiten'd ways.

Shine now, that underneath thy leaves
The custom old may live anew,
And kisses fall, when hearts are true,
As plentiful as autumn leaves.

Shine out on all, and far and wide—
On cheeks where lingers yet the tear,
On hearts so weary of the year—
A flash of joy this Christmas tide!

HOLMBY HOUSE.

"Sir," replied the President, "you are required to answer these charges in the name of the people of England, of whom you are the elected king."

"I deny that," interrupted the indignant monarch. "England has been no elective kingdom, but a hereditary monarchy for near a thousand years. I dispute your authority. I do stand more for the liberty of my people than any here that come to be my pretended judges."

Bradshaw in an insolent tone bade him interrogate the court with becoming deference and humility.

His pride aroused, his royal dignity insulted, Charles lost his assumed calmness and presence of mind for which he was not always too conspicuous. With intemperate voice and gesture, he inveighed against the injustice of the proceedings, calling on Divine Providence, in no measured language, to avenge him of his enemies, and right him in the face of the whole world. Whilst thus declaiming, the amber-head of his staff fell off, and this little incident, ominous as it might have appeared to a superstitious mind, served to change the current of his ideas, and to moderate the violence of his deportment.

Mary's loyal heart swelled with indignation as, sitting unobserved behind Lady Fairfax, she could not but remark how no obedient courtiers pressed to pick it up—how the King, with a gesture of patient surprise, was fain to stoop for it himself, and as though reminded by the very act of the friendlessness of his position, and the necessity for resignation, rose once more with the calm brow and the air of quiet long-suffering that had become habitual to that careworn face.

But Mary, too, with all her Cavalier enthusiasm and exaggerated sentiments of the devotion due to her Sovereign, had other matters to occupy her wandering thoughts, other causes for agitation and excitement, apart from the great political tragedy of which she was then and there witnessing the first act. Each one of us lives an inner as well as an outer existence. How curious would it have been to have analysed the thoughts of the different individuals who thronged that spacious hall! Met there for a common object, and that an object of vital importance, not only to the destinies of their country, but to the personal safety of the lieges, how many minds amongst them were bent, to the exclusion of all other images, solely on the affair in hand! How many even of the judges but had a large share of their attention preoccupied by matters solely personal and interesting to themselves—by a farm far off in Lincolnshire, a wife sickening at Bath, a child unhappily married in Scotland; nay, even by such trifling annoyance as domestic difficulties with a servant, or the lameness of a favorite horse! How many but had some overpowering interest at heart, to which the injustice of the trial and the guilt or innocence of the royal prisoner was a mere gossamer, and who could scarce withdraw their minds for a few minutes at a time from the one engrossing object, to bend them on the paramount duty they had sworn to fulfil! What was Charles condemnation or acquittal, to the idol each had privately raised up and worshipped, as men worship false idols alone—the schemes of selfish aggrandisement, the acquisition of wealth, the fascinating temptations of intrigue, or the thrilling satisfaction of revenge? Even Lady Fairfax, wrathful and defiant as she was, pitying with a woman's pity the innocent victim, and chafing with a woman's indignation at the palpable injustice, could not forbear a glance at the possible future, when that royal prisoner should be no longer the first personage in England, could not keep back a swell of pride as she bethought her of one who had no slight prospect of assuming the reins of power, who might rise from a Parliamentary General (as his comrade really did) to be a Parliamentary Dictator; and how for such an one she was herself no unworthy mate.

And Mary, too, no longer bent her whole attention on that velvet chair and its hapless occupant. In glancing wearily round the hall, searching, as it were, for a friendly face on which to rest, her eye had caught a glimpse of a countenance that reminded her—oh! so painfully—of one which even now to think of brought the blood to her cheek, and left it paler than before. Yes, though lost again instantaneously in the crowd, there was a face somewhere, she was sure of it, that resembled his. That it was himself, of course, was impossible. He was in strict hiding, no doubt, and probably had taken refuge on the Continent; at all events, the last place in the world to which even his recklessness would bring him, was the very stronghold of his enemies in Westminster Hall. But weak, childish, humiliating as it was, there would be something gratifying, something of a strange indefinable pleasure, mixed with pain, in looking once more on lineaments which could recall those that all the schooling in the world had not taught her to forget; so her eyes wandered over the Hall, and refused to rest until they had found that which they desired. A momentary stir amongst the group immediately surrounding the Sovereign exposed the object of her search once more. It was but one of the musketeers who formed the escort, after all, that had so reminded her for an instant of one now lost to her for ever, and on regarding him attentively, though there was something in the air and figure that resembled Humphrey Bosville, the color and complexion were so totally different from those of the proscribed Cavalier, that the resemblance became every moment more indistinct, and Mary smiled to herself, a faint, heart-sick smile, as she thought how harmless in its utter hopelessness was folly such as hers.

But it beguiled her mind from the afflicting present, it led her fancy wandering away through the enamelled meadows and by the golden streams of that fairy land in which it is so dangerous to linger, and it was with a start of returning consciousness and the confused sensations of one awaking from a deep slumber, that she was aware of the general stir created by the departure of the prisoner from the Hall.

The proceedings had terminated for the day. Charles, after vainly protesting against the authority of his judges, had relapsed into the quiet and dignified bearing of one who, while he feels the injustice to which he is subjected, resolves bravely and patiently to sustain his fate. As he was conducted down the hall, loud expressions of loyalty greeted him from many an unknown and unsuspected partisan even amongst those therein assembled, although a strong majority of his enemies strove to drown those ebullitions by violent cries for "justice."

When the King passed the sword of state, placed conspicuously in the sight of the whole assemblage, he assumed himself with an air of dignity, and facing the court, pointed to the emblem of death, while he exclaimed in a loud, firm tone, "I do not fear that."

It was no empty boast. How little Charles Stuart feared the extreme moment from which poor human nature instinctively recoils, he proved nobly and resignedly on the scaffold.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"THE [illegible]."

The Guard was strengthened more than common at St. James's. Sentries were doubled in all the principal avenues to the Palace, not only for the increase of vigilance, but for the nullifying of any attempt at tampering with those unmoved functionaries. Stringent orders were given as to the exclusion of strangers, and a watchful expression pervaded the countenance of sergeants and corporals as they visited their respective posts with unusual frequency and circumspection. Nevertheless, within the guard-room the men off duty for the time lounged and laughed and smoked as soldiers will whether they have a crowned head in ward or an enemy at the gates. Small respect did these rude men of war pay to the former consideration. Their commander, Colonel Hacker, was a stern and coarse-minded person; a leveller in politics and a fanatic in religion, he was not likely to insist on any inordinate reverence for his illustrious captive; and the private soldiers, taking their cue from their chief, lighted their pipes and laughed out their ribald jokes in the presence of patient and outraged royalty itself.

It was the first day of the King's trial. The escort which had conducted him back to St. James's were off duty for the nonce, and the guard-room was thronged with the usual complement of file, talking, preaching and smoking champions who constituted the flower of Hacker's redoubtable musketeers. Here a stalwart warrior, lying at his lazy length along the coarse oaken form, and puffing forth volumes of tobacco smoke, expressed his own opinions as to the proceedings of the day with a degree of irreverence for all concerned—judges, prisoner and spectators—such as nothing but a guard-room could produce. There a grim, war-worn corporal, with an open Bible in his hand, and a stern, dogmatic frown upon his brow, waited impatiently for a moment's silence to commence what he termed an "exercise," and to vilify and vituperate in every possible manner "the man Charles Stuart," "for the improvement of the occasion." Some were rubbing up their belts, inspecting the pans of their firelocks, or exploring the contents of their haversacks previous to going again on duty; whilst others, fatigued with watch and ward, and regardless alike of King and Commons, right and wrong, accusers and accused, were stretched supine in sound and snoring sleep.

One soldier, however, stood at the grated window of the guardroom, apart from the rest, seemingly immersed in thought. His eyes, fixed on vacancy, were looking back far into the past; his dark face, strangely at variance with the light flaxen curls that stole from under his iron head-piece, wore an expression of acute pain, borne with resolute endurance—such an expression that betrays the existence of a fatal malady, bodily or mental, to which the sufferer scorns to give way.

His spare and muscular figure was cast in a more graceful mould than generally pertains to those of humble birth; and the hand in which he crumpled a much-creased letter, though strong and sinewy, was shapely as a woman's. He seemed struggling with some powerful influence or temptation; ever and anon a soft tender expression swept across his swarthy features, but a glance at the paper in his hand hardened them into bronze once more.

This soldier had but lately joined the corps of Hacker's musketeers. He was no raw recruit, as was apparent by his thorough knowledge of military details; and more than one scar on his neck and arms argued the presumption that he had been a brave front-rank man in his time. His own account was that he had served for a while in the Netherlands, and afterwards sailed as a bucaneer on the Spanish Main; and this story tallied well with his solderlike habits and the unnaturally dark color of his skin where it had been exposed to the sun. He won the good opinion of the sergeant who enlisted him by one or two feats of strength and agility; and in those days of tumult few questions were asked as to the antecedents of a soldier who brought into the ranks an iron frame and a thorough familiarity with his profession. But his comrades scarcely knew what to make of their new acquisition. With a peculiar frankness and kindliness of manner, he was more prompt than is the custom of that boisterous class to check a liberty or resent an insult. And his personal strength, added to the self-evident daring of his character, made them chary of rousing him by any of those rude aggressions of disagreeable jests which the rough musketeers loved to practise on one another. Of the soundness of his religious views there were grave suspicions. The preaching corporal opined that he was one of those predestined backsliders who fall into utter and hopeless reprobation; but this uncharitable opinion, biased as it seemed to be by the impatience he had frequently manifested of that worthy's long-winded discourses, was scarcely shared by his comrades in so unmodified a form. That he was a staunch anti-Monarchy man was apparent less from his words, for he seldom enlarged much upon that or any other topic, than from the anxiety he displayed to lose no opportunity of witnessing the humiliations to which Charles was subjected. For all duties of guard or escort about the person of the monarch, Henry Brampton, as he called himself, was an eager volunteer. His comrades liked him, too; there was a nameless fascination in his pleasant manner that told on those rude, good-humored natures; and then—he treated one and all to liquor whenever there was an opportunity.

Undisturbed by the noise and confusion in the guard-room, Brampton stood gazing long and fixedly into the narrow paved yard which bounded his view from that grated window. Once only a large tear gathered in his eyelashes, and dropped heavily on the back of his hand. Startled, as it seemed, and bitterly shamed by the incident he fell to one more perusal of the letter he had been crushing in his grasp—a letter that had reposed beside his buff-coat for months; that had opened the old wound afresh at each repetition; and yet a letter that now constituted all his wealth on earth. It was cold, cruel, bitterly ungrateful and unfeeling. Why did he treasure it so? We will peep over the musketeer's shoulder, and read with him the words he knew so well by heart:—

"General Effingham will bear you this paper; you will easily recognise the hand of one who always looked upon you, who always will look upon you, as an esteemed and valued friend.

"The general will spare no exertions to save you from the consequences of that last rash act of yours, to which I of all people cannot but offer my tribute of admiration and approval. It is right you should know that to Grace's influence with him, and to Grace alone, you owe your life. It is right you should be made aware of her great regard and esteem for you—of the effort she has made for your sake; of the claim she must always have upon your gratitude—nay, upon a warmer, holier feeling still. As a man of honor I entrust you with her secret; as a man of honor you must feel that you owe everything to her, and that she has a right to your affection and devotion such as no other ever has had, or ever could have. You will do as you have always done—follow the path of duty and gratitude and loyalty; and you will be very, very happy together, for you know what she is, and you have proved her regard for you. Indeed, I hope and pray you [illegible] a long and happy life before you. You are still young, though old enough for the follies and illusions of youth to have passed away for evermore; and with such a companion as dear Grace, you have every cause to anticipate a bright unclouded lot. I shall perhaps not see you again—I will not pretend that it is without regret I wish you farewell; but surely friends may be parted by the force of circumstances, and yet remain true and faithful friends. My own prospects are very uncertain; you will, however, hear of me, though it is better that you should not hear from me again. You have my earnest prayers for your welfare. You will like to know that I am well, and shall be quite happy when I hear of your safety, about which we are all so anxious—quite happy. Farewell!"

It was indeed a cruel letter. Had she been a surgeon, and the recipient an insensible patient under the knife, she could scarce have laid her cuts straighter, cleaner, deeper, than she did. How his honest heart bled when he received it; how it ached afterwards in the daily self-inflicted penance of its perusal. Could she give him up so calmly, so coldly, without an effort and without a pang? Could she thus transfer to another the wealth of an affection which she would surely not calculate, not appreciate? Was he nothing in the compact—he whose destiny she has been, who has built the whole fabric of his life on that faithless, heartless woman? and now what was all this glorious superstructure, with the noble elevation of its hope, and the golden embellishments of its romance? A wreck—and oh, what a wreck!

Poor Humphrey!—for we need scarcely say that Henry Brampton, with his dyed skin and flaxen curls, was none other than the disguised Cavalier—poor Humphrey!—it was the first real well-delivered thrust that had ever reached his heart; he might be excused for wincing when it pierced home to the core. He was a boy in his affections still, and he felt it very keenly, like a boy. He did not know—how should he?—what it had cost the writer. He could not fathom the inscrutable depths of the female character, or comprehend the morbid satisfaction with which it can inflict suffering on those it loves, if only feeling that it is undergoing pangs tenfold more unendurable itself. He only knew that he had lost the light of his life, and he felt sorely inclined to sit him down in the darkness without an effort for evermore.

And now it was well for Humphrey that he had long proposed to himself one great object on which to direct all his energies and all his thoughts. A heart thus driven back upon itself, whether it belong to man or woman, is a fatal possession; and the better it was originally, the worse is likely to be its eventual fate. Deprive a human being of hope, and you drive that being into physical or moral suicide. What is the cause of nine-tenths of the vice and immorality in the world? The absence of a glimpse of something brighter in the future than adorns the present. The material becomes all-in-all to him for whom the ideal is a blank; and the desperate man is nearly always a sensualist. When disappointment is keen enough to upset the foundations of a reason not originally very strong, the fool who was so weak as to hang all his hopes on an earthly thread, who built, in fact, "his house upon the sand," slips quietly out at a side door of the tenement, with an ounce of lead to the brain, or an edge of steel to the throat; but he is much less to be pitied who drowns the whole mansion he loathes to live in, though he dare not quit it, in floods of wine and revelry, content to wallow in the swine's filth, so as he may but purchase the swine's insensibility?

It is the salvation of a noble nature to have some task of self-denial, some motive for self-sacrifice left, when all that made the daily burden of life endurable has passed away. Happy be he who has habituated himself to look upon his whole earthly career but as a task of which the reward, though not given here, is as priceless as it is certain.

Our Cavalier, however, had long considered that, next to his God, he owed his whole service to his Sovereign. Whilst Charles was a dethroned monarch, and indeed a helpless prisoner, there was no room in Humphrey's mind for despair. "Loyalty before all!" was still the motto of his shield, though the blazoning that adorned it was defaced, and the flowers that had graced and charmed it with their sweetness were withered away. After the first stunning effects of a blow which prostrated him had passed off, he summoned his whole energies to return once more to the task he had set himself in happier times. That he should feel utterly lonely and miserable was to be expected. His was a disposition on which a disappointment of the affections tells most severely. Naturally confiding, where he trusted at all he trusted entirely, ignoring, as most sincere mendo, the existence of deceit. Constant and sensitive himself, he could not conceive the possibility of change or unkindness in another; nor, although the last to overrate his own value, could he be blind to the merit of his unswerving truth and fidelity. Above all, inexperienced as he was in the ways of women, his straightforward honesty of purpose could not understand how they delight in the generous duplicity which, for the beloved one's welfare, feigns to yield of its own free will all that it best delights to keep, and veils its sufferings with a smile, the sweeter in proportion to the pain it affects to hide.

Well, come what might, as long as Charles Stuart was in adversity, so long was Humphrey Bosville his reckless and devoted servant. Cautiously walking in the most crowded parts of London, which then even more than now afforded the securest hiding place for a fugitive, he had passed a few weeks subsequent to his interview with Effingham and release from Newgate in the enforced inactivity which he loathed. This was the period at which he felt most keenly the disappointment he had undergone. It was during these long leaden weeks that Vice stretched her ghastly arms to enfold him, not in her most alluring, but in her most dangerous form. When she offers her treacherous goblet, sparkling with nectar and wreathed with flowers, though thirsty nature may quaff greedily at the poison, there is yet an instinctive antipathy to the draught, a speedy reaction when its intoxicating effects have passed away. All happiness is heaven-born, and even its spurious copy, mere enjoyment, cannot entirely divest itself of the reflected light shed by that which it strives to imitate; so he who in the exuberance of youth, and health, and animal spirits, laughs the merriest laugh, and drains the fullest cup of riot and revelry, feels inwardly conscious the while that he is meant for better things. But it is when she assumes the garb, not of the garlanded Goddess, but of the dark and shrouded Fate, when she says to her votary, "My child, here is the deadly opiate; drink, and feel no more! Mine is the dull trance of oblivion; come to my arms, poor wretch, to slumber and forget!" that she offers her most fatal temptation, that she drags the devoted sufferer headlong into her whirlpool, to wheel a few giddy turns in vain around its edges, and then sink into its vortex without hope for evermore.

But Humphrey was saved by his devotion to his King. While something womanly in his nature caused him to shrink from grosser vices the noble ambition to serve the Stuart to the last bade him preserve to the utmost his mental and bodily powers for that sacred purpose; and so the while he waited his opportunity, he led a weary life of solitude and self-denial. It was a long time to be immured in an obscure lodging, uncheered by comrades, forgotten by friends, with nothing but that cruel letter for a solace and a study—a long time, but it came to an end at last.

After much consideration, it appeared to Humphrey that the only method by which he could have a chance of assisting his royal master was to obtain some appointment, if possible, about his person, and then trust to accident for an opportunity either of effecting his escape or communicating between him and his friends. For one so well known, however, as the young Cavalier officer, whose daring attempts had already marked him out as the most dangerous "Malignant" of them all this was no such easy matter; and he resolved at length to disguise his person and enlist in one of the Parliamentary regiments quartered in the metropolis, by which means he hoped at one time or another to be in immediate attendance on Charles himself.

Fortune favored him, as she often does those who trust in her guidance while they make light of her favors; and it was not long before the name of Henry Brampton was added to the roll-call of Hacker's musketeers, that worthy commander remarking when the recruit was brought up for inspection, that "The Spanish Main was no bad school for a soldier of the Parliament; and he would scarce boggle at anything demanded of him to further the good cause here, who had stuck at nothing in the service of the devil yonder."

So Brampton mounted his buff and bandaliers, shouldered his shining musket, took his round of fatigue duty, and tramped up and down his post on sentry, as though he had not been a few short years ago one of the most promising officers in Prince Rupert's cavalry division.

It was seldom, though, that he had an opportunity of being near the person of the monarch. It was not till the first day of the royal prisoner's trial that he was permitted to come actually into his presence. He could not but think, however, that Charles had recognized him. Like the rest of his line, the latter possessed an extraordinary memory for faces, and a wonderful facility in identifying those which he had once seen; it was not therefore surprising that he should have penetrated the disguise of one whom, indeed, he would scarce have been justified in forgetting, and whose features he had once before detected under the fisherman's slouched hat at Brampton Mill.

Yes, he felt sure the King must have known him again, but it was during a moment of great confusion, and even Humphrey's coolness had not kept his head as clear as it should have been at that trying period. It was after the keen bitter tones of Lady Fairfax had for a second time disturbed the judicial proceedings in Westminster Hall. Hacker had just delivered his brutal command to fire into the box occupied by that lady, and the musketeers were preparing to obey. Like the rest, Brampton was compelled to step to the front, and bring his firelock to the "Present;" not that he dreamed for an instant of fulfilling so barbarous an order, but that any appearance of hesitation or unwillingness might have invited detection. It was at this moment that he caught Charles's eye fixed upon him with a peculiar and impressive glance. It seemed at once to instil caution, patience, and forbearance; but all was lost in the mist that came before his eyes and the whirl that stupified his brain, occasioned by the face that met his own as he levelled his musket in the direction of Lady Fairfax.

Standing forward in the old attitude he knew so well, looking just as she used to do, only graver and paler, but still, as his heart told him, even in that moment of surprise and confusion, as dear, as beautiful as ever, appeared the woman he had vowed he would love no longer, he had resolved he would never see again. There she was, ready to confront danger, ready to die if need be, rather than show the slightest symptom of cowardice; and hurt, angry, maddened as he had been, he felt proud of her even then.

As he stood at the guard-room window it required many a perusal of the fatal letter to harden him into indifference once more; and it was with a feeling of no small relief and satisfaction that he heard his name read out by the sergeant on duty as one of the permanent escort told off to guard the person of the imprisoned Sovereign.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LATEST FREAKS OF FASHION.

—Trains are very plain this season.

—Velvet and satin jewelry is all the rage.

—Bright tints take the lead in nearly all of the mixed goods.

—Brown is one of the most fashionable colors of the season.

—Fender stools are now inadmissable in a fashionable drawing room.

—House polonaises are made quite bouffant, and are really long basques.

—Parisian *modistes* predict the early death of the fashion of short dresses.

—Ball dresses lace under the arm, opening neither at the back nor in front.

—Neckties of a narrow band of fur fastened with a bright satin bow are pretty.

A new style of trimming is black satin leaves put on the skirt in double rows.

—Something new in street costumes are corduroy skirts and overdresses of camel's hair.

—Polonaises attached or forming part of costume, are still made up in the best material.

—Turban hats are much worn by young ladies, but to very few are they really becoming.

—The expensive cashmere brocades of today are similar to those worn in the last century.

—Kerchiefs, ties and breakfast caps of silk gauze, wrought in cashmere designs, are worn in Paris.

—Black silk bows for the collar have palms worked in gold thread and eyelets on the fringed ends.

—The richest wedding dresses this season are of satin embroidered with iridescent beads and strung pearls.

—English girls use dark blue Cape birds and humming birds, instead of flowers, to festoon skirt draperies.

—Outside cuffs for morning wear are insertions of muslin and finest torchon with gathered torchon edges.

—A favorite catalaine ornament is an oblong silver locket containing a looking-glass, which may be put to practical use.

—Dressy basques are great favorites, particularly with young ladies. Some of the models require considerable trimming.

—There are a variety of modes in sleeves for full dress toilets. The chief model is demi, and richly trimmed with lace or fringe.

—According to some of the English fashion plates, we are threatened with a revival of the "waterfall" style of arranging the hair.

—Large stands of glass, three feet high, filled with grasses or flowers, form a favorite corner-piece in many English drawing rooms.

—Heavy cords and tassels are again used for ornamenting costumes and wraps, and when tastefully arranged are very handsome.

—Ties of ecru silk lace in cashmere patterns with flowers embroidered in natural deep colors on the medallion ends are for winter wear.

—The pretty princess costume still holds its own as a model for handsome costumes, although a desperate effort has been made to displace it.

—In the arrangement of drawing-room furniture tables are never placed in the centres of the rooms, but about them at convenient corners or spots.

—Squares of silk with a row of lace insertion and Breton or point d'esprit lace knife-plaited around the edge, are favorite garnitures for the neck.

—A China crape shawl makes a handsome opera cloak when wadded and lined with white silk trimmed with brown fur and bows of cream-colored satin.

—Black satin muffs are among the elegant novelties of the season. They are lined with either sealskin or fur, and have long streamers of black satin ribbon at the sides.

—The newest combination fabrics are in strict Oriental—that is, palm leaf and arabesque designs and India colors. They are used in conjunction with fine, dark woolen fabrics.

—Very pretty vails of black lace are made of thread dotted with chenille, or with little sprigs darned in, and are bordered with a fine plaiting sprigged to match and pointed upon the edge.

—Dolman cloaks are styled the most dressy top garment designed for winter wear. This fashion of cloaks permits of a great deal of trimming, and the model does not look well if made up in a plain manner.

—Trained and short organdie petticoats are clouds of frill over frill. As many as four different frills of the same width encircle the lower circumference. By the way, says a Paris correspondent, nothing is made plain; gathers, festoons, ruches, laces are on everything. The petticoat with flounces tournure and the detached train petticoat are full toilet lingerie. Black, blue, garnet or creme drawn flat over the hips and drawn in with runners.

—Very full ruffs composed of coquilles of lace are used for the necks of handsome dresses instead of the simple pattern used formerly, or rather in addition to it. The plaiting is still placed upon the inside, but the ruff forms of the jabot, and extends around the on sided of the standing collar.

—The Archduchess Christine, now Queen of Spain, was greatly beloved in Vienna, and her departure has left a void in the circle in which she lived that will not soon be filled. She is described as gentle, graceful, tender, amiable, interested in music, the drama, and the fine arts, and often seen in public with her mother, who is still a handsome and majestic woman, with a head like Maria Theresa's. The Emperor was extremely fond of Christine—fully as affectionate, probably, as the father whom she lost years ago. At her departure for Spain Christine wept bitterly, and would not be comforted; the assembled Princes of her family embraced her with ill-repressed emotion, and the Emperor had to withdraw hastily to avoid giving way to an unkingly exhibition of feeling.

EXHAUSTION OF THE OYSTER BEDS.

An Advance in the Price of Oysters Inevitable, on Account of Their Scarcity and the Difficulty of Obtaining Them of Good Quality.

(The Sea World.)

That the facts expressed in the above caption are true, reliable dates and figures can be adduced to verify.

That there is an overshadowing crisis in the oyster trade, and is even now affecting all directly and indirectly interested in the oyster industry and trade of the country is a recognized fact, and is daily commented upon. That the shadow and effect of this crisis will be diffused very widely, especially over the Western cities and States, there can be no doubt. The oyster packers and dealers of Baltimore, where this business has been, and must still be largely done, are painfully exercised regarding the importance of resorting without delay to efficient measures and remedies for the perpetuation of this industry there as elsewhere.

From persons especially interested, like all the large and small dealers and packers, and from reliable information gleaned from those blunt, frank, honest "Tailers of the Sea"—the fishermen—the fact is painfully apparent, and the conclusions inevitable, that the oyster beds of the Chesapeake Bay are certainly failing. In many localities the oysters are already almost totally exterminated. As this bay is the great notural oyster park of of our whole country, the people all over our land must be deeply interested in this matter.

The people of Europe have had an experience that should be a lesson to our country. The high prices that prevail abroad, making the oyster one of the rarest luxuries of the rich, is the result of the heedless exhaustion of their natural beds. It required only seventy years to wholly destroy the oyster beds in Cancale Bay, on the coast of France. In 1800 the oysters there were a yard thick. In 1870 there were none at all. From the beds near the Island of Aliron, on the west coast of France, in 1854 over 15,000,000 oysters were taken. In 1863 only 400,000 could be found. Thus it required only nine years to destroy those beds. The English oyster fishery near Falmouth employed with profit over 300 boats in 1865, and each boat could take from ten to twelve thousand oysters a day. In 1876 only forty men and less than forty boats could find employment, and soon that number, small as it is, could only obtain one hundred oysters a day. Thus it took only ten years to destroy these beds. Where once a large population lived upon these products of the sea, in 1870 a few poor fishermen, with their wives and children, picked up a precarious subsistance by gathering a few scattered oysters along the beaches between tide-marks. The old beds do not pay for working.

It is the freely expressed opinion of those persons best informed regarding all matters appertaining to the oyster fishery and trade that unless prompt and effective measures are adopted for the relief and preservation of the natural oyster beds of the Chesapeake Bay, the supply in a short time, from this source, must invariably be exhausted.

As a consequence the packers and dealers depend upon the supply from the waters of this bay will be forced to luxuriate in idleness, abandon the business, and close their establishments.

The writer, in quest of items and facts, and desirous of discovering the falsity or truthfulness of the grave apprehensions entertained by the packers and dealers, interviewed a large number of the oyster fishermen. The universal answer was that the supply rapidly falls. Over the entire area of the Chesapeake Bay many natural beds, or "rocks" as they term them, are destroyed or practically worthless. The growing scarcity is more and more noticeable every year.

They also say that oysters of good quality are difficult to obtain anywhere. A number of the best beds where oysters of a fine quality once grew are now totally exhausted. This is true of many parts of the bay, Tangier's sound and the mouths of large rivers that empty into the bay. Unless relief is soon found, they think the existence of such beds will be a matter of history. In twenty-five years the oysters in Tangier have diminished two-thirds and in Pocomoke four-fifths. How long it will take to reduce the remaining fraction it is not difficult to imagine. Whereas, one vessel used to obtain a full cargo with a day or two's fishing, now several vessels are employed to load one in the same time. Vessels that used to bring back one thousand or fifteen hundred bushels at a trip now average only five or six hundred bushels.

Moreover, a few years ago one thousand vessels were licensed to fish for oysters in the Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries. Now the number of licensed vessels will not exceed four hundred. To use every means possible to obtain a good quality and a sufficient quantity of oysters, the Baltimore packers have offered a most liberal advance in price. Yet it does not wholly avail, from the simple fact that the supplies have failed.

The well-known "Cove oysters," so universally popular and so highly prized a few years ago, are now things of the past. The localities that knew them once know them no more.

What is the remedy for this growing scarcity that will soon, if unchecked, prove a great calamity? How can we prevent the extermination of these great natural oyster beds of the Chesapeake?

The answer is: *Time* for the oysters to grow, and *proper care* for the young oysters that are two small for market.

Now, much seed is destroyed in the process of culling. The oysters and shells are carried away and nothing returned. Now, a vessel is loaded and then goes ashore, where the shells and small oysters are thrown out. If these shells could be returned and spread over the beds, there would be the means of securing spawn "sets," for the want of which now much seed goes to waste. We think the Legislature should make a law compelling each boat that is licensed, and goes out to catch oysters to take, during the season, two or three loads of shells back to the beds. This would accomplish much toward keeping up the supplies.

Then, if the officers of the law would be more particular in enforcing the provisions of the laws that now exist, and which require that oystermen shall "cull" the oysters over the grounds where they catch them, this would greatly check the needless waste of the supply.

All the people who buy and use oysters have an interest in this question. The price of good oysters from the fishermen, has increased for the reasons already given. The cost of labor is now considerably more. The cost of tin for cans, and lumber for tubs, pails, etc., has greatly advanced. All can see that the packers and dealers must get more of a price for what they furnish in some way, or give up the business. A fair price insures good oysters in good measure. A better price asked for Virginia and Maryland oysters would result in good to all consumers and to all dealers the country over.

GLADSTONE.

From J. B. Smith's "Life of Gladstone," Just Published.

On both sides the subject of our biography is of Scotch descent. He alluded to the fact in mature life, and when receiving an address, in November, 1865, from the Parliament Reform Union, in Glasgow Trade Hall, he thanked those who had signed the address for reminding him of his connection with Scotland at large, and of Glasgow through the County of Lanark. "If Scotland is not ashamed of her sons," he said, "her sons are not ashamed of Scotland; and the memory of the parents to whom I owe my being combines with various other considerations to make me glad and thankful to remember that the blood which runs in my veins is exclusively Scottish." Sir John Gladstone, who has no issue by his first marriage, married as his second wife Ann Robertson, daughter of Mr. Andrew Robertson, of Stornoway, and sometime Provost of Diningwall. She has been described by one who knew her intimately as "a lady of very great accomplishments, of fascinating manners, of commanding presence, and high intellect; one to grace any home and endear any heart." Her children were six in number—four sons and two daughters. Of the sons two only survive, viz: Sir Thomas Gladstone, Bart., of Fasque, and William Ewart Gladstone. Captain John Neilson Gladstone, sometime M. P. for Portarlington, died in 1863, and Mr. Robertson Gladstone, a prominent merchant and citizen of Liverpool, died in 1875. Of the daughters one, Ann McKenzie, died unmarried, and Miss Helen Jane Gladstone still survives.

The enormous wealth of Sir John Gladstone enabled him to make handsome provision for each of his children * * * a fortunate circumstance for the future statesman, and one which left him at liberty to devote his energies to the public service, undistracted by the necessity for business or professional occupation. The Gladstone family belongs, as we have said, essentially to the middle class—and Mr. Gladstone himself would claim no other honor; but the zealous Burke connects the marriage of Sir John Gladstone with Miss Robertson to a royal descent from Henry III. of England, and Robert Bruce, King of Scotland. This alleged illustrious pedigree is thus traced—Lady Jane Beaufort, who was a descendant of Henry III., married James I. of Scotland, who was a descendant of Bruce. From this alliance it is said that the steps can be followed clearly down to the father of Miss Robertson. A Scotch writer upon genealogy, also referring to this matter, states that Mr. Gladstone is descended on the mother's side from the ancient Mackenzie, of Kintail, through whom is introduced the blood of Bruce, of the ancient Kings of Man, and of the Lords of the Isles Earls of Ross; also from the Munros of Fowlis, and the Robertsons of Strowan and Athole. What was of more consequence to the Gladstones of recent generations, however, than royal blood was the fact that by their own and honorable enterprise they carved their own fortune, and rose to positions of public esteem and eminence.

In the month of July, 1839, Mr. Gladstone was married to a lady who is almost as distinguished for her many benevolent and social qualifications as Mr. Gladstone is in political and public life. The name of Mrs. Gladstone is widely known as that of a practical philantropist, while to Mr. Gladstone himself—we may, perhaps, be pardoned for saying—she has ever been that interested sharer in his triumphs and consoler in his defeats which the late Viscountess Beaconsfield was to his Parliamentary rival. Mrs. Gladstone was Miss Catharine Glynne, daughter of Sir Stephen Richard Glynne, of Hawarden Castle, Flintshire. Their union has been blessed by eight children, all of whom, save one, still survive. Of the four sons, the eldest, William Henery, is a member of the Legislature, and the second, the Rev. Stephen Edward Gladstone, is rector of Hawarden. The third and fourth sons are named Henry Neville and Herbert John Gladstone respectively. The former pursues a commercial career. Mr. Gladstone's eldest daughter, Anne, is married to the Rev. E. C. Wickham, M. A., head-master of Wellington College; the second daughter, Miss Catharine Jessy Gladstone, died in 1850. The other daughters still survive in addition to Mrs. Wickham, viz.: the Misses Mary and Helen Gladstone. As Sir John Gladstone had the pleasure of seeing his son, William Ewart, a member of the same Senate with himself, so Mr. Gladstone has witnessed his eldest son in turn take his seat in the House of Commons as member for Whitby. Mrs. Gladstone's sister, Miss Mary Glynne, became the wife of Lord Lyttelton, with whom Mr. Gladstone was on terms of the most intimate friendship until his lordship's untoward and lamented death.

LOVE AND ESTRANGEMENT.

The Strange Romance of an Hungarian Refugee.

(From the Davenport, Ia., Democrat.)

There arrived from the East yesterday morning a mother and a son who have been long absent from Davenport living in foreign lands, but whose return calls up memories of times past—of people who were once well known in Davenport, and whose histories have received enhanced interest for this community since their departure.

Many of our readers will recollect Joseph Majtheyni, who had a farm on Duck Creek, and was well known in Davenport a number of years since. He was one of the Hungarian refugees of Louis Kossuth's time, having done something in connection with his friend Kossuth in the rebellion of 1848, when an effort was made to free Hungary from the Austrian Dominion—something that forfeited liberty and life, too, perhaps. Mr. Majtheyni escaped, leaving his wife, a countess in high life, and two daughters, and a son behind. Having written his wife that he was going to America, she took her son, Theodore, then a small boy, and hastened to Belgium, where he was hiding. There she told him if he was going to America he must take the boy along too, as he would be too much trouble to her. He went to Iowa, and first settled on some wild land in Decatur County, where he struggled to earn a scanty living, having been all his life unused to manual labor. He sometimes asked his wife to send him means, and to come herself; both of which she promised to do, but never did.

After some years of single life he took a wife in Iowa, and lived on a farm on Duck Creek, near Davenport, as we have said. Time passed; the boy, Theodore, became one of the well-known young men of Davenport—was a prominent fireman, and then a freight conductor; and when the war broke out went into the Union Army, and was in the body-guard of Gen. Fremont in his military exploits. More time passed, and changes took place in Austria and Hungary; the old quarrel was settled, and Majtheyni was re-elected to his old place—that of director or manager of estates of the Crown. After some hesitation he thought to return, but there was his wife, the Countess, in Hungary, and his other, and more esteemed one, with him. To go there and live with the Countess he was disinclined; to entirely abandon his American wife he would not; so began negotiations which ended in an agreement with the Countess not to disturb her in the possession of their property, and she not to disturb him with any bigamy suits if he should return. So it was agreed, and he returned to his old position. Negotiations were then made for bringing over the American wife and daughter. It was agreed to by the interested families all around, and the wife and child went to their Hungarian home, where they were warmly greeted by the fond husband. It is said there was some feeling at first, but the old gentleman was as true as steel—they who essayed to slight his second wife promptly were reminded of the danger of such proceedings, and there it ended. Both wives are now dead. The daughter of the second grew to womanhood, a beautiful and talented young lady, now happily married. Mr. M. lives now with his third wife, the union being blessed with two children.

As to the Captain. When his father returned to his former office, he left Capt. Theodore in the States, preferring that he should live there and "grow up with the country." But the Captain was not of the same mind. He had married a young woman in Davenport, Miss Hart, who was a dining-room servant in the Scott House, where the Captain boarded, and a person of good traits of character. He failed to obtain his father's consent to return, and then went without it, taking his wife and little son. Arriving, the father would do the best he could. The Captain had a good record in the United States Army, and the father was a man of much influence. So it happened the Captain obtained—what is very unusual indeed for one without home record—the position of Major in the Austrian Army. Elated beyond measure at his good fortune, and a little too much given to stylish extravagance, he easily squandered his ample salary and much borrowed money besides. His debts becoming a crying outrage, he was dismissed from the service. Then he went into forbidden paths, sought to win fortune at the tiger's mouth, wandered off to the gambling tables of Monaco, and has been lost sight of for several years. Despairing of her husband, the wife took her son to America. And she it was who arrived on Saturday morning's train to visit relatives.

—All black dresses are made gorgeous by being almost covered with jetted or iridescent bead lace and fringes. These fringes are not heavy, but are fine and glitter like jewels, producing a dazzling effect.

THE WOMEN OF TO-DAY.

—Miss Lucy Ryder, of Weybridge, has been elected to the Chair of Natural Science in an Illinois college.

—The total amount collected in a year by the various Women's Foreign Missionary Societies is reported at $438,405.

—Miss C. Ransom has been commissioned by the Treasury Department to paint a portrait of Alexander Hamilton from original pictures in New York.

—The New York Exchange for Women's Work has paid out over $13,000 to its designers. Over 40,000 articles have been registeredfor sale since the founding of the society.

—Mme. Cora Serena is the first woman who has ever been elected to membership in the Imperial Royal Society of Austria. This honor was recently paid to her upon her return from long travel in the Caucasus and Persia.

—In announcing the authors' carnival for the benefit of the Women's Christian Association, a Cincinnati paper says: "We should naturally expect this idea to originate in Boston, and shall look to her to do her duty by organizing the plan into action."

—Boston was the first city in the New World where women engaged in the study of medicine, and at the Medical University there they now have a lady demonstrator in anatomy; also, three other ladies in the faculty, one who lectures on the diseases of women and another on diseases of children.

—There are eighty-one female telegraph clerks employed in the Imperial Telegraph Service of Germany, and they are all in the Grand Duchy of Baden, where they were taken a few years ago upon its purchase by the empire. Their salaries average from two to three hundred dollars a year besides an allowance for lodging.

—The New York Ladies' Art Association has now ninety members in different parts of the country. They teach the children in their neighborhood who have a taste for art to correspond with the society on art topics. Monthly meetings are held, at which papers are read on art topics, and monthly talks for children.

—The Women's Temperance Union have over 100,000 members and are efficient agents for good. They hold gospel temperance meetings in nearly every city and village in the country. In some of the larger cities as many as twenty meeting are held each week. Reading rooms and friendly inns are open, and children are gathered into these soiceties.

—Miss Christine Olenson, of Chicago, has made nearly all the furniture of her house with her own hands. She has made very handsome organ case of a great variety of hard woods; also, a secretaire which is composed of 8 000 pieces of wood, and a bedstead, all of which are exquisitely carved. She is a "cabinet" maker, which trade she learned of her father.

—The charity kindergartens in both Europe and America are a success beyond the most sanguine expectations. The intellectual improvement is excellent. Mrs. Shaw, a wealthy woman, is much interested, and will try to double the kindergartens at Cambridge. If all wealthy women would follow her example the effect would sooner or later be visible in communities so blessed.

—The schools of needle-work, painting, clay modeling, painting on porcelain, wood carving, telegraphy, short-hand, cooking and various other arts, are now offering opportunities for girls of every variety of capability. The school of wood carving and modeling, now established at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, offers advantages to pupils at very low rates. Its instruction is of a thorough and valuable sort such as not often offered even to young men.

—The Sisters of Charity in the United States number 1,179 in charge of 106 establishments for the care of orphans, infants, widows, patients, insane and school children. All of these institutions had their origin in the consecration and labors of one woman, Mother Seaton, who began in 1809 in Maryland the formation of a sisterhood in connection with a school, and that was the parent of similar societies, now widely scattered throughout America.

THE DAKOTA BLIZZARD.

A Father Lost in an Effort to Save His Children—Two Children Perish on Their Way Home.

(Fargo Argus.)

Carl Belan, a German, with his family were living in a shanty belonging to another man on section 10, township 14, range 50, something less than a mile from the place they were preparing for a home. The man had completed a stable, and his house was ready to move into. They commenced to move on Saturday, and were drawing their goods on a hand sleigh, leaving their stove behind to be taken over the next trip. When within about a hundred steps of the house the woman was taken ill, and the two youngest boys, aged 18 months and 3½ years, were left wrapped in a blanket, and put in a dry goods box while the man helped his wife and the two other children to the house. They got the woman in bed when the girl and boy were beginning to freeze, and they were put in bed with their mother. By this time it began to get dark, and when the man started out for the children left behind, his wife begged him not to go, as the children were lost, and he would freeze. He could not think of leaving them without making an effort, so he started, and had reached the box when he was frozen and died on the spot. The woman gave birth to a child that night, and on Sunday night it died. She laid in bed without any fire, or food to eat, until Monday noon, when she got up and managed by some means to reach the house of Mr. Gage, about one and one half miles distant. Search was then made, and the man was found lying on his back, near the box which contained the body of the two boys. It is reported that Mr. Belan had loaned about $65 to some men, and was unable to get it, or he would have had everything made comfortable before the cold weather came on. Sheriff Haggart, with his usual true generosity and kindness, sent some flour and provisions to the woman, who still remains at the house of Mr. Gage. Deputy Sheriff Hammers returned last night with the boy and girl, who were badly frozen, but will probably recover.

Among reports of accidents during the late blizzard, the *Argus* is pained to learn of the sad death of George Owens, aged 19, and Evans Owens, aged 11, children of Wm. Owens, Sheriff of our neighboring county of Richland. Last Saturday they were visiting a neighbor, in company with their grandfather, and when they were ready to go home the old gentleman told them to remain where they were over night. They insisted upon starting, however, and were allowed to do so. They were found next day, half way home, frozen to death.

IT WENT OFF.

A citizen who was preparing to take the war path against small game, the other day asked permission to leave his shot-gun in a Griswold street tobacco store for a short time.

"Yes, of course," replied the tobacconist, "but I have a fear of such things and I want you to be sure it won't go off."

The owner took the caps off, stood the gun in a corner, and said:

"If that gun goes off, I'll buy you about a dozen ducks."

He was absent about an hour and returned to find his gun gone.

"I told you so," said the tobacconist—"I knew it would go off."

"No?"

"Yes, it did."

"Why, how could it?"

"Constable took it off on a levy!" was the calm reply.

Such was the fact, and the irate owner went off after the other offs, swearing that he would knock some one's head off.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—According to the P. I. man of the *Herald* Remenyi says that it requires a little lunacy to play well on the violin, and that fiddlers ought to be shut up in a lunatic asylum.

—If your hands are tender just wear gloves the next few days.

THE CRIMINAL CODES OF THE JEWS.

The Various Methods of Execution.

(From the Pall Mall Gazette.)

The rabbins were the first among ancient legists to render the infliction of the death-penalty as painless as possible. The manner in which the sentence of the law in capital cases was carried into effect was regulated by a series of enactments. Every detail was preordained. The place of execution was always beyond the limits of the town; generally at some distance from the hall where judgment had been pronounced. There were two reasons for this—first, that a certain interval of time should elapse between sentence and execution so as to permit the court to examine any evidence that might yet be forthcoming; and, secondly, that the Synhedrin should not witness the execution. As soon as the punishment of death was decreed, the criminal was conducted from the court. The elders, the witnesses, and the officers of the tribunal accompanied him. In advance of the cortege walked an attendant, proclaiming aloud, "So-and-so is to be executed for such-and-such an offence; so-and-so are the witnesses; the crime was committed at such a place, on such a day, at such an hour. If any person can urge anything against the infliction of the punishment, let him go to the Synhedrin now sitting and state his arguments." Thus the party proceeded through the town. Arrived within six yards of the place of execution the sages who were with the culprit pressed him to confess his crime. They told him that whosoever makes confession is privileged to share in the *olam haba*—future existence, since death was an expiation for all iniquities. If he refused to acknowledge his guilt he was asked to say, "May my death prove an atonement for all my transgressions." He was then conducted to within four yards of the place where the sentence was to be carried into effect. The death-draught was here administered. This beverage was composed of myrrh and frankincense (*lebona*), in a cup of vinegar or light wine. It produced in the convict a kind of stupefaction, a semi-conscious condition of mind and body, rendering him indifferent to his fate and scarcely sensible to pain. The drink was—in Jerusalem—provided by the women, who considered this one of the greatest *mitzvoth*—meritorious deeds. In provincial towns the local communal authorities were required to furnish the criminal draught. As soon as the culprit had drunk of the stupefying draught the execution took place. In accordance with the Mosaic code four kinds of death were inflicted, each appropriate to a distinct series of crimes: stoning, strangling, burning and decapitation.

Nothing can be more absurd than the notions generally current respecting the manner in which these punishments were carried out among the Jews. The stoning of the Bible and the Talmud was not, as vulgarly supposed, a pell-mell casting of stones at a criminal; the burning had nothing whatever in common with the process of consuming by fire a living person as practised by the churchmen of the Middle Ages; nor did the strangling bear any resemblance to our English mode of putting criminals to death. The stoning to death of the Talmud was performed as follows: The criminal was conducted to an elevated place, divested of his attire if a man, and then hurled to the ground below. The height of the eminence from which he was thrown was always more than fifteen feet; the higher, within certain limits, the better. It was not, however, to be so high as to smash or disfigure the body. This was a tender point with the Jews; man was created in God's image, and it was not permitted to desecrate the temple shaped by Heaven's own hand. The first of the witnesses who had testified against the condemned man acted as executioner, in accordance with Deut. xvii. 7. If the convict fell face downward he was turned on his back. If he was not quiet dead, a stone, so heavy as to require two persons to carry it, was taken to the top of an eminence whence he had been thrown; the second of the witnesses then hurled the stone so as to fall on the culprit below. This process, however, was seldom necessary; the semi stupefied condition of the convict and the height from which he was cast ensuring instant death. The bodies of those condemned for blasphemy or idolatory were subsequently hung upon a gallows until dusk; in other cases immediately after execution the corpse was interred. Outside every town there were two cemeteries for criminals—one for those sentenced to be stoned or burned; one for those decapitated or hanged. As soon as the flesh had disappeared the skeleton could be removed to the family burying-place. A few days after an execution the friends and relatives of the dead man—he was no longer regarded as an offender—called upon the judges who had tried him. This was a tacit acknowledgment that the punishment had been justly awarded; and that those charged with the administration of the law were regarded with no revengeful feelings by the family and connections of the unfortunate man.

A criminal sentenced to death by burning was executed in the following manner:—A shallow pit some two feet deep was dug in the ground. In this the same culprit was placed standing upright. Around his legs earth was shovelled and battened firmly down until he was fixed up to his knees in the soil. A strong cord was now brought, and a very soft cloth wrapped around it. This was passed once around the offender's neck. Then two men came forward, each grasped an end of the rope and pulled hard. Suffocation was immediate. As the condemned man felt the strain of the cord, and insensibility supervented, the lower jaw dropped. Into the mouth thus opened a lighted wick was quickly thrown. This constituted the burning.

Decapitation was performed by the Jews after the fashion of the surrounding nations. It was considered the most humiliating, the most ignominious and degrading death that any man could suffer. It was the penalty in cases of assassination and deliberate murder. It was incurred by those who wilfully and wantonly slew a fellow-man with a sword or any other implement of stone or iron. It was likewise the punishment meted out to all persons guilty of paganism and living in stown.

Strangulation was a form of death by suffocation. It was effected as in burning. The culprit stood up to his knees in loose earth. A soft cloth containing a cord was wound around the neck. The ends being tightly pulled in the opposite directions, life was soon extinct.

SHARK'S TEETH.

(From Nature.)

I would draw attention to the operation of the teeth of the shark on the seizure of its prey. I recollect in Nicholson's "Zoology" a statement to the following effect: "The sharks have teeth arranged in several rows, of which only the outermost is employed, the other rows coming in to replace the outermost when worn out." In a recent visit to the Cocos Islands I had many opportunities of observing these animals in the use of their formidable weapons. In the act of seizure the whole jaw is protruded to a distance (varying according to the size of the fish) of several inches, the innermost teeth coming into position erect or semi-erect, but as far as I could observe nearly all the teeth come into play. When on fishing excursions in the lagoon, the sharks, which constantly carried off the bait, were often caught, and in order to extract the hook a large log, constantly carried in the boats for this purpose, was threateningly presented to his face, and of course, instantly seized and held on to for as long as it took to perform the operation of extraction. If, when the fish is quite recently dead, pressure be made on the angle of the jaw, it is easy to observe the action of the rows of teeth.

A CURIOSITY OF NUMBERS.—The multiplication of 987654321 by 45 gives 44444444445. Reversing the order of the digits and multiplying 123456789 by 45 we get a result equally curious, 5555555505. If we take 123456789 as the multiplicand, and interchange the figures of 45, take 54 as the multiplier, we obtain another remarkable product, 6666666606. Returning to the multiplicand first used, 987654321, and taking 54 as the multiplier again, we get 53333333334—all threes except the first and last figures, which read together 54, the multiplier. Taking the same multiplicand and using 27 the half of 54, as the multiplier, we get the product of 26666666667,—all sixes except the first and last figures, which read together 27, the multiplier. Next interchanging the figures in number 27, and using 72 as a multiplier, with 987654321 as the multiplicand, we obtain a product of 71111111112—all ones except the first and last figures, which read together gives 72, the multiplier.

—London philanthropists have started a "Lodge for Young Women in Business," and will furnish board, lodging and the use of sitting rooms and reading-rooms for seven shillings and sixpence weekly.

—The success of the Edison electric light may be said to have hung on a thread. A carbonized thread is the secret of the new light that is to illuminate the world. The light is out—that is to say—the secret is out and the light is in.

—To err is human, and it is the only human thing some people can do.

PETERSON & PETERSON,

BARRISTERS, Attorneys-at-law, Solicitors in Chancery, &c., &c.
Private and Company moneys to loan at lowest rates.
Madoc Office, - O'Flynn's Block.
Belleville Office, Cor. Front & Bridge sts.
A.M. PETERSON, B.A. C.W. PETERSON, B.A.

C. F. AYLSWORTH, P.L.S. & C. E.,

INSPECTOR OF COLONIZATION ROADS. Madoc. 1

GEO. D. DICKSON,

BARRISTER, &c., Belleville. Money to loan at low rates.

MR. HENDERSON

HAS removed his law office to the rooms over the store of Sydmer Ross & Co.—Entrance—Side door.

G. D. RAWE,

CLERK OF THE SIXTH DIVISION Court, County of Hastings, Commissioner in B. R., &c., &c., Madoc, Ont.

W. A. DAFOE, M. D., &c.,

TORONTO.
L. R. C. P. AND L. R. C. S., EDINBURGH.
Victoria Block, Madoc.

J. F. TAYLOR,

SURGEON DENTIST, CAMPBELLFORD, Will visit Madoc, every Saturday.
ROOMS IN MADOC HOUSE, DURHAM ST.

CHARLES GREAM,

SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, NOTARY, Attorney, Conveyancer, &c., Madoc.
OFFICE IN VICTORIA BLOCK.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,

BARRISTERS, BELLEVILLE. MONEY to loan on farm property at very low rates.
A. R. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

P. G. DUNCAN,

AGENT for Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines of all kinds. Also solicits subscriptions for the NORTH HASTINGS REVIEW. 25.

DENMARK & NORTHRUP,

BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.
GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

S. L. NASH, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Graduate of the University of Michigan, U. S., and University of Victoria College, Canada.
BRIDGEWATER, ONT.

CHARLES BUTLER,

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly.
RESIDENCE, - STIRLING, ONT.

HENRY BLEECKER,

BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Office,—Bridge Street, Belleville, over Custom House.
Mr. Titus, from Mr. Bleecker's office, will attend at each Division Court held at Madoc.

GEO. W. WALKER,

SURGEON DENTIST, Front St. Belleville, still continues his visits to Madoc village, strictly on the first Monday and Tuesday of every month. Rooms in Mrs. Moon's Hotel. Belleville Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel. 53

EVANS & BOLGER,

PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYORS, Civil Engineers and Architects, Belleville.
J. D. EVANS, P. L. S. T. O. BOLGER, P. L. S., C. E. & A.
N. B.—Orders for Surveying may be left at Moon's Hotel, Madoc, and will be promptly attended to. 53

MONEY! MONEY!

TO FARMERS

Desirous of buying or of improving their farms, or removing

Burdensome Mortgage Encumbrances,

the undersigned offer

EXCEPTIONAL ADVANTAGES.

Rate of interest on straight loans from 7½ per cent. On the Endowment plan most advantageous terms. Terms and times of payment satisfactorily arranged. Payments can be made in any month of the year. No commission, utmost expedition and privacy.

PETERSON & PETERSON,
Solicitors, &c.,
"O'Flynn Block," Madoc.
Head Office, corner Front and Bridge streets, Belleville.
Agents for several Stock Fire and Life Insurance Companies. 132

JOHN G. DEANS,

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,

O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK !

MADOC.

A. F. WOOD,

LAND, LOAN,

—AND—

Commission Agency.

OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall.
Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.
Madoc, January 27th, 1879. 96

MONEY TO LOAN

—ON—

REAL ESTATE SECURITY.

The Canada Permanent

Loan and Savings Co'y

TORONTO, ONT.

Mortgages and Debentures Purchased. Apply to

S. D. ROSS, MADOC.

AGENT FOR THE

Lancashire Insurance Comp'y.

All Losses Promptly Settled.
Office at the Store of Sydmer Ross & Co.
Madoc, April 15th, 1879. 107

Banking House!

—OF—

E. D. O'FLYNN,

"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

Money received on deposit, at 4 and 6 per cent., subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, JANUARY 8, 1880.

MINISTERS IN NORTH HASTINGS.

Following is the address presented to the members of the Government, by A. F. Wood, Esq., and their reply thereto, at the reception in the Masonic Hall, last week. Our space prevents us giving more than a mere outline of the speeches made by the hon. gentlemen :—

To SIR LEONARD TILLEY,
Minister of Finance,
SIR CHARLES TUPPER,
Minister of Railways and Canals,
Hon. MACKENZIE BOWELL,
Minister of Customs.

GENTLEMEN,—On behalf of the citizens of Madoc and vicinity I have much pleasure in extending to you a hearty welcome to North Hastings, and beg to assure you that we are deeply sensible of the importance of such a visit to the mining interests of this part of Ontario.

Your personal inspection to-day of a few of our mines of gold and iron will give you some idea of the value and probable extent of these important interests, and enable you hereafter more intelligently to prepare and discuss the necessary legislation that is likely to present itself for your consideration.

We would respectively remind you that we are not alone a mineral district, but that North Hastings has large tracts of agricultural lands producing the finest cereals, and that almost every neighborhood has its factory for the manufactory of cheese. But while this is true, at the same time we are aware that our mineral interests are of vast importance and of great value both as to quality and extent.

The value and quality of gold will speak for itself, but I am safe in assuring you that the class and quality of iron ore produced in this region is not excelled in any part of this continent. The capitalists are eagerly seeking investments whenever opportunity offers, and the iron masters of the United States are asking contracts for our ore far beyond our means at present to supply, and are offering prices that but a year ago would have seemed fabulous.

In the two iron mines visited to-day you have the two kinds of ore produced in this region. The "Seymour" being a rich magnetic "Bessemer" ore with a rich percentage of iron of 70 28-100. The "Wallbridge" being a red Hematite very rich and valuable. Then in immediate proximity is the "Dufferin," an iron mine of wonderful richness and extent, and close by are the "Nelson," the "Hobson," the "Thompson," the "Moore," the "Cameron," the "Sexsmith," and many others of equal richness and value. The "Feigel" and "Dale" mines, visited to-day give you some idea of the character of our gold mines and the quality of ore produced and the success attending the crushing in the mills attached to these mines. Close by are the "Gatling" and the "Dean & Williams" and to the east of the road travelled to-day is the famous "Richardson," noted for its wonderful "pockets" which, however, are now rather empty, but practical miners believe that capital properly applied would soon reveal treasures in that mine of the richness of which "not the half has been told us."

But while the value of our mines is being developed to a certain extent, what we most need is such encouragement to capitalists as will induce the smelting of these valuable iron ores in our own country.

The policy of the members of the present Government of the Dominion in visiting the different sections of our great country and becoming personally acquainted with its resources and requirements is one that commends itself to every thinking citizen of the Dominion, and we are led to hope that what you have seen to-day may induce to some legislative action that will bring about a larger and more completed development of our ores and their manufacture on Canadian territory. At the present moment the people of North Hastings are watching with much interest the probable prospects of the Murray Canal, for by that route when constructed will we hope to supply the demand of the west for our iron ores, which they must have from this section or from Lake Superior, and by the opening up of this water way we can command the market as against all opposition, and we are also of the impression that the time is not far distant, if it is not almost at hand, when the grain laden vessels of the great west will deliver near our doors as return cargoes coal from the east, with which by timely legislation we may hope to see two important interests, the iron and coal of Canada, fostered and become here, as it has in Great Britain, the foundation of the nation's wealth.

In conclusion we would say that while we have not the unbroken prairies of the west lately visited by the Minister of Customs, nor the fertile country of Western Ontario, visited a short time since by the Minister of Finance, nor have we a country particularly adapted for the building of Railways, a department over which the Minister of Railways so ably presides, yet we would remind you that the stones of our country are iron, and out of our hills we dig gold, and that we produce the material out of which Railways are made, and though we may not possess the soft words or the polish of dictation by which our greetings would fall as smoothly on your ears as in more favored sections, yet our words are true and our greeting is the welcome of a people who are proud of their country, and of the government who so ably administer its affairs and that in the exercise of our constitutional rights we have contributed a member to that Government—a Minister of whom no one doubts that he will bring ability and industry to the Department over which he presides. The grasp of the hands in welcome that you have received to-day may be hands hardened with toil, but they are the hands of men who love their country and its institutions, and are equally prepared to add to its material wealth by honest labor and industry, defend its borders or give an honest and hearty welcome to men who they believe are seeking to maintain the constitutional integrity of their country.

Again we extend a cordial and hearty greeting.

(Signed) A. F. WOOD,
Chairman of Committee.

Hon. Mr. Bowell, who was the first speaker, said he did not propose to take up much of their time, as they were, no doubt, anxious to hear the distinguished gentlemen, Sir Leonard Tilley and Sir Charles Tupper, who were present. It afforded him much pleasure to meet so many of his old constituents, as he had not been here since his election. At the election in 1878 the issue was a distinct party one, and the policy upon which the Conservative party had gone to the people had been fully endorsed by them. As a result new industries were springing up all over the country, and we saw everywhere signs of returning prosperity. He referred to the attacks made on his department by the *Globe*, with reference to the bonding system, and concluded that it was in the interests of the country, as the experience of the past few months had fully shown. Referring to the sugar question, he said that in one day's issue of the *Globe* it was stated that the sugar duty was a fraud on the people of the country, and in the next day's market report mentioned that cargoes were being sent to New York, because sugar was dearer in that city. He also referred to the principle of granting drawbacks, and fully explained its workings. He had been much pleased with what he had seen in the North-West, and if any one was determined to leave this part of the country, they would find as good a home there, under the British flag, as in any other place. He thanked them for the cordial reception given to himself and colleagues, and the pleasure it had given them to visit the mining industries of North Hastings.

Sir Leonard Tilley, who was the next speaker, was received with hearty applause. He paid a high compliment to the Hon. Mr. Bowell, who, he said, filled one of the most difficult and laborious positions in the Government. Sir John had a happy faculty of always selecting the right man for the right place, and in appointing his friend, Mr. Bowell, as Minister of Customs, he had obtained the best man he could find for the position ; one who had the backbone to insist upon an honest collection of the revenue, and who could say "no" whenever it was necessary. He had no doubt that the Minister of Customs would be able to give a good account of his Department when Parliament met. He then referred to a motto on the wall, "A Canadian policy for the Dominion of Canada," and said that that policy had been put into operation, with the most gratifying results. During the past two months he had visited many of the large towns and cities in this Province, Quebec and New Brunswick, and time was proving the wisdom of the course adopted at the last session of Parliament, and the benefits being derived from the adoption of a Protective tariff. He referred to his visit to the mines, and the benefits which they were conferring on the people, although he did not think that it was the result of the National Policy, but he supposed it would get credit for it. However, the policy which had been inaugurated would be the means of procuring what we wanted, viz. : furnaces in our midst, for smelting the ore. The wealth of Great Britain was largely owing to her iron and coal beds, and all that was wanting here was to find a coal bed to make it most successful. What was wanted in this country was increased capital and population from abroad, and the Government would do all in their power to aid in the accomplishment of these objects. He did not expect that the National Policy was altogether perfect, but it had accomplished much during the nine months it had been on the statute books, and he and his colleagues were endeavoring, by visits to the leading industries of the country, to obtain information from practical men, and so to amend the law as to make it acceptable to every one as far as possible. He then referred to his visit in the morning to some of the leading industries of Belleville, thanked them for the very cordial manner in which he and his colleagues had been received, and resumed his seat amid loud cheers.

Sir Charles Tupper, who was received with loud cheers, said it afforded him much pleasure in listening to the flattering address presented to him and his colleagues, on the occasion of their visit to such an interesting portion of the Dominion. He paid a high compliment to the member for North Hastings, and said that he had sat with Mr. Bowell both in the cold shades of Opposition and as a colleague on the Government benches, and he could unite with Mr. Tilley in testifying before his constituents as to his ability and industry. He then contrasted the condition of the country during Sir John's administration, and that of Hon. Mr. Mackenzie, and stated that no two periods of the history of any country presented a greater contrast. Under Sir John the country was in a prosperous condition ; under the Mackenzie regime depression and ruin were everywhere visible. The Opposition had implored the late Government in vain to change their free trade policy, and the Conservative party had promised that if returned they would inaugurate a National Policy, and that promise had been carried out. What was the result? American capitalists had come into the country and established immense industries ; languishing Canadian industries had been revived, and increased employment given to laborers. His friend, Sir Leonard Tilley, had been entrusted with the finances, and nobly had he performed the duties of his office. It was said that the National Policy was un-British, but this had been proved untrue. It was also said that it would lead to trouble with our American friends, but they had acknowledged it as a compliment to themselves that a Policy the same as their own had been adopted by us. He then paid a high tribute of praise to the leader of the Government, Sir John A. Macdonald, as one possessing the confidence of the people to an extent that no other man in the country ever had. Sir John had the tact, skill, and ability to successfully carry on the affairs of the country. He expressed himself as highly pleased with his visit to the mines of North Hastings, and also referred to his contemplated visit to the proposed Murray Canal, which he had come almost purposely to see personally, as he could in that way judge better of its usefulness. He concluded an eloquent address amid loud cheers.

At the close of the meeting the members of the Government and a number of invited guests partook of an excellent supper at the Madoc House, and the party left by train for Belleville about 11 o'clock, p. m.

Mr. Alex. Robertson has been unseated for West Hastings, by bribery on the part of agents, and to pay all costs. The writ for a new election has been issued, to take place on the 30th instant.

THE ELECTIONS.

VILLAGE OF MADOC.

The contest in this municipality was a remarkably close one, as the figures below will show. Three new men have been elected to the Council, viz.:—Messrs. Tuller, Ross and Dingman. The following is the vote :—H. H. Sutton, 62 ; H. Dingman, 62 ; W. Tuller, 58 ; S. D. Ross, 58 ; J. S. Loomis, 57 ; Chas. Kirk, 40.

TOWNSHIP OF MADOC.

W. Thompson, No. 1 Division, 41 ; No. 2, 126 ; No. 3, 55. Total—222. A. McInroy, No. 1, 19 ; No. 2, 66 ; No. 3, 58. Total—143. Joshua Broad, No. 1, 45 ; No. 2, 79 ; No. 3, 9. Total—133. C. English, No. 1, 18 ; No. 2, 42 ; No. 3, 34. Total, 94.

MARMORA.

Reeve—T. P. Pearce, by acclamation. Councillors—P. Maloney, J. Richardson, C. Clairmont, and T. Hamilton.

STIRLING.

Reeve—Dr. Falkiner. Councillors—W. Martin, H. Smith, L. G. Baker, and Dr. Demorest.

ELZEVIR.

Reeve—James Tuttle, by acclamation. Councillors—M. McLean, 155, H. Warren, 138, J. Burns, 112, P. McIlroy, 91, James Harrison, 90, R. Kells, 57.

SIDNEY.

Reeve—S. T. Wilmot. First Deputy—B. H. Vandervoort ; Second Deputy—Henry Bleecker. Councillors—John C. Rose and M. T. Bird.

THURLOW.

Reeve—H. Ashley. First Deputy—Willet C. Farley ; Second Deputy—J. McCreadie. Councillors—N. Vermilyea and W. A. Chapman.

RAWDON.

Reeve—Thos. Walker. Deputy-Reeve—S. S. Vandervoort. Councillors—Messrs. Cook, Williams and Duncan.

HUNGERFORD.

Reeve — Robert Gordon. Deputy-Reeve—P. Murphy, by acclamation. Councillors—Forbes Sherry, F. Murphy and James Clare.

MILL POINT.

Reeve—Wm. R. Aylsworth, by acclamation. Councillors—W. G. Egar, Chas. Dryden, C. Goodmurphy and W. Jamieson.

HUNTINGDON.

Reeve—Thomas Emo, by acclamation. Deputy—M. Robinson, by acclamation. Councillors— H. Morton, James Foster, C. Tummon.

TYENDINAGA.

Reeve—N. S. Appleby, by acclamation. First Deputy—Donald Anderson, by acclamation. Second Deputy—Michael Lally, Councillors—Monroe and Nash.

TRENTON.

Reeve—G. H. Gordon. Deputy—G. W. Ostrom. Councillors—Dr. Day, S. S. Bonter, P. J. O'Rourke.

In Tudor James McGregor has been elected Reeve by a majority of one over P. M. Gunter.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

SIR,—During the last milk season a part of the milk of James Thompson, sent to the Golden Cheese Factory, was condemned for being, as was supposed, watered. Mr. Thompson only knew this at the end of the season. He denied the charge, and demanded restitution of the amounts kept back and satisfactory apology for the imputation of dishonesty conveyed by the report being put in circulation. On behalf of the Board and Company I wish to state that we do not believe, on investigation, that Mr. Thompson's milk was watered, and we have agreed to pay back all sums retained from him or others during the season on the same grounds, and pay all expenses he has incurred.

You will please publish the annexed resolution of the stockholders with this letter.

HENRY ROBINSON,
President.

Madoc, January 7, 1880.

Moved by Henry Robinson, seconded by Donald Nicolson, that in view of the fact that all parties should be notified of their milk not being up to the required standard, and whereas its not being complied with in the present instance, and the majority of the Directors kept in ignorance of the facts, be it therefore resolved that all resolutions referring to forfeiture of milk, on the books of the Company for the year 1879, be rescinded, and parties be refunded all charges so kept back from them, and that nothing shall appear on the books of the Company reflecting on the said parties.—Carried.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

THE newly elected Council of the Township of Madoc will meet for organization, on Monday, January 19th, at 10 o'clock, a. m., in Conlin's Hotel, Eldorado.

JOHN R. KETCHESON,
Township Clerk.
Madoc, January 6th, 1880. 145-2t

GLOVE LOST.

THE party having the Otter Gauntlet Glove, lost 26th ult., between Bannockburn and Eldorado, can have the other, or sell it, by applying to

ROBERT DUFF,
Moon's Hotel.
Madoc, January 7, 1880. 145-2t

APOLOGY.

WHEREAS at the last annual meeting of the Ivanhoe Cheese Company, a dispute having arisen between myself, as President of the Company, charging the former President, John B. Fox, and the Secretary, Francis Reynolds, with complicity in managing the affairs of the Company, wherein I foolishly and inconsiderately did charge Mr. Reynolds as knowingly and fraudulently being a party to cheating the Company out of certain funds.

On reflection I admit having charged Mr. Reynolds wrongfully, having had no just grounds for even a suspicion of his dishonesty, and now beg to exonerate him from any such charge, and am sorry for the annoyance and trouble I have caused Mr. Reynolds, and will at the next public meeting of the Cheese Company acknowledge the same, and will pay whatever costs already made in this cause.

Dated at Huntingdon this 7th day of January, 1880.

SYLVESTER HOLDEN, Sen.

FISH! FISH!
FISH!!

JUST RECEIVED,
WHITE FISH,
FRESH WATER HERRING,
SALT WATER HERRING.
Wholesale and Retail.

—ALSO—

CROCKERY
AND
GLASSWARE.

Sets, - $2.00 and $2.50.

A LARGE STOCK OF

Groceries & Provisions

constantly kept on hand.

The highest price paid for all kinds of Farm Produce.

J. HARPER.

MADOC, December 17th, 1879.

Tenders, Tenders.

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned for the erection of a Grain Warehouse, up to the 15th of January, inst. Plans and specifications will be found at Sydmer Ross & Co's.

A. F. WOOD,
S. ROSS & Co.
Madoc, Jan. 1st, 1880. 144-2t

NOTICE.

THE Annual Meeting of the North Hastings Agricultural Society will be held at the "Lake House," Huntingdon, on Wednesday, January 21st, 1880, at 1 o'clock, p. m.

PETER FARGEY,
Secretary.
Huntingdon, Dec. 29, 1879. 144-2t

ESTRAY STEER.

LOST, about the middle of May last, a three-year-old Steer, dark red color, with scar on one flank. Any person giving information leading to its recovery will be suitably rewarded.

THOS. McNAMARA,
Lot No. 8, 10th con., Madoc.
January 1st, 1880. 144-tf

$20,000 TO LOAN.

AT THE LOWEST RATES OF INTEREST. Apply to

GEO. A. SKINNER,
Solicitor, &c., Stirling.
140

MISS M. A. CUMMINGS,

GRADUATE of St. Mary of the Lake Convent, Kingston, is prepared to receive Music Pupils in Madoc and immediate vicinity.

TERMS MODERATE.

All information required may be had by calling at the residence of Rev. Father Davis.

DISTRICT MEETING.

THE Annual Meeting of L. O. District No. 2, North Hastings, will be held in the Lodge Room, at Queensboro, on Tuesday, January 13th, 1880, at 1 o'clock p. m.

A. THOMPSON, D. M.
Madoc, Jan'y 1st, 1880. 144-2t

ESTRAY.

CAME into my premises, Lot No. 4, in the 11th concession of Madoc, a Yearling Heifer. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take her away.

WM. BYRNE.
Madoc, Dec. 27th, 1879. 144-3t

MONEY TO LOAN

$2,000 and $350,

Private money to Loan, on good Freehold Lands.

CHARLES GREAM,
Madoc, Oct. 29, 1879. Solicitor.

TIES! TIES!

I AM now prepared to make contracts for any quantity of HEMLOCK, TAMARAC, OAK, or ROCK ELM TIES, delivered along the B. & N. H. Railway.

A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, Nov. 22nd, 1879. 127

LOST!

ON Thursday, 18th inst., between Bannockburn and Madoc Village, a Carpet Bag, containing a Lady's Dress, Coat, and some children's wearing apparel. The finder will be suitably rewarded by returning it to W. H. Brown, Bannockburn, or to this office,
December 22nd 1879.

Land For Sale.

TWENTY-ONE (21) Building Lots for sale in the Village of Madoc, laid out on Park Lots 3 and 4, and known as "Norman's Hill."

Enquire of Captain Norman, Millbridge, or the undersigned,

CHARLES GREAM.
Madoc, September, 1879. 131

FARM FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale his farm of 100 acres, being composed of Lots Nos. 1 and 2, 1st con., township of Herschel. On the premises are erected a good log house, new frame barn, and other outbuildings. A never failing spring of water close to the house.—Terms easy, and title indisputable. Apply to the proprietor on the premises, or by letter to

GODFREY GEBAL,
104 York River P. O.

TO BE LET.

LOTS 56 and 57, east side Hastings Road, Township of Tudor ; also Lot 58, west side (part of the Cameron Mining Lot) comprising 100 acres or upwards. About 40 acres cleared, the rest well wooded, with water accommodation. The above would be well suited to the wants of a grown up family. A lease can be given on very moderate terms.

Apply to CAPT. NORMAN,
or to Millbridge,
Chas. Gream, Esq., Madoc. 130

GRAIN, GRAIN!

MR. A. F. WOOD

WOULD take this means of announcing to the farmers in this vicinity, that as soon as he can get the Storehouse, which he has secured from Mr. Thos. Cross, fitted up, he will be in the market as a buyer of all kinds of grain, for which, as heretofore, he will be prepared to pay the highest prices.

December 23rd, 1879.

MARMORA

Gold & Iron Mines.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

THE South-East Quarter of Lot 14, in 10th con. Marmora—50 acres.

For price and terms apply to A. F. WOOD, Esq., Madoc, or to

W. JAMES COOPER,
25 Imperial Bank Buildings,
Toronto.
Toronto, Dec. 22nd, 1879. 142.2t.

Boots!! Boots!!

TO THE PUBLIC:

THE undersigned wishes to inform his friends and the public generally that he has lately opened a Boot and Shoe Shop in the Village of Madoc, and is prepared to execute all orders in the above line in a first-class manner and at low rates. Particular attention given to repairing and all kinds of custom work. Give me a call.

M. RAE.
Shop—Directly opposite Bristol's Carriage Works. 141

Notice is Hereby Given

THAT an application will be made at the next session of the Legislature of Ontario for a charter for a Railway Company to construct a Railway to be called the

Toronto and Nipissing Eastern Extension Railway,

from some point on the line of the Toronto and Nipissing Railway, through the Counties of Victoria, Peterborough, and Hastings, thence easterly to the River Ottawa, or to connect with existing lines, and with power to build the same in sections.

JOHN LEYS,
Solicitor for applicants.
Toronto, Dec. 5th, 1879. 142-tf

Gold and Iron.

West half of Lot 25, 4th Con., Madoc.

THIS lot, upon which the Fraser Gold Mining Company's claim is situated, contains an unlimited amount of GOLD BEARING QUARTZ with several of the largest and best defined Quartz veins in the Township, upon which two or three SHAFTS have been sunk. It is also supposed to contain a splendid bed of RED HEMATITE IRON. Capitalists and miners are requested to examine the lot.

A. KEEFER,
Department of Justice.
Ottawa, 20th December, 1879.

Notice is Hereby Given

THAT application will be made to the Legislature of the Province of Ontario at its next ensuing Session, on behalf of the Toronto and Ottawa Railway Company, for an Act consolidating and amending the several Acts relating to the incorporation of the Company ; for an extension of the times for the commencement and completion of the work, such extension not, however, to affect the provisions of any Municipal By-laws heretofore or hereafter passed aiding the said Company ; and for the legalization of all Municipal By-laws as shall have been passed granting aid by way of bonus to the said Company.

E. J. TOKER,
139-7t Secretary.

FOR SALE OR TO LET.

A GOOD Frame House and Lot, situated on St. Lawrence street, nearly opposite the residence of Mr. Orrin Dunn, in the flourishing village of Madoc. The house is in good repair, and there is also on the premises a good stable and never-failing well of water.—For particulars apply to

WILLIAM MULLETT,
140-3m Proprietor, Madoc.

FARM FOR SALE.

LOT No. 6, 3rd Concession, Thurlow, containing forty-five acres. There is on the premises a good frame barn, and frame house containing five rooms ; a good well of water at the door. The land is in a good state of cultivation, within half a mile of Canifton. The gravel road leading from Canifton to Ross's corners runs across the lot. For particulars apply on the premises to

GEORGE DUNCAN.
Thurlow, March 13th, 1878. 51

HOUSE AND LOT

FOR SALE OR TO LET,

Situated or corner of Church and Elgin sts., in the

VILLAGE OF MADOC.

ALSO

A Small Shop to Let,

Opposite Harper's Block.

WM. MOORE.

Lumber For Sale!

HAVING purchased all the manufactured Lumber at the Bannockburn Mills, I am now prepared to offer for sale 216,000 feet of all kinds of Dry Lumber at Low Prices.

I purpose bringing a large quantity of the above to Madoc Village, and storing it at the Planing Mill. I will be here every Saturday to attend to the wants of customers. During the rest of the week the proprietors of the Planing Mill have kindly consented to attend to the sale of it. From Monday to Friday I will be at Bannockburn to wait on customers there.

CHARLES FOX.
Madoc, Dec. 8th, 1879. 141-3m

NOTICE!

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Legislature of Ontario at its next session for an Act to incorporate a Company to be called the

Grand Ontario Central Railway Company,

with full power to construct, maintain, acquire, and operate a Railway from the Town of Goderich, in the County of Huron, to the City of Ottawa, and with power to amalgamate or agree with any other Company, except the Grand Trunk Railway Company, which has now or hereafter may have any Railway touching at any point on the line of the proposed Railway, or any extension thereof, or for the lease or purchase of the same or any part thereof.

D. A. JONES,
Beeton, Co. Simcoe.
December 5th, 1879. 141-6t

MADOC BAKERY

James Latimer

BEGS to inform the inhabitants of Madoc and surrounding country that he has commenced business as

BAKER AND CONFECTIONER

and will do his utmost to supply his patrons with first-class

Bread & Graham Bread,

DELIVERED DAILY.

Furnishings for Socials and Tea Meetings got up on the shortest notice.

BUNS,
PASTRY,
PIES,
AND CHEWING CANDY,

All of my own make.

Remember the Place—Corner of the Hastings Road.

MONEY. MONEY. MONEY.

MAY BE SAVED

BY PURCHASING

BOOTS,
SHOES,
GROCERIES,

—AND—

Fancy Holiday Gifts!

—AT—

REDUCED PRICES,

FROM

N. D. PETERS,

O'FLYNN BLOCK,
MADOC.

1879 and 1880.

FRESH

X'Mas Groceries

Gray & McGregor,

Victoria Block, Madoc,

HAVE RECEIVED

FRESH LAYER RAISINS,
VALENTIA RAISINS,
SULTANA RAISINS,
NEW CURRANTS,
NEW FIGS,
DRIED APPLES,
CITRON, ORANGE, LEMON PEEL,
VALENTIA ORANGES,
VALENTIA LEMONS,
CANNED PEACHES,
do PEARS,
do CORN,
do GREEN PEAS,
do LOBSTERS,
do SALMON,
do COOKED CORN BEEF
do LUNCH TONGUE,
ORANGE MARMALADE,
PRESERVED GINGER,
POTTED MEATS,

The Celebrated Diamond Brand Oysters

FINNAN HADDIES,
BLOATERS, CODFISH,
LABRADOR HERRINGS,

—ALSO—

A CHOICE STOCK OF

CONFECTIONERY.

Madoc, Dec. 17th, 1879.

WRIGHT'S

Grocery, Provision,

WINE & LIQUOR STORE,

(Established by the late Andrew Wright, in 1858,)

NOW CARRIED ON BY MRS. WRIGHT,

On the premises, in Wright's Block, Durham Street, Madoc,

WHO KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A FULL ASSORTMENT OF FIRST-CLASS

Groceries, Confectionery, and Biscuits,

(A SPECIALITY.)

FRUITS IN SEASON.

WINE, BRANDY, GIN, SPIRITS, ALES AND PORTERS,

of the best brands imported direct from the manufacturers.

—ALSO—

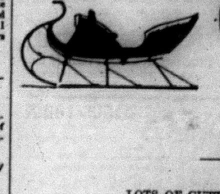
CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE,

FLOUR AND FEED, &c., &c.,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL AT THE LOWEST CASH PRICE.

JANE WRIGHT.

MADOC, January 1st, 1880.



CUTTERS,
CUTTERS,
CUTTERS.

LOTS OF CUTTERS FOR SALE AT

BRISTOL'S.

First-Class Timber, and Well Ironed, With Steel Shoes.

SOME AS LOW IN PRICE AS $25.

—ALSO—

FIRST-CLASS SLEIGHS FOR SALE CHEAP.

Madoc, January 1st, 1880.

Special Attractions

FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

No one should fail to examine the immense stock of Holiday Goods which

O'FLYNN & O'HARA

are now showing.

SEE THEIR NEW STOCK OF

CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, VASES,
CRUET STANDS, VALISES,
POCKET BOOKS, TOILET SETS,
AND A HOST OF OTHER ARTICLES
TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION,
ALL OF WHICH ARE BEING
SOLD AT VERY LOW PRICES.

CALL EARLY.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA,

POST OFFICE BLOCK.

Madoc, Dec. 18th, 1879.

E. L. WEISS,

Has just what you want in the way of Holiday Goods, cheap and good.

LOOK!

At the coloured gold Chains, Necklets, Lockets, Ear-rings, Studs, Cuff Buttons, Fine Keeper and Gem Rings, Collar Studs and Pencils.

SEE!

The beautiful Stone and Gold Plated Crosses, Plated Cuff Buttons, Studs, Ear-rings, Brooches, Setts, Nickel Cuff Buttons, Breast Pins, Spoons, Silver Rings, Nickel Chains, etc., etc.

OBSERVE!

The fine lot of Clocks of all kinds, fancy, etc.

NOTICE!

The great variety of Black and Composition Jewelry.

Watches in Gold or Silver gotten up to order.

SPECTACLES always on hand. Purchase and you will be able to inspect goods better.

Holiday Goods!!

A full and complete stock of

WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
JEWELRY,
AND
FANCY GOODS,

Also a choice assortment of

Children's Toys,

and other articles suitable for the present

HOLIDAY SEASON,

will be found at

RAWE'S,

IN THE WILSON BLOCK.

Madoc, December 11th, 1879.

PETERSON & PETERSON,

BARRISTERS, Attorneys-at-law, Solicitors in Chancery, &c., &c.

Private and Company moneys to loan at lowest rates.

Madoc Office, - O'Flynn's Block.
Belleville Office, Cor. Front & Bridge sts.
A. M. PETERSON, B.A. C. W. PETERSON, B.A.

G. F. AYLESWORTH, P.L.S. & C. E.,

INSPECTOR OF COLONIZATION ROADS. Madoc. 1

GEO. D. DICKSON,

BARRISTER, &c., Belleville. Money to loan at low rates.

MR. HENDERSON

HAS removed his law office to the rooms over the store of Sydnor Ross & Co.—Entrance—Side door.

G. D. RAWE,

CLERK OF THE SIXTH DIVISION Court, County of Hastings, Commissioner in B. R., &c., &c., Madoc, Ont.

W. A. DAFOE, M. D., &c.,

TORONTO.
L. R. C. P. AND L. R. C. S., EDINBURGH.
Victoria Block, Madoc.

J. F. TAYLOR,

SURGEON DENTIST, CAMPBELLFORD, Will visit Madoc, every Saturday.
ROOMS IN MADOC HOUSE, DURHAM ST.

CHARLES GREAM,

SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, NOTARY, Attorney, Conveyancer, &c., Madoc.
OFFICE IN VICTORIA BLOCK.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,

BARRISTERS, BELLEVILLE. MONEY to loan on farm property at very low rates.
A. R. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

P. G. DUNCAN,

AGENT for Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines of all kinds. Also solicits subscriptions for the NORTH HASTINGS REVIEW. 35.

DENMARK & NORTHRUP,

BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.
GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

S. L. NASH, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Graduate of the University of Michigan, U. S., and University of Victoria College, Canada.
BRIDGEWATER, ONT.

CHARLES BUTLER,

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly.
RESIDENCE, - STIRLING, ONT.

HENRY BLEECKER,

BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Office,—Bridge Street, Belleville, over Customs House.

Mr. Titus, from Mr. Bleecker's office, will attend at each Division Court held at Madoc.

GEO. W. WALKER,

SURGEON DENTIST, Front St. Belleville, still continues his visits to Madoc village, strictly on the first Monday and Tuesday of every month. Rooms in Mrs. Moon's Hotel. Belleville Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel. 48

EVANS & BOLGER,

PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYORS, Civil Engineers and Architects, Belleville.
J. D. EVANS, T. O. BOLGER,
P. L. S. P. L. S., C. E. & A.

N. B.—Orders for Surveying may be left at Mann's Hotel, Madoc, and will be promptly attended to. 52

MONEY! MONEY!

TO FARMERS

Desirous of buying or of improving their farms, or removing

Burdensome Mortgage Encumbrances,

the undersigned offer

EXCEPTIONAL ADVANTAGES.

Rate of interest on straight loans from 7½ per cent. On the Endowment plan most advantageous terms. Terms and times of payment satisfactorily arranged. Payments can be made in any month of the year. No commission, utmost expedition and privacy.

PETERSON & PETERSON,
Solicitors, &c.,
"O'Flynn Block," Madoc.

Head Office, corner Front and Bridge streets, Belleville.

Agents for several Stock Fire and Life Insurance Companies. 193

JOHN G. DEANS,

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,

O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK !

MADOC.

A. F. WOOD,

LAND, LOAN,

—AND—

Commission Agency.

OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall.

Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

Madoc, January 27th, 1879. 96

MONEY TO LOAN

—ON—

REAL ESTATE SECURITY.

The Canada Permanent

Loan and Savings Co'y

TORONTO, ONT.

Mortgages and Debentures Purchased. Apply to

S. D. ROSS, MADOC.

AGENT FOR THE

Lancashire Insurance Comp'y.

All Losses Promptly Settled.

Office at the Store of Sydnor Ross & Co.

Madoc, April 15th, 1879. 107

Banking House!

—OF—

E. D. O'FLYNN,

"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

Money received on deposit, at 4 and 6 per cent., subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, JANUARY 8, 1880.

MINISTERS IN NORTH HASTINGS.

Following is the address presented to the members of the Government, by A. F. Wood, Esq., and their reply thereto, at the reception in the Masonic Hall, last week. Our space prevents us giving more than a mere outline of the speeches made by the hon. gentlemen :—

To SIR LEONARD TILLEY,
Minister of Finance,
SIR CHARLES TUPPER,
Minister of Railways and Canals,
Hon. MACKENZIE BOWELL,
Minister of Customs.

GENTLEMEN,—On behalf of the citizens of Madoc and vicinity I have much pleasure in extending to you a hearty welcome to North Hastings, and beg to assure you that we are deeply sensible of the importance of such a visit to the mining interests of this part of Ontario.

Your personal inspection to-day of a few of our mines of gold and iron will give you some idea of the value and probable extent of these important interests, and enable you hereafter more intelligently to prepare and discuss the necessary legislation that is likely to present itself for your consideration.

We would respectively remind you that we are not alone a mineral district, but that North Hastings has large tracts of agricultural lands producing the finest cereals, and that almost every neighborhood has its factory for the manufactory of cheese. But while this is true, at the same time we are aware that our mineral interests are of vast importance and of great value both as to quality and extent.

The value and quality of gold will speak for itself, but I am safe in assuring you that the class and quality of iron ore produced in this region is not excelled in any part of this continent. The capitalists are eagerly seeking investments whenever opportunity offers, and the iron masters of the United States are asking contracts for our ore far beyond our means at present to supply, and are offering prices that but a year ago would have seemed fabulous.

In the two iron mines visited to-day you have the two kinds of ore produced in this region. The "Seymour" being a rich magnetic "Bessemer" ore with a rich percentage of iron of 70 28-100. The "Wallbridge" being a red Hematite very rich and valuable. There is immediate proximity to the "Dufferin," an iron mine of wonderful richness and extent, and close by are the "Nelson," the "Hobson," the "Thompson," the "Moore," the "Cameron," the "Bezamith," and many others of equal richness and value. The "Folger" and "Dale" mines, visited to-day give you some idea of the character of our gold mines and the quality of ore produced and the success attending the crushing in the mills attached to these mines. Close by are the "Gatling" and the "Dean & Williams" and to the east of the road travelled to-day is the famous "Richardson," noted for its wonderful "pockets" which, however, are now rather empty, but practical miners believe that capital properly applied would soon reveal treasures in that mine of the riches of which "not the half has been told us."

But while the value of our mines is being developed to a certain extent, what we most need is such encouragement to capitalists as will induce the smelting of these valuable iron ores in our own country.

The policy of the members of the present Government of the Dominion in visiting the different sections of our great country and becoming personally acquainted with its resources and requirements is one that commends itself to every thinking citizen of the Dominion, and we are led to hope that what you have seen to-day may induce to some legislative action that will bring about a larger and more completed development of our ores and their manufacture on Canadian territory.

At the present moment the people of North Hastings are watching with much interest the probable prospects of the Murray Canal, for by that route when constructed will we hope to supply the demand of the west for our iron ores, which they must have from this section or from Lake Superior, and by the opening up of this water way we can command the market as against all opposition, and we are also of the impression that the time is not far distant, if it is not almost at hand, when the grain laden vessels of the great we t will deliver near our shore as return cargoes coal from the east, with which by timely legislation we may hope to see two important interests, the iron and coal of Canada, fostered and become here, as it has in Great Britain, the foundation of the nation's wealth.

In conclusion we would say that while we have not the unbroken prairies of the west lately visited by the Minister of Customs, nor the fertile country of Western Ontario, visited a short time since by the Minister of Finance, nor have we a country particularly adapted for the building of Railways, a department over which the Minister of Railways so ably presides, yet we do feel confident that the stones of our country are iron, and out of our hills we dig gold, and that we produce the material out of which Railways are made, and though we may not possess the soft words or the polish of diction by which our greetings would fall as smoothly on your ears as in more favored sections, yet our words are true and our greeting is the welcome of a people who are proud of their country, and of the government who so ably administer its affairs and that in the exercise of our constitutional rights we have contributed a member to that Government—a Minister of whom no one doubts that he will bring ability and industry to the Department over which he presides. The grasp of the hands in welcome that you have received to-day may be hands hardened with toil, but they are the hands of men who love their country and its institutions, and are equally prepared to add to its material wealth by honest labor and industry, defend its borders or give an honest and hearty welcome to men who they believe are seeking to maintain the constitutional integrity of their country.

Again we extend a cordial and hearty greeting.

(Signed) A. F. WOOD,
Chairman of Committee.

Hon. Mr. Bowell, who was the first speaker, said he did not propose to take up much of their time, as they were, no doubt, anxious to hear the distinguished gentlemen, Sir Leonard Tilley and Sir Charles Tupper, who were present. It afforded him much pleasure to meet so many of his old constituents, as he had not been here since his election. At the election in 1878 the issue was a distinct party one, and the policy upon which the Conservative party had gone to the people had been fully endorsed by them. As a result new industries were springing up all over the country, and we saw everywhere signs of returning prosperity. He referred to the attacks made on his department by the *Globe*, with reference to the bonding system, and concluded that it was in the interests of the country, as the experience of the past few months had fully shown. Referring to the sugar question, he said that in one day's issue of the *Globe* it was stated that the sugar duty was a fraud on the people of the country, and in the next day's market report mentioned that cargoes were being sent to New York, because sugar was dearer in that city. He also referred to the principle of granting drawbacks, and fully explained its workings. He had been much pleased with what he had seen in the North-West, and if any one was determined to leave this part of the country, they would find as good a home there, under the British flag, as in any other place. He thanked them for the cordial reception given to himself and colleagues, and the pleasure it had given them to visit the mining industries of North Hastings.

Sir Leonard Tilley, who was the next speaker, was received with hearty applause. He paid a high compliment to the Hon. Mr. Bowell, who, he said, filled one of the most difficult and laborious positions in the Government. Sir John had a happy faculty of always selecting the right man for the right place, and in appointing his friend, Mr. Bowell, as Minister of Customs, he had obtained the best man he could find for the position; one who had the backbone to insist upon an honest collection of the revenue, and who could say "no" whenever it was necessary. He had no doubt that the Minister of Customs would be able to give a good account of his Department when Parliament met. He then referred to a motto on the wall, "A Canadian policy for the Dominion of Canada," and said that that policy had been put into operation, with the most gratifying results. During the past two months he had visited many of the large towns and cities in this Province, Quebec and New Brunswick, and time was proving the wisdom of the course adopted at the last session of Parliament, and the benefits being derived from the adoption of a Protective tariff. He referred to his visit to the mines, and the benefits which they were conferring on the people, although he did not think that it was the result of the National Policy, but he supposed it would get credit for it. However, the policy which had been inaugurated would be the means of procuring what we wanted, viz.: furnaces in our midst, for smelting the ore. The wealth of Great Britain was largely owing to her iron and coal beds, and all that was wanting here was to find a coal bed to make it most successful. What was wanted in this country was increased capital and population from abroad, and the Government would do all in their power to aid in the accomplishment of these objects. He did not expect that the National Policy was altogether perfect, but it had accomplished much during the nine months it had been on the statute books, and he and his colleagues were endeavoring, by visits to the leading industries of the country, to obtain information from practical men, and so to amend the law as to make it acceptable to every one as far as possible. He then referred to his visit in the morning to some of the leading industries of Belleville, thanked them for the very cordial manner in which he and his colleagues had been received, and resumed his seat amid loud cheers.

Sir Charles Tupper, who was received with loud cheers, said it afforded him much pleasure in listening to the flattering address presented to him and his colleagues, on the occasion of their visit to such an interesting portion of the Dominion. He paid a high compliment to the member for North Hastings, and said that he had sat with Mr. Bowell both in the cold shades of Opposition and as a colleague on the Government benches, and he could unite with Mr. Tilley in testifying before his constituents as to his ability and industry. He then contrasted the condition of the country during Sir John's administration, and that of Hon. Mr. Mackenzie, and stated that no two periods of the history of any country presented a greater contrast. Under Sir John the country was in a prosperous condition; under the Mackenzie regime depression and ruin were everywhere visible. The Opposition had implored the late Government in vain to change their free trade policy, and the Conservative party had promised that if returned they would inaugurate a National Policy, and that promise had been carried out. What was the result? American capitalists had come into the country and established immense industries; languishing Canadian industries had been revived, and increased employment given to laborers. His friend, Sir Leonard Tilley, had been entrusted with the finance, and nobly had he performed the duties of his office. It was said that the National Policy was un-British, but this had been proved untrue. It was also said that it would lead to trouble with our American friends, but they had acknowledged it as a compliment to themselves that a Policy the same as their own had been adopted by us. He then paid a high tribute of praise to the leader of the Government, Sir John A. Macdonald, as one possessing the confidence of the people to an extent that no other man in the country ever had. Sir John had the tact, skill, and ability to successfully carry on the affairs of the country. He expressed himself as highly pleased with his visit to the mines of North Hastings, and also referred to his contemplated visit to the proposed Murray Canal, which he had come almost purposely to see personally, as he could in that way judge better of its usefulness. He concluded an eloquent address amid loud cheers.

At the close of the meeting the members of the Government and a number of invited guests partook of an excellent supper at the Madoc House, and the party left by train for Belleville about 11 o'clock, p. m.

Mr. Alex. Robertson has been unseated for West Hastings, by bribery on the part of agents, and to pay all costs. The writ for a new election has been issued, to take place on the 30th instant.

THE ELECTIONS.

VILLAGE OF MADOC.

The contest in this municipality was a remarkably close one, as the figures below will show. Three new men have been elected to the Council, viz.:—Messrs. Tuller, Ross and Dingman. The following is the vote:—H. H. Sutton, 62; H. Dingman, 62; W. Tuller, 58; S. D. Ross, 58; J. S. Loomis, 57; Chas. Kirk, 40.

TOWNSHIP OF MADOC.

W. Thompson, No. 1 Division, 41; No. 2, 126; No. 3, 53. Total—222. A. McInroy, No. 1, 19; No. 2, 66; No. 3, 58. Total—143. Joshua Broad, No. 1, 45; No. 2, 79; No. 3, 9. Total—133. C. English, No. 1, 18; No. 2, 42; No. 3, 34. Total, 94.

MARMORA.

Reeve—T. P. Pearce, by acclamation. Councillors—P. Maloney, J. Richardson, C. Clairmont, and T. Hamilton.

STIRLING.

Reeve—Dr. Falkiner. Councillors—W. Martin, H. Smith, L. G. Baker, and Dr. Demorest.

ELZEVIR.

Reeve—James Tuttle, by acclamation. Councillors—M. McLean, 155, H. Warren, 138, J. Burns, 112, P. McIlroy, 91, James Harrison, 90, R. Kells, 57.

SIDNEY.

Reeve—S. T. Wilmot. First Deputy—B. H. Vanderveort; Second Deputy—Henry Bleecker. Councillors—John C. Rose and M. T. Bird.

THURLOW.

Reeve—H. Ashley. First Deputy—Willet C. Farley; Second Deputy—J. McCrendie. Councillors—N. Vermilyea and W. A. Chapman.

RAWDON.

Reeve—Thos. Walker. Deputy-Reeve—S. S. Vandervoort. Councillors—Messrs. Cook, Williams and Duncan.

HUNGERFORD.

Reeve—Robert Gordon. Deputy-Reeve—P. Murphy, by acclamation. Councillors—Forbes Sherry, F. Murphy and James Clare.

MILL POINT.

Reeve—Wm. R. Aylsworth, by acclamation. Councillors—W. G. Egar, Chas. Dryden, C. Goodmurphy and W. Jamieson.

HUNTINGDON.

Reeve—Thomas Emo, by acclamation. Deputy—M. Robinson, by acclamation. Councillors—H. Morton, James Foster, C. Tummon.

TYENDINAGA.

Reeve—N. S. Appleby, by acclamation. First Deputy—Donald Anderson, by acclamation. Second Deputy—Michael Lally, Councillors—Monroe and Nash.

TRENTON.

Reeve—G. H. Gordon. Deputy—G. W. Ostrom. Councillors—Dr. Day, S. S. Bonter, P. J. O'Rourke.

In Tudor James McGregor has been elected Reeve by a majority of one over P. M. Gunter.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

SIR,—During the last milk season a part of the milk of James Thompson, sent to the Golden Cheese Factory, was condemned for being, as was supposed, watered. Mr. Thompson only knew this at the end of the season. He denied the charge, and demanded restitution of the amounts kept back and satisfactory apology for the imputation of dishonesty conveyed by the report being put in circulation. On behalf of the Board and Company I wish to state that we do not believe, on investigation, that Mr. Thompson's milk was watered, and we have agreed to pay back all sums retained from him or others during the season on the same grounds, and pay all expenses he has incurred.

You will please publish the annexed resolution of the stockholders with this letter.

HENRY ROBINSON,
President.

Madoc, January 7, 1880.

Moved by Henry Robinson, seconded by Donald Nicolson, that in view of the fact that all parties should be notified of their milk not being up to the required standard, and whereas its not being complied with in the present instance, and the majority of the Directors kept in ignorance of the facts, be it therefore resolved that all resolutions referring to forfeiture of milk, on the books of the Company for the year 1879, be rescinded, and parties be refunded all charges so kept back from them, and that nothing shall appear on the books of the Company reflecting on the said parties.—Carried.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

THE newly elected Council of the Township of Madoc will meet for organization, on Monday, January 19th, at 10 o'clock, a. m., in Conlin's Hotel, Eldorado.

JOHN R. KETCHESON,
Township Clerk.

Madoc, January 6th, 1880. 145-2i

GLOVE LOST.

THE party having the Otter Gauntlet Glove, lost 26th ult., between Bannockburn and Eldorado, can have the other, or sell it, by applying to

ROBERT DUFY,
Moon's Hotel.

Madoc, January 7, 1880. 145-2i

APOLOGY.

WHEREAS at the last annual meeting of the Ivanhoe Cheese Company, a dispute having arisen between myself, as President of the Company, charging the former President, John B. Fox, and the Secretary, Francis Reynolds,, with complicity in managing the affairs of the Company, wherein I foolishly and inconsiderately did charge Mr. Reynolds as knowingly and fraudulently being a party to cheating the Company out of certain funds.

On reflection I admit having charged Mr. Reynolds wrongfully, having had no just grounds for even a suspicion of his dishonesty, and now beg to exonerate him from any such charge, and am sorry for the annoyance and trouble I have caused Mr. Reynolds, and will at the next public meeting of the Cheese Company acknowledge the same, and will pay whatever costs already made in this cause.

Dated at Huntingdon this 7th day of January, 1880.

SYLVESTER HOLDEN, Sen.

FISH! FISH! FISH!!

JUST RECEIVED,
WHITE FISH,
FRESH WATER HERRING,
SALT WATER HERRING.
Wholesale and Retail.

—ALSO—

CROCKERY

AND

GLASSWARE.

Sets, - $2.00 and $2.50.

A LARGE STOCK OF

Groceries & Provisions

constantly kept on hand.

The highest price paid for all kinds of Farm Produce.

J. HARPER.

MADOC, December 17th, 1879.

Tenders, Tenders.

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned for the erection of a Grain Warehouse, up to the 15th of January, inst. Plans and specifications will be found at Sydnor Ross & Co's.

A. F. WOOD,
S. ROSS & Co.

Madoc, Jan. 1st, 1880. 144-2i

NOTICE.

THE Annual Meeting of the North Hastings Agricultural Society will be held at the "Lake House," Huntingdon, on Wednesday, January 21st, 1880, at 1 o'clock, p. m.

PETER FARGEY,
Secretary.

Huntingdon, Dec. 29, 1879. 144-2i

ESTRAY STEER.

LOST, about the middle of May last, a 2 three-year-old Steer, dark red colour, with scar on upper flank. Any person giving information leading to its recovery will be suitably rewarded.

THOS. McNAMARA,
Lot No. 8, 10th con., Madoc.

January 1st, 1880. 144-tf

$20,000 TO LOAN.

AT THE LOWEST RATES OF INTEREST. Apply to

GEO. A. SKINNER,
Solicitor, &c., Stirling.

149

MISS M. A. CUMMINGS,

GRADUATE of St. Mary of the Lake Convent, Kingston, is prepared to receive Music Pupils in Madoc and immediate vicinity.

TERMS MODERATE.

All information required may be had by calling at the residence of Rev. Father Davis.

DISTRICT MEETING.

THE Annual Meeting of L. O. District No. 2, North Hastings, will be held in the Lodge Room, at Queseline, on Tuesday, January 13th, 1880, at 1 o'clock p. m.

A. THOMPSON, D. M.

Madoc, Jan'y 1st, 1880. 144-2i

ESTRAY.

CAME into my premises, Lot No. 4, in the 11th concession of Madoc, a Yearling Heifer. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take her away.

WM. BYRNE,

Madoc, Dec. 27th, 1879. 144-3i

MONEY TO LOAN

$2,000 and $350,

Private money to Loan, on good Freehold Lands.

CHARLES GREAM,
Solicitor.

Madoc, Oct. 29, 1879.

TIES! TIES!

I AM now prepared to make contracts for any quantity of HEMLOCK, TAMARAC, OAK, or ROCK ELM TIES, delivered along the B. & N. H. Railway.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, Nov. 22nd, 1879. 127

LOST!

ON Thursday, 18th inst., between Bannockburn and Madoc Village, a Carpet Bag, containing a Lady's Dress Coat, and some children's wearing apparel. The finder will be suitably rewarded by returning it to W. H. Brown, Bannockburn, or to this office.

December 22nd 1879.

Land For Sale.

TWENTY-ONE (21) Building Lots for sale in the Village of Madoc, laid out on Park Lots 3 and 4, and known as "Norman's Hill."

Enquire of Captain Norman, Millbridge, or the undersigned,

CHARLES GREAM.

Madoc, September, 1879. 131

FARM FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale his farm of 100 acres, being composed of Lots Nos. 1 and 2, 1st con., township of Herschel. On the premises are erected a good log house, new frame barn, and other outbuildings. A never failing spring of water close to the house.—Terms easy, and title indisputable. Apply to the proprietor on the premises, or by letter to

GODFREY GEBAL,
York River P. O.

104

TO BE LET.

LOTS 56 and 57, east side Hastings Road, in Township of Tudor; also Lot 58, west side (part of the Cameron Mining Lot) comprising 100 acres or upwards. About 40 acres cleared, the rest well wooded, with water accommodation. The above would be well suited to the wants of a grown up family. A lease can be given on very moderate terms.

Apply to CAPT. NORMAN,
or to Millbridge,
Chas. Gream, Esq., Madoc. 130

GRAIN, GRAIN!

MR. A. F. WOOD

WOULD take this means of announcing to the farmers in this vicinity, that as soon as he can get the Storehouse, which he has secured from Mr. Thos. Cross, fitted up, he will be in the market as a buyer of all kinds of grain, for which, as heretofore, he will be prepared to pay the highest prices.

December 22rd, 1879.

MARMORA

Gold & Iron Mines.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

THE South-East Quarter of Lot 14, in 10th con. Marmora—50 acres.

For price and terms apply to A. F. WOOD, Esq., Madoc, or to

W. JAMES COOPER,
25 Imperial Bank Buildings,
Toronto.

Toronto, Dec. 22nd, 1879. 142.2i.

Boots!! Boots!!

TO THE PUBLIC:

THE undersigned wishes to inform his friends and the public generally that he has lately opened a Boot and Shoe Shop in the Village of Madoc, and is prepared to execute all orders in the above line in a first-class manner and at low rates. Particular attention given to repairing and all kinds of custom work. Give me a call.

M. RAE.

Shop—Directly opposite Bristol's Carriage Works. 141

Notice is Hereby Given

THAT an application will be made at the next session of the Legislature of Ontario for a charter for a Railway Company to construct a Railway to be called the

Toronto and Nipissing Eastern Extension Railway,

from some point on the line of the Toronto and Nipissing Railway, through the Counties of Victoria, Peterborough, and Hastings, thence easterly to the River Ottawa, or to connect with existing lines, and with power to build the same in sections.

JOHN LEYS,
Solicitor for applicants.

Toronto, Dec. 5th, 1879. 143-tf

Gold and Iron.

West half of Lot 25, 4th Con., Madoc.

THIS lot, upon which the Fraser Gold Mining Company's claim is situated, contains an unlimited amount of GOLD BEARING QUARTZ with several of the largest and best defined Quartz reins in the Township, upon which two or three SHAFTS have been sunk. It is also supposed to contain a splendid bed of RED HEMATITE IRON. Capitalists and miners are requested to examine the lot.

A. KEEFER,
Department of Justice.

Ottawa, 20th December, 1879.

Notice is Hereby Given

THAT application will be made to the Legislature of the Province of Ontario at its next ensuing Session, on behalf of the Toronto and Ottawa Railway Company, for an Act consolidating and amending the several Acts relating to the incorporation of the Company; for an extension of the times for the commencement and completion of the work, such extension not, however, to affect the provisions of any Municipal By-laws heretofore or hereafter passed aiding the said Company; and for the legalization of all Municipal By-laws as shall have been passed granting aid by way of bonus to the said Company.

E. J. TOKER,
Secretary.

159-7i

FOR SALE OR TO LET.

A GOOD Frame House and Lot, situated on St. Lawrence street, nearly opposite the residence of Mr. Orvin Dunn, in the flourishing village of Madoc. The house is in good repair, and there is also on the premises a good stable and never-failing well of water. For particulars apply to

WILLIAM MULLETT,
Proprietor, Madoc.

146-3m

FARM FOR SALE.

LOT No. 6, 3rd Concession, Thurlow, containing forty-five acres. There is on the premises a good frame barn, and frame house containing five rooms; a good well of water at the door. The land is in a good state of cultivation, within half a mile of Canifton. The gravel road leading from Canifton to Ross's corners runs across the lot. For particulars apply on the premises to

GEORGE DUNCAN.

Thurlow, March 13th, 1878. 51

HOUSE AND LOT

FOR SALE OR TO LET,

Situated or corner of Church and Elgin sts., in the

VILLAGE OF MADOC.

ALSO

A Small Shop to Let,

Opposite Harper's Block.

WM. MOORE.

Lumber For Sale!

HAVING purchased all the manufactured Lumber at the Bannockburn Mills, I am now prepared to offer for sale 216,000 feet of all kinds of Dry Lumber at Low Prices.

I purpose bringing a large quantity of the above to Madoc Village, and storing it at the Planing Mill. I will be here every Saturday to attend to the wants of customers. During the rest of the week the proprietors of the Planing Mill have kindly consented to attend to the sale of it. From Monday to Friday I will be at Bannockburn to wait on customers there.

CHARLES FOX.

Madoc, Dec. 8th, 1879. 141-3m

NOTICE!

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Legislature of Ontario at its next session for an Act to incorporate a Company to be called the

Grand Ontario Central Railway Company,

with full power to construct, maintain, acquire, and operate a Railway from the Town of Goderich, in the County of Huron, to the City of Ottawa, and with power to amalgamate or agree with any other Company, except the Grand Trunk Railway Company, which has now or hereafter may have any Railway touching at any point on the line of the proposed Railway, or any extension thereof, or for the lease or purchase of the same or any part thereof.

D. A. JONES,
Beaton, Co. Simcoe.

December 5th, 1879. 141-6i

MADOC BAKERY

James Latimer

BEGS to inform the inhabitants of Madoc and surrounding country that he has commenced business as

BAKER AND CONFECTIONER

and will do his utmost to supply his patrons with first-class

Bread & Graham Bread,

DELIVERED DAILY.

Furnishings for Socials and Tea Meetings got up on the shortest notice.

BUNS,
PASTRY,
PIES,
AND CHEWING CANDY,

All of my own make.

Remember the Place—Corner of the Hastings Road.

MONEY. MONEY. MONEY.

MAY BE SAVED

BY PURCHASING

BOOTS,
SHOES,
GROCERIES,

—AND—

Fancy Holiday Gifts!

—AT—

REDUCED PRICES,

FROM

N. D. PETERS,

O'FLYNN BLOCK,

MADOC.

1879 and 1880.

FRESH

X'Mas Groceries

Gray & McGregor,

Victoria Block, Madoc,

HAVE RECEIVED

FRESH LAYER RAISINS,
VALENTIA RAISINS,
SULTANA RAISINS,
NEW CURRANTS,
NEW FIGS,
DRIED APPLES,
CITRON, ORANGE, LEMON PEEL,
VALENTIA ORANGES,
VALENTIA LEMONS,
CANNED PEACHES,
do PEARS,
do CORN,
do GREEN PEAS,
do LOBSTERS,
do SALMON,
do COOKED CORN BEEF
do LUNCH TONGUE,
ORANGE MARMALADE,
PRESERVED GINGER,
POTTED MEATS,

The Celebrated Diamond Brand Oysters

FINNAN HADDIES,
BLOATERS, CODFISH,
LABRADOR HERRINGS,

—ALSO—

A CHOICE STOCK OF

CONFECTIONERY.

Madoc, Dec. 17th, 1879.

WRIGHT'S

Grocery, Provision,

WINE & LIQUOR STORE,

(Established by the late Andrew Wright, in 1858.)

NOW CARRIED ON BY MRS. WRIGHT,

On the premises, in Wright's Block, Durham Street, Madoc,

WHO KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A FULL ASSORTMENT OF FIRST-CLASS

Groceries, Confectionery, and Biscuits,

(A SPECIALITY.)

FRUITS IN SEASON.

WINE, BRANDY, GIN, SPIRITS, ALES AND PORTERS,

of the best brands imported direct from the manufacturers.

—ALSO—

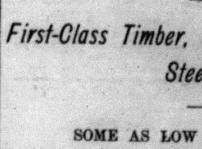
CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE,

FLOUR AND FEED, &c., &c.,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL AT THE LOWEST CASH PRICE.

JANE WRIGHT.

Madoc, January 1st, 1880.



CUTTERS, CUTTERS, CUTTERS.

LOTS OF CUTTERS FOR SALE AT

BRISTOL'S.

First-Class Timber, and Well Ironed, With Steel Shoes.

SOME AS LOW IN PRICE AS $25.

—ALSO—

FIRST-CLASS SLEIGHS FOR SALE CHEAP.

Madoc, January 1st, 1880.

Special Attractions

FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

No one should fail to examine the immense stock of Holiday Goods which

O'FLYNN & O'HARA

are now showing.

SEE THEIR NEW STOCK OF

CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, VASES,
CRUET STANDS, VALISES,
POCKET BOOKS, TOILET SETS,

AND A HOST OF OTHER ARTICLES

TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION,

ALL OF WHICH ARE BEING

SOLD AT VERY LOW PRICES.

CALL EARLY.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA,

POST OFFICE BLOCK.

Madoc, Dec. 18th, 1879.

E. L. WEISS,

Has just what you want in the way of Holiday Goods, cheap and good.

LOOK!

At the coloured gold Chains, Necklets, Lockets, Ear-rings, Studs, Cuff Buttons, Fine Keeper and Gem Rings, Collar Studs and Pencils.

SEE!

The beautiful Stone and Gold Plated Opaques, Plated Cuff Buttons, Studs, Ear-rings, Brooches, Sets, Nickel Cuff Buttons, Breast Pins, Spoons, Silver Rings, Nickel Chains, etc., etc.

OBSERVE!

The fine lot of Clocks of all kinds, fancy, etc.

NOTICE!

The great variety of Black and Composition Jewelry.

Watches in Gold or Silver gotten up to order.

SPECTACLES always on hand. Purchase and you will be able to inspect goods better.

Holiday Goods!!

A full and complete stock of

WATCHES,

CLOCKS,

JEWELRY,

AND

FANCY GOODS,

Also a choice assortment of

Children's Toys,

and other articles suitable for the present

HOLIDAY SEASON,

will be found at

RAWE'S,

IN THE WILSON BLOCK.

Madoc, December 11th, 1879.

VICK'S
Illustrated Floral Guide

A beautiful work of 100 *Pages, One Colored Flower Plate, and 500 Illustrations*, with Descriptions of the best Flower and Vegetables, with price of seeds, and how to grow them. All for a FIVE CENT STAMP. In English or German.

VICK'S SEEDS are the best in the world. FIVE CENTS for postage will buy the FLORAL GUIDE, telling how to get them.

The *Flower and Vegetable Garden*, 175 Pages, Six Colored Plates, and many hundred Engravings. For 50 cents in paper covers; $1.00 in elegant cloth. In German or English.

Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine—32 Pages, a Colored Plate in every number and many fine Engravings. Price $1.25 a year; Five Copies for $5.00. Specimen Numbers sent for 10 cents; 3 trial copies for 25 cents. Address,

JAMES VICK,
Rochester, N. Y.

ESTRAY.

CAME in to my Enclosure, on Lot No. 2, in the 3rd concession of Madoc, about the 15th of August, one red and white Heifer. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges, and take her away.

JOHN RODGERS.
Madoc, 20th December, 1879.

LOTS FOR SALE !

In the Northern part of the Village of Madoc, (Russel Estate.)

AT MODERATE PRICES. Terms—one quarter cash, balance in three equal annual payments, 7 per cent interest on unpaid balance. Expenses of conveyancing to be paid by purchasers to vendor's solicitor, (Morgan Jellett, Esq., Belleville.)

Apply to S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL, Montreal. 11

Stoves & Tinware.

If you want good

COOKING, BOX, OR PARLOR STOVES

CALL AT GEO. CHOWN'S,

Division Street, Reed's Block,

Where you will find a good assortment, together with all kinds of Tinware, on hand or made to order. Furnaces, Eavetrough, and all kinds of job work attended to. Remember the place, opposite Orr's blacksmith shop.

22 GEORGE CHOWN.

MONEY TO LOAN!

THE CANADA
LANDED CREDIT COMPANY,
TORONTO, ONT.

To Farmers of Madoc and Vicinity:

Do you want to pay off a Mortgage?
To build a new House or Barn?
To make improvements by fencing or clearing?
Or for any other purpose?

APPLY TO

The Canada Landed Credit Company.

EIGHT PER CENT. INTEREST

and ample time given, with privilege of paying as soon as you please.

For further particulars apply to

A. F. WOOD,
MADOC.

Madoc April 2nd, 1877. 1

Loans made outside the Company if required, at long or short dates.

A. F. WOOD.

BUSINESS NOTICE!

The Boot and Shoe business formerly carried on by

MR. LOUIS WEISS, SEN.,

will be in the future conducted by his son,

E. L. WEISS,

with whom all outstanding accounts must be settled

Within Sixty Days,

and all business transacted in the future.

Boots and Shoes

MADE OF

FIRST-CLASS STOCK,

and a fit guaranteed.

THE READY PAY SYSTEM

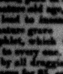
Will be strictly adhered to in the future.

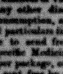
E. L. WEISS.

Madoc, July 30th, 1879. 122

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.

TRADE MARK. The great English remedy. An unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhea, Impotency, and all diseases that follow as a sequence TRADE MARK.


Before Taking.


After Taking.

of self-abuse, as loss of memory, universal lassitude, pain in the back, dimness of vision, premature old age, and many other diseases that lead to insanity or consumption, and a premature grave. ☞ Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at $1 per package, or six packages for $5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO.,
Toronto, Ont., Canada.

☞ Sold in Madoc and everywhere in Canada and the United States, by all wholesale and retail druggists.

N. B.—The demands of our business have necessitated our removing to Toronto, to which place please address all future communications.

$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. $5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ORANGE LODGES.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
O. RUPORT, Sec'y, Madoc P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Tuesday in each month.
C. DONALDSON, Sec'y, Millbridge.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
HENRY BENTLEY, Sec'y, York River P.O.

DOWNEY'S L. O. LODGE, No. 425,
Held on the first Tuesday in each month.
FRANK H. GAUEN, Sec'y, Ivanhoe P. O.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
W. J. WIGGINS, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P.O.

MADOC LODGE, No. 321.
Meets the first Wednesday in each month.
W. BRISTOL, Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every second Monday in each month.
JOHN MCCOY, JR., Sec'y, Remington P.O.

HAZZARD'S CORNERS LODGE, No. 1133.
Meets first Friday in each month.
R. KEENE, Secretary, Madoc P. O.

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. SOLMES, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D.M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

NORTH HASTINGS CO. ORANGE LODGE.
M. BRISTOL, Co. Master, Madoc P. O.
JAS. A. ORR, Co. Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

Hearts of Oak Lodge,
No. 139, O. Y. B.

A REGULAR meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Lodge-room, Madoc, **On Thursday Evening, February 5th,** at 7.30 o'clock. A full attendance requested.

FRED. B. TABER, Secretary.

MADOC LODGE
No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on

Monday Evening, Jan'y 19th,

At 8 o'clock.

J. MOUNCEY, Rec. Secretary.

MADOC LODGE, NO. 48
A. F. & A. M.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Masonic Hall,

On Tuesday, Jan. 27th,

at the hour of 7:30 p. m. A general attendance of members is requested. Visitors are cordially invited. By order,

JAMES O'HARA, Jr., Secretary.

B. & N. H. RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

On and after Monday, November 3rd, trains will run as follows:

Going South—Train leaves *Madoc* at 8 a.m., arriving in Belleville at 10.

Going North—Leaves Belleville at 3 p. m., arriving at *Madoc* at 5.05.

Belleville time.

R. LUTTRELL,
General Superintendent.

School Trustee Election.

Messrs. John Robertson and William Dingman were elected Trustees without opposition, Mr. Tuller, a few days ago, having sent in his resignation to the Returning Officer.

Sudden Death.

On Sunday morning last, an old man named Ellis, residing near the village of Tweed, was found dead in his barn, to which he had gone some time previously to feed the cattle. It is supposed that he had fallen in a fit, and while in this condition died. Deceased was one of the oldest residents of the township.

List of Officers

Of L. O. L No. 437, Queensboro, for the ensuing year:—F. J. Thompson, W. M.; Victor Delyes, D. M.; S. Wiggins, Chaplain; W. J. Wiggins, Secretary; Robert Reid, Treasurer; L. D. Clothier, D. of C. Committee—W. J. Blakely, Charles Hicks, Wm. Clark, Byard Bradshaw, John A. Blakely.

Supposed Robbery.

On Monday last a party named Nicholas Stout, hostler at Hudgins' Hotel, was arrested by Constable Sills for stealing about $44 from John Bailey, on the previous Saturday. Sixteen dollars were found in his possession, but as no evidence could be brought to prove that he had stolen the money, he was released. The money found in his possession, however, was returned to Mr. Bailey.

Election of Officers.

The following are the officers elected for L'Amable L. O. L., No. 1183, for the year 1880:—J. R. Tait, W. M.; Josiah Moore, D. M.; William Easton, Chaplain; J. B. Cleak, Secretary; J. A. Smith, Treasurer; George Pain, D. of C.; John Walker, sen., Ellis Stimers, E. Bowers, G. Bowers, and J. Walker, jr., Committee. Lodge meets on Saturday, on or before full moon, in each month.

Personal.

Mr. John D. Breese, for the past two years an active member of the Township Council of Elzivir, is about to leave Bridgewater and take up his residence in Belleville, having received a Government appointment in the Inland Revenue Department. While he is to be congratulated on his good fortune, the citizens of Bridgewater part with him with regret. He came there from Kingston about twelve years ago, and has always taken an active part in public affairs, and by his genial and kindly disposition, has won the good will of all.

The School Magazine.

We have received the January number of "The Hamilton School Magazine," published by the Collegiate Institute of that place. It has been published for some time as a quarterly, but owing to the encouragement it has received from the public, it has been changed into a monthly. We should think it would be a very great help to every teacher, student and Inspector, as it contains many hints as to school management, and also various Examination Questions used as a test for promotion from one division to another. There are also literary articles which would be of interest to those not actually engaged in teaching.

Mr. Vennor and the Weather.

The following letter from Mr. H. G. Vennor appears in a late issue of the Montreal *Witness*:—"If the basis or theory upon which I have built my predictions this year is sound, we should now have immediately and with the commencement of the new year, a decidedly mild term in the winter lasting probably for about a week. During this period rains and slush may be expected. As previously stated, the second severe "dip" is probable about the 9th or 10th of *January*. I write at 8 degrees below zero, but ere this appears in print the anticipated moderation may have begun." Mr. Vennor appears to have hit the mark well this time, as the weather of the past few days proves.

Rose-Belford's Canadian Monthly.

The January number of this excellent Canadian Magazine is to hand, and presents an interesting table of contents, as follows:—A Christmas Carol; Canadian Life in the Country Fifty Years ago; Jean Ingelow and her Poetry; Stanzas for Music; Charlotte's System, a story; Greetings, a Poem; The Diary of Samuel Pepys, Esq.; To the New Year; The Fallen Leaves, continued; New Year's Eve; Burns and Ferguson; Ballads of Fair Faces; The Future of Morality; In a Studio, a Poem; Under One Roof, continued; The Higher Law, a Poem; Round the Table; Book Reviews; The Month's Scrap Book. $3 per year. Rose-Belford Publishing Co., Toronto.

Madoc Lodge, No. 179, I. O. O. F.

The following are the officers of the above Lodge for the present year:—

Bro. E. L. Weiss, N. G.
" Marshall Maybee, V. G.
" John Mouncey, R. S.
" Charles A. Ross, P. S.
" George Rollins, Treasurer.
" Byron Richmond, R. S. N. G.
" Daniel Ross, L. S. N. G.
" William Ferguson, C.
" Valentine Embury, W.
" L. S. Guffin, O. G.
" Robert Rollins, I. G.
" David Wright, R. S. V. G.
" E. Hailstone, L. S. V. G.
" William Cross, R. S. S.
" John R. Orr, L. S. S.

The Hastings Directory.

A copy of this work, which has just been issued from the *Intelligencer* job printing office, is before us, and we can truthfully say it is the most complete and authentic County Directory we have ever seen, reflecting the greatest credit alike on both compilers and publishers. The book contains nearly 500 pages, comprising a detailed description of the County of Hastings, its situation, manufacturing resources, mineral wealth, railway facilities, character of its soil, etc., etc.; interesting historical sketches of the city of Belleville and every township, town and village in the county, in addition to a complete alphabetical list of all the principal residents in each municipality, and their post office address. In the way of County information we also have the names of the members of the Senate, House of Commons, Ontario Legislature, and County Council; the County officers, Inspectors of Public Schools, Division Court Clerks, Agricultural Societies, License Inspectors and Commissioners; Post Offices; arrival and departure of Mails; Society Institutions, and a synopsis of the most important County By-laws, covering many pages. There is also much useful general information, postal laws, etc., which makes it a valuable book of reference, and as it is well bound, well printed, and arranged in the most systematic manner, we have no fears but that the enterprise of the publishers will meet with due appreciation. Mr. Shepard, under whose personal supervision this creditable work has been produced, will be in this neighborhood in a few days and commence the delivery of the book.

The Phrenological Journal

For January, 1880, comes early into the field of American literature for the new year. Its topics are selected with particular reference to the season, and each one has an important practical bearing. It is rare to find a serious publication which from month to month covers so broad a field, and yet so effectively instruct and interest its readers. To be sure, its work relates to human nature specially but one would think it difficult to provide fresh, crisp matter, month after month, in such a field. The JOURNAL, however is a demonstration of the extent of the resources at the command of the earnest student.

Every page in this number seems to have a special pertinence, a suggestion or two being found therein which have a useful bearing. At the opening, a phase of American politics is presented to the reader, in a sketch and portrait of the Maine Senator, Mr. Blaine. Another personal sketch effects American literature, especially poetry, and is a really interesting paper, viz—Fitz-Greene Halleck. Technical science has its place, and is copiously illustrated in the elaborate article entitled "Studies in Comparative Phrenology." Here the reader's eye is arrested by an array of facts of an entirely novel order. A capital article is that of "Intemperance in History," in the course of which the writer culls from old authorities to show the sad effects of wine-drinking in ancient times. "My Wicket Friend" is a very pleasant life-incident, while "The Old and New Education" supplies some very valuable hints, on which parents and teachers would do well to reflect. A juvenile story is begun, with the title of "The Young Folks of Cherry Avenue," which will be taking to the young readers of the PHRENOLOGICAL. The department of "Science of Health" is well filled. The article entitled "Magnetism and Somnambulism in Paris" is noteworthy as offering some very extraordinary incidents from a Paris observer. The regular readers of the JOURNAL must find the notes on "Science and Agriculture," also the "Answers to Correspondents," a mine of intellectual wealth. "What they say," although devoted to fugitive contributions, usually contains many excellent motions, etc.

Taken altogether, as we hinted at the beginning of this notice, the number is an excellent introduction to the new year, and will please the large circle of the JOURNAL's subscribers. The price of this JOURNAL is now only $2.00 a year; single numbers 20 cents. To each yearly subscriber is given a Phrenological bust, or a book premium. Address the publishers, S. R. Wells & Co., 737 Broadway, New York.

KALADAR AND ANGLESEA.

(From our own Correspondent.)

It is by many supposed that we are as rich in minerals throughout the townships of Kaladar and Anglesea as any other locality of the same area in Canada. Although this is without doubt a reality, as time must ultimately evince, it is not generally known. Among the numerous shows I will mention a few of them.

Gold has been discovered on lot 8, in the 2nd concession of Anglesea, in such quantities that it can be taken from the lead in nuggets as large as a pea or grain of corn. This rich lead extends for miles, and has been pronounced extremely rich by all practical miners of experience, if properly worked. On lot 11, in the same concession and township, is an extremely rich bed of magnetic iron. This is the opinion of J. B. Campbell, Esq., the discoverer of the well known famous Snowdon iron mine. Both these deposits are the property of the Guinn brothers, of this township, who politely receive and conduct all comers at any time in inspecting these receptacles of wealth. Specimens of these metals can be seen at the post office, Flinton. Vast deposits of copper exist in abundance on lot 21, in the 5th concession of Kaladar, owned by John A. Carscallen, Reeve of the municipality, leased by the Hon. Sidney Smith. Also on lot 22, the property of E. J. Matthews, is supposed to exist a good quality of iron in abundance. The above are only a few of the many that could be pointed out. Now we naturally ask the question, why are these resources not developed ere this? This fact is easily accounted for. We have no railroads as yet—indispensible facilities necessary to properly and profitably carry on such industries. Had we the advantages of the iron horse, from any direction whatever, through this locality, I have not the least doubt but in a brief time prospecting and successful mining operations would be carried on to the same extent as they are at present at Madoc and surrounding country.

P. M.

Anglesea, 30th Dec., 1879.

There is considerable activity manifested in the ship yard at Mill Point, and a large force of men are at present employed.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WE do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

The Cattle and Sheep Crop of Canada and the United States.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

SIR,—The trade in cattle and sheep between Canada and England during the past year has been of such magnitude, (as well as the prices obtained,) has given an impetus to the trade sufficient to, or ought to, convince our farmers of the great advantages to be gained by raising good stock, so as to be able to take advantage of the situation, and to be prepared to turn out as good stock as can be produced in the western part of Ontario, or from the United States.

So far as my knowledge extends, the stock (especially cattle) are not as good in general as they were 50 or even 60 years ago. At that time threshing machines were not known, except by manual labor or by horses driven over the grain on the barn floors. The late fall and the winter months were then used for the purpose, and as a general thing the flail or the horses were kept going for the double purpose of threshing out the grain, and for feeding the stock therefrom. As neither the flail nor the horses could thresh the grain from the straw so as to take all the grain out as is now done by the machines, the stock got the advantage of what was left in the straw, as well as any that might be blown from the fanning mill, and which was fed out with the chaff. The stock also got the benefit of the straw fresh threshed, the enamel of which was not badly broken, nor cut up as it is now through the machines. Consequently the stock got the benefit of all, and got their feed fresh daily, and any farmer that could do so always had good shelter for his stock in stormy or extreme cold weather, and as a general thing stock came out first rate in the spring of the year.

How is it now since threshing machines have generally come into use? The threshing is mainly done in the fall. All the small seeds are knocked out of the heads, the enamel, the only real substance of the straw, is broken to pieces, a great deal of which is lost. The straw is put out of doors, often not well stacked, and gets the disadvantage of all the storms until finally used up. From what I have seen, many of the stacks are so badly made that the water finds its way through them, sours the straw and unfits it for use. The cattle are poorly sheltered, or not sheltered at all, in too many instances, and therefore cannot be expected to turn out well in the spring. If you go anywhere now where the farmer threshes his grain by flail or horses, if he properly shelters his stock, it will be found to be superior to that fed on straw threshed by the machine, even where they are equally sheltered from storm or cold.

Farmers who desire to become good stock raisers should not sell off their coarse grain, hay, nor straw, but calculate on keeping sufficient stock over winter to feed it well up. He will then be prepared for the spring market with stock well wintered and stall-fed, for which he will obtain good prices, while his farm gets the benefit of the manure, giving to him extra profit from year to year in the increased fertility of the soil, while what stock he retains to replenish his young and growing stock will be helping him to prepare for the next winter. The cows he keeps over will not only be able to raise the calves (none of which should be killed as they have been doing to enable them to get milk earlier into the cheese factories. If necessary let the farmer set apart a portion of his cows to feed the young stock till they can be kept otherwise;) but what is not required can go to the factory, and if he don't realize quite as much from his cows through the factory, he has it in raising his young stock. Every farmer should take good care to improve the breed of his stock, and that as soon as possible, as the best stock requires no more food than the poorest.

The good farmer will always find it profitable to increase his stock in the spring by purchase from those who are always ready, or have to sell, and from which he can supply a fair share for shipment in the fall, after he finds what his farm has produced to enable him to winter over a good stock for the next spring market, and in keeping over the winter the stock should be housed, that is what he intends to sell, and my experience has led me to say that cattle should be so stalled that they can't lick themselves, which is injurious to their fatting thoroughly. They should be kept well bedded, and curried down twice each day, and they will thrive all the better for it. Every farmer knows that the grain fed to stock should be cracked, and their hay and straw should be cut in order that it may be freely and easily masticated, as the sooner the creature can get its food and then rest the sooner it will become fit for market.

It may be said, what will the people in cities, towns and villages do, who want coarse grains, hay and straw for feed? That is really their business, but it will be found that there will be sufficient number of farmers who will prefer to go on in the old way, so that there will be no scarcity, although prices may be better. It cannot be expected that every farmer will farm alike. There is a certain class that will not do otherwise than follow in the old rut in which they have been working all their lives, therefore it is safe to say that if one-half or two-thirds of the farmers would pursue the course I have lain down, there would still be enough to supply all other wants.

Some may say to me, where did you get your knowledge about stock? What do you know about farming and stock raising? I was born and brought up on a farm, and, although young when I left it for the store, yet I learnt something. My father had a large farm and raised large quantities of wheat and other grains, and when the war broke out in 1812 he had to desist as he could not be allowed to keep men to carry it on, so that the large stock he had on hand in 1813 was increased by purchase to 550 head of cattle, which had the run of over 200 acres of meadow and pasture fields, and were in excellent order, all of which were contracted to the Government for army supply at $6.75 per 100 for the beef. The hides were sold for $8 per 100, and the tallow made into candles, which were sold to a merchant in Kingston at 20 cents per pound, therefore my knowledge of farming and stock raising has been obtained by actual experiments and observation. I never studied any treatise, or never heard a treatise on farming or stock raising, therefore, if the advice which I have given (however imperfect it may be) is of any benefit to any one, I am amply paid for my trouble, and if it does no good I have the satisfaction of knowing that it is given gratis, and has only cost me the paper upon which it has been written, and three hours and a half of time in preparing both articles for the press. Thanking you for your kindness in publishing the same,

Yours, &c.,
BILLA FLINT.

Belleville, Dec. 20th, 1879.

December Examinations, 1879.

ADMISSION TO HIGH SCHOOLS.—GRAMMAR PAPER.—TIME—TWO HOURS.

(VALUES—No. 1, 6; No. 2, 44; No. 3, 15; No. 4, 12; No. 5, 13; No. 6, 10.)

1. *Define*—Comparative Degree, Conjunction, Gender, Participle, Relative Pronoun and Subjunctive Mood.

2. *Parse*—"The Spaniards employed coastguards to keep off interlopers, the commanders of which were instructed to massacre all their prisoners.

3. *Analyze*: "After the banquet, a shower of scented water, scattered from invisible pipes, spread perfume over the apartment.

5. Correct the following, and give reasons for making the changes necessary:—

(*a*). I am not sure but what it is right.
(*b*). I will not go, except you promise to come too.
(*c*). He is more cleverer than any one I ever seen.

5. Give the past participle of *go, have, lay (to place)* and *drink*; the feminine of *earl, stag* and *mister*; the plural of *medium, madame, wharf* and *scarf* and the possessive plural of *mechanic* and *lady*.

6. (*a*) Give six rules for the use of capital letters.
(*b*) Inflect *which*.
(*c*) Inflect *to see*, in the future passive indicative.

BIRTH.

ROBERTS,—In this village, on the 7th inst., the wife of Mr. Thomas Roberts, of a son.

MARRIED.

MACKINTOSH—COWIE.—On December 31st, at the residence of the bride's father, township of Beverley, by the Rev. Robt. Thynne, William Mackintosh, Esq., Inspector of Public Schools for North Hastings, to Miss Agnes Cowie.

Montreal Irishmen are making arrangements to receive Mr. Parnell.

By a fire in New York yesterday morning four lives were lost and two other persons were badly burned.

The St. John cattle dealers are going into business on an extended scale next season. The firms are preparing large shipments for England to be made in a few weeks.

The leading operations on Wall-street, New York, are reported to have reached $80,000,000 last year. Of this sum the Vanderbilt estate is credited with $30,000,000.

It is thought in some quarters that Gen. Grant's mission to Mexico is to advance a scheme for the annexation of that country to the United States, and thereby make himself popular with the South as the Presidential candidate.

Madoc Markets

Flour, per brl	$6 50 to $6 00
Wheat, per bushel	1 30 to 0 00
Rye, "	0 70 to 0 00
Oats, "	0 40 to 0 00
Barley, "	0 55 to 0 50
Peas, "	0 65 to 0 00
Potatoes, "	0 30 to 0 00
Eggs, per doz	0 14 to 0 00
Butter, per lb	0 16 to 0 00
Hides, per cwt	7 00 to 7 50

$300 A MONTH guaranteed. $12 a day at home made by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys, and girls make money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as anyone can go right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their address at once and see for themselves. Costly Outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE East halves of Lots Nos. 25 and 26, in the Eighth concession of Madoc, will be sold cheap. Apply to the publishers of the REVIEW, Madoc, or to

H. HOLDEN,
Shannonville.
95-6m

Private Boarding House

PRIVATE BOARD and comfortable rooms can be obtained by applying to the undersigned, on Elgin Street, leading to the Model School.

MRS. J. HULIN.
Madoc, May 27th, 1879. 113

Land for Sale.

WEST half of Lot 10, in 7th concession of Marmora, (near the Gatling mine,) containing 100 acres, partly cleared. Price moderate and terms liberal. Apply to

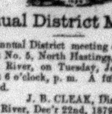
S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL,
27-2m 467 St. Paul St. Montreal

HARNESS! HARNESS!

P. SINCLAIR

HAS REMOVED HIS HARNESS SHOP TO

DALE'S BLOCK!



Annual District Meeting

THE annual District meeting of L. O. District No. 5, North Hastings, will be held at York River, on Tuesday, January 13th, 1880, at 6 o'clock, p. m. A full attendance requested.

J. B. CLEAK, District Master.
York River, Dec'r 22nd, 1879.

Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

HOME-MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

—AT—

MORRICE'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS

in all the different styles and sizes.

☞ CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.

MADOC
Flour & Feed Store

I BEG to announce to the citizens of Madoc and the public generally, that I have opened out in the

VICTORIA BLOCK

a first-class Grocery, Flour and Feed Store, and am now fully prepared to attend to the wants of customers.

CHOICE FAMILY FLOUR,
CORNMEAL,
OATMEAL,
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR,
BRAN, SHORTS,
AND
CRACKED FEED

of every description, kept constantly on hand.

PRIME MESS PORK,

By the barrel or pound.

GROCERIES,

CONSISTING OF

Teas, Sugars, Raisins, Currants,
SPICES, TOBACCOS, &c., &c.

Highest Cash Price Paid

FOR ALL KINDS OF GRAIN.

All goods purchased from me will be delivered free to any part of the village.

TERMS CASH.

ROBERT ROLLINS.

Madoc, December 10th, 1879.

FINAL NOTICE !!

I have fully made up my mind to change my Credit business to the Ready Pay System, by Cash or Produce taken in exchange for goods, considering it better for both myself and customers.

I close my Books on the 15th day of November, inst., and all parties indebted to me are requested to call and settle at once, or costs will be made.

G. M. BROOKS.

Madoc, Nov. 5th, 1879.

No. 1 DAIRY BUTTER.

W. R. McRAE,
BELLEVILLE,
WILL PAY

THE HIGHEST CASH PRICE

FOR FIRST-CLASS BUTTER.

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

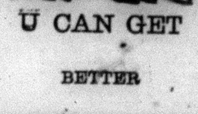
PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.



U CAN GET

BETTER

FURNITURE,

AND

MORE OF IT,

For Less Money

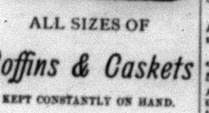
—AT—

M. MAYBEE'S,

than at any shop in the County.

CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

UNDERTAKING



ALL SIZES OF

Coffins & Caskets

KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Robes, Shrouds,

AND

FUNERAL FURNISHINGS.

M. MAYBEE.

Madoc, April 22nd, 1879.

MADOC PLANING MILLS.

The undersigned having removed their Planing Mills from Bridgewater to the Village of Madoc, and fitted up a

Planing Mill, Door, Sash and Blind Factory,

are now prepared to do all work in our line with promptness and despatch.

CUSTOM PLANING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

KERRS & WALTON.

Madoc, June 29th, 1879.

NEW GOODS!

Our stock of Fall and Winter Goods is now complete in every Department.

PRICES VERY LOW!

Sydmer Ross & Co.

Madoc, September 9th, 1879.

NEW GOODS,
at Low Prices

AT

JOHN ROBERTSON'S.

This Great Household Medicine Ranks among the leading necessaries of life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on

The Liver, Stomach, Kidneys,

and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the world.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts,

Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers.

it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even Asthma. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

GOUT, RHEUMATISM,

And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured only at

533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON,

And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered in Ottawa; hence, any one throughout the British possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

CALL FOR THE GREAT

SIERRA NEVADA SMOKING!

At C. G. Wilson's Drug Store, one of the most delicious aromas ever smoked. Cures colds, catarrh, asthma, and all bronchial complaints. Singers and speakers use it successfully. M. L. SMITH, Arkona, Ont.

FOUND!

—AT—

C. G. WILSON'S

Drug Store.

THE FINEST LOT OF

XMAS CARDS

AND

SCENT SATCHETS

IN TOWN. ALSO ALL SIZES OF

Autograph Albums,
Purses, Brushes,
Perfumery, &c.,

FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

$1500 TO $6,000 A YEAR, or $5 to $20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Any one can do the work. You can make from 50 cts. to $2 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth $5 also free; you can then make up your mind for yourself. Address GEO. STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

ST. CATHARINES NURSERIES.

A full assortment of splendid

FRUIT & ORNAMENTAL TREES.

ORDERS BY MAIL receive careful and prompt attention.

AGENTS WANTED!

To take Orders in every part of the country. PAY LIBERAL.

DEALERS!

Should call and see the Stock—it is unsurpassed. Prices as low as in the States, thereby saving the duty of twenty per cent. Address,

D. W. BEADLE,
140-6m St. Catharines

FARM AND GARDEN.

Seasonable Information for Tillers of the Soil.

Winter Egg Production.

To obtain a supply of winter eggs, we must have the chicks out in March or April. Leghorns and some of the smaller breeds will do in May or the first of June, but the Brahmas and Cochins must come off early, that they may have the full season for growth. The Asiatics are generally good layers in winter, and need less artificial heat, as nature has not furnished them with any ornamental appendages which suffer by exposure to frost. For them it is not necessary to spend large sums in warm buildings. What they can dispense with in this respect they demand in feed, which must be given regularly. The feed must be kept up and varied with animal and vegetable diet. The supply of water must never fail. We must feed and feed a long time before the eggs will come. Any breed of hens will consume an enormous quantity of feed before commencing to lay, but after having once begun they will not require, or even take so much grain. When laying their great craving is for vegetable and animal substances, and crushed clams or oyster shells. Fowls that are regularly trained have certain proportions of the day for their different feeds. My birds require their shells at night, as well as their greens and their grain in the morning, and always fresh water. When one has the time and convenience, and enjoys the petting of fowls, making warm stews on very cold days is an admirable plan, and the birds relish them marvellously. Take beef or pork scraps and put into an old kettle, having them previously chopped fine, and fill it half full of water. While stewing throw in a dozen chopped onions, two dozen cayenne peppers, and the day's coffee and tea grounds. Thicken the mixture with cornmeal, and serve it around among the hens hot. They relish it amazingly when once taught to eat it, and will look for the ration daily at the certain time. On cold winter days give this feed between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, and the chicks get their crops warmed up for the coming cold at night. If scraps are not handy boil unpeeled potatoes, and serve in the same manner, adding a little grease or cold gravies left over from yesterday's dinner.

The smaller varieties require warmer quarters and sunnier exposures than the Asiatics, and are good winter layers after December and early January. They will lay in the fall if early hatched, but the change of fall to winter, and the getting into winter quarters affects them, and they seldom commence again before the days begin to lengthen, at which time Brahmas will cease egg-production and become broody. Where one has the convenience it is well to keep both kinds, in order to insure a supply of eggs. It is useless to expect many eggs from old fowls of any variety. Have the buildings ready early, and the fowls of the right age and in condition to insure success. The business of our domestic hen is to produce eggs, and we must feed her for it.

Treatment of Sheep Rot.

The following appears in the veterinary column of the London *Field*:

Rot in sheep is perhaps a more serious form of parasitic disorder than husk or "worm in the throat," even if it is not so widely diffused. As we have explained, the malady is due to the ravages of the fluke (*Distoma hepaticum*) in the liver, the worms being introduced in the inchoate state in the bodies of fresh-water molluscs, which are swallowed by sheep when feeding in water meadows or wet lands, when drinking from stagnant pools. The progress of the liver rot is slow or rapid, according to the circumstances in which the animals are placed. If the flukes are few in number, and the food of the pasture is of tolerably good quality—and especially if the flock-master, aware of the character of the land, has taken the precaution to supplement the grass with manger food, as hay, meal or oilcake—the sheep may remain some time before they show much derangement; but more commonly the grasses on rotting lands are unsubstantial, watery food, and the sheep have to suffer from inanition, besides the disturbance to the digestive functions which results from the parasites in the liver ducts, and in such cases the disease proceeds rapidly to the stage of extreme emaciation, and the mortality is often considerable. At best the animals are worthless. We lately heard of a breeder who had a lot of ewes affected with rot at the rate of 1s. per head, and it was remarked at the time that they were dear at the price. The existence of rot is generally ascertained without much difficulty by the appearance of the animal. In early stage a peculiarly watery and pallid appearance of the eye is a symptom on which the shepherd places his chief reliance. The final test, however, is the detection of flukes in the gall ducts, and usually an opportunity will occur for a post mortem examination, which will place the matter beyond doubt.

Liver rot being known to exist in the flock, the question of treatment naturally arises, and there are several points which require consideration. First, it is well to be quite certain whether or not the sheep became infected on the ground where the disease was discovered. A mistake in this direction may be serious, because it is most important that the animals should be removed from the place of where the larvæ of the fluke are to be found. It will often be ascertained on inquiry that the sheep have been recently purchased, or that they have been feeding in other pastures; and it may be the case that the ground on which the sheep are at the time of the investigation is perfectly healthy. When it appears on inquiry that the affection has originated in the pastures where the animals are still feeding, it becomes a more common sense proceeding to move them to higher and drier land. If from any cause this essential step cannot be taken, treatment is not likely to be of much use. Experience has proved over and over again that rotten sheep have a fair chance of recovery if they are taken in the early stage of the disease, to a bare, dry pasture, where they will be required to hunt their living; whereas if they continue on the wet ground, even if they do not take up more larvæ forms of flukes, which most likely they will do, there is little opportunity for the restoration of the tone of the digestive organs, and the majority of them die after the flukes have all been expelled. Undoubtedly the successful treatment of rot necessitates the placing of the infected animals in a favorable position, and supplying them with dry nutritious food, with the addition of salt both in form of rock salt which may be scattered about their feeding ground — and bay salt, which may be mixed with the manger food, so that as it may be, every sheep may get about an ounce per day.

To Keep Your Horses Healthy.

A writer in the *Journal of Chemistry* says both the health and comfort of horses have of late years been greatly improved by the better construction of stables. They are made more roomy and lofty, and provided with means of thorough ventilation. In many new stables lofts are done away with, or the floor of the lofts is kept well above the horses' heads, and ample shafts are introduced to convey away foul air. By perforated bricks and gratings under the mangers and elsewhere around the walls, and also by the windows and ventilators, abundance of pure air is secured for horses, while, being introduced in moderate amount and from various directions, it comes in without draught. Too much draught is almost an unknown stable luxury. To secure a constant supply of pure air horses require more space than they generally enjoy. Even when animals are stabled only at night, a minimum of 1,500 cubic feet should be allowed. In England the newer cavalry barracks gave a minimum of 1,500 feet, with a ground area of fully ninety square feet per horse, and the best breeding and carriage horses have more room.

Ontario Apples in the Maritime Provinces.

The *Canadian Horticulturist* says:—We have heard much of the fine apples of Nova Scotia, and that in some seasons their surplus fruit had found a ready sale in the markets of Great Britain at prices which were quite remunerative to the shipper. Such being the case, it would seem like sending coals to Newcastle for Ontario fruit growers to think of finding a market for their apples in any of the Maritime Provinces, so long as Nova Scotia had apples to spare which brought remunerative prices in England; much less would it be thought practicable to find a market for them in Nova Scotia herself. But our President has recently received a letter from Mr. Charles E. Brown, of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, in which he says: "Since my first experimental order of ten barrels in 1876, I have increased my orders to one hundred barrels last year and this, as acquaintance with their excellence among my friends enables me to dispose of them at cost and charges. In a year or two we shall have all rail connection, and it will then be practicable to order carloads, at less cost for transit than over the present route. There will ultimately be a good market here for Ontario fruit if we can establish relations with reliable growers. Honesty is a very essential point in the fruit as in all other business. In some thirty years' experience I have never found a shipper to ever approach Mr. J. Miller in average merit of the contents of a barrel of apples. Canada may be proud of such men, but they don't grow elsewhere. We called attention to Mr. Brown's orders for Ontario apples in the January number, and endeavored to show our readers that our sister provinces would become a market for our surplus apples of prime quality, put up with sound judgment and scrupulous integrity. The quotation above given from Mr. Brown's letter sets before us in the clearest light the great importance of shipping only perfect fruit, not allowing a single defective apple to get into the barrel. It is not necessary that the fruit should be of the very largest size possible. Overgrown specimens are not usually as well flavored as those of more moderate dimensions. Each variety has its own natural or normal size when the tree has reached maturity, and no apple should be put up of any variety that is materially below this normal size, and that is not free from all defects and blemishes. It is a pleasure to be able to say that we know of other shippers of fruit in this vicinity who are equally careful and honest in their packing of fruit, and we would name them here were it not that by so doing we might seem to cast a doubt upon the integrity of others with whose style of packing we do not hapen to be acquainted. Those who have, by strict attention to the perfect character of their fruit, established a reputation for sending out nothing but strictly first class apples, can always command a remunerative price. The varieties which Mr. Miller sent were the R. I. Greening, Swayzie Pomme Grise, Montreal Pomme Grise, Northern Spy, Esopus Spitzenburg, Westfield Seek-no-further, and Snow Apple. Of these, Mr. Brown says all the barrels contained sound, beautiful fruit," and my friends often write me in the highest praise of them."

Take off the Check-Rein.

When the check-rein is drawn so as to derange the natural incline of the head, it causes a stiffness of the neck and a pressure of the cervical and dorsal vertebræ, changes the natural position of the windpipe, and interferes with free respiration. The neck being raised curves the vertebræ of the back, making it hollow, which has the tendency to draw the hind legs forward under the body, or thrust the body backward on them. This deprives him of the power of extending himself. Because by changing the natural carriage of the horse, you cause a greater demand on his strength for the resistance against natural motion, and the action will be dwelling and slow. The shoulders being inclined out of position throws the support of the front legs, cramps the withers, which divides the free movement of each leg, and impairs the freedom and suppleness of his front action; for, as the front legs are kept stiff so is the spring diminished, which is the essence of free action, and in proportion as the weight on the front legs is interfered with by over extension in the front, so does contraction of the suspensory and lateral ligaments the flexor muscles and back tendons take place. This is the prolific cause of the knuckling over the pasterns and springing of the knees. Besides, as undue bearing is being brought on the lumbar vertebræ, serious strain is produced on the loins and rear parts, and disordered state of these members is the consequence. Hence come lumbago, vertigo, spinal meningitis, and other diseases of the spine, to say nothing of the contracted heels, navicular-joint disease and leg disorders. Moreover, the head being drawn up in a constrained position, not only the neck is stiffened, but the muscles of the eyes likewise retract, alter the focus of the sight, strain the optic nerve, and as it were, force the eyes from their sockets, and sometimes so distort them as to prevent the closing of the lids. In this manner the poor creature is sometimes left for hours exposed to the dazzling rays of the hot sun, the least consequence of which must be inflammation of the cornea and the lens itself. Do we wonder then at the number of weak-eyed, moon eyed and blind horses. Only reflect, good Christians, for one moment what an instrument of torture we have invented, and what a sin we daily commit by this heartrending punishment of our most submissive, faithful and noblest of servants.

Curry the Horse.

"Cleanliness is next to godliness," the old law says; and because some horses, after a day's work in the field or on the farm, are turned out to seek a resting place in the pasture, is no reason why they should not be kept clean. Cleanliness adds to health, and they, one and all, ought to be thoroughly cleaned daily, no matter whether they are turned out or in. Rubbing with the curry-comb or brush circulates the blood and makes healthy perspiration; and no horse will carry a fine coat without it. The farmer will see the necessity of having his horse washed and curried every morning before breakfast, when I tell him that it will increase the spirits of the animal, and in fitting him for his day's work; and when he is brought home at night, wet through, covered with mud, and generally filthy after a hard day's work, in bad weather, the man who does not see that horse cleaned off and made comfortable, is not fit to belong to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

ADAM'S FALL.

What it Has Cost Husbands and Fathers Ever Since.

(From the Whitehall Times.)

Adam was the first man—if he had been a shoemaker he would have been the last man.

He was placed in the Garden of Eden, and was himself the guardian of Eden. He consequently had no partner to order him up mornings, and he, therefore, played it alone.

All the clothes he had for a long time was the close of day, while a mantle of night was his bedclothes.

He had dominion over the fish of the sea, the birds of the air, and he also had dominion over the earth.

He was finally furnished with a woman of A-rib-ia, who was sent to Eden for Adam's Express Company. She was bone of his beanin', and if she had been called Nancy she would have been his bone-Nancy.

She was a very good cook, for she soon cooked up trouble for Adam, and got him into hot water.

When Adam went down to the office mornings, Eve always went to her household duties, but she was a fortunate woman in one respect. She had no washings to do on Monday, so Adam was never afflicted by being obliged to eat mush and milk from the clock shelf.

Eve never called him back and told him to send home some soup or starch at once, nor did it cost Adam five shillings a week for clothes pins, for the beautiful smile that Mr. and Mrs. Adam always wore could be licked clean with the tip ends of their tongues.

But they were not a happy couple, for the Fourth of July was unknown in Eden.

They never listened to the bang of the cannon, the gun or the firecracker, but Eve used to bang her hair quite often.

Adam never
- wore tight boots.
- had { corns. / shirts with buttons off. / holes in his stockings. / holes in his pockets. }
- wore patched pantaloons.
- split for cream on his lavender pants.
- pawned his sister.
- pulled down his vest.
- burst his suspender buttons.
- paid $5 per day for weaning.
- owed his tailor.

Eve never
- wore { corsets. / striped stockings. / rats. / mice. / frizzes. }
- was bothered to find a dressmaker.
- found fault with her milliner.
- gossiped with her next-door neighbor.
- went to church and made fun of a rival's new bonnet.
- had beaux from church.

When we say never, no one need say hardly ever. But Mr. and Mrs. Adam fell just the same, as we draw a veil over their fall, let us ask every head of a family if they don't feel like howling when they remember that Adam didn't know what a good thing he had

When he didn't have any { dressmakers / milliners / shoemakers / hosiery / jewelry / false hair / ribbon / taffy } bills to pay.

But he could have laid in his hammock from sunrise to sunset, and read the daily papers without feeling that he must go down town and work like thunder, so his wife and daughters could all have new bonnets to wear to church on next Sabbath day.

Adam was a queer buck, and fathers of to-day owe him a sockdologer.

—Provisions were never so dear before as at present in Naples, and the Mayor and his agents are investigating the charges of the grocers, butchers, bakers and candle-stick makers. Milan is also suffering from exorbitant prices in meats. Every large city in Italy is in fact complaining over the cost of the prime necessaries of life to the poorer citizens.

—At Gateshead, England, a case has come to light of a female Fagin, wife of a clerk, who compelled her children, by dreadful threats, to pick pockets.

—The London *Tablet* says that the necessities of the Holy See are now so urgent that the Vatican expenditure has been further reduced in many respects.

—A French cook can take a rib of mutton and turn out a spring pullet.

DAN RICE TURNS EVANGELIST.

The Famous Circus Manager Appearing in an Astonishing Role.

Coming Out as a Convert Under the Patronage of Mr. Moody—What His Brother Professionals Think of His Change of Heart.

(New York Star.)

A dispatch from St. Louis yesterday announced the interesting fact that Dan Rice, the well-known circus manager, had been converted to religion, and would at once enter the field as an evangelist. The dispatch also stated that he had had an interview with Mr. Dwight L. Moody, who is holding meetings in St. Louis, and would make his debut, so to speak, under that eminent evangelist's patronage, and then seek fields for individual effort. A reporter of the *Star* with a view of ascertaining how Mr. Rice's conversion would be regarded by his brother professionals of the ring, went to the old Globe Theatre in Broadway, where he was certain to find some circus people. The place appeared to be deserted, but the reporter, groping his way through the dimly lighted auditorium, saw a ghostly figure on the stage, and heard a female voice there, answering a male voice in the flies.

"Do you know Dan Rice?" shouted the reporter.

"Everybody in the business knows him," answered the voice in the flies; "go and see Mr. Murray and Mr. Stickney in the box-office. The reporter went. He found Mr. John H. Murray, the veteran ringmaster, Mr. Robert Stickney, the circus rider, and some of their employees.

"Do you know Dan Rice?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, we all know him," chorused the group.

"He's become converted and is going to preach."

"We are with him, but I'm afraid he's late," said one.

"Did he ever show a leaning toward a religious life?" asked the reporter.

"He always believed in a God and let his men go to church," said Mr. Stickney.

"Did he go to church himself?"

"Oh, yes, always when he had an opportunity. He used to go with his wife and children."

"Then he was a moral man?"

"Well, I can't say that he was a strictly moral man, but as moral as the average," said Mr. Murray. "His advice was always good; he was always strict as to the conduct of the members of his company, and allowed nothing improper, or that would appear improper; but he drifted away in late years. He lost a good deal of money."

"You mean, perhaps, that he drank too much?"

"Yes, but he had hard luck, you know," added Mr. Murray, apologetically.

"Do you think he would make a success as an evangelist?"

"No doubt. Dan would draw a good house, and would become one of the most popular men in the country. Nature gave him a good command of language, and he can make a first rate *impromptu* speech.

"I'll bet my boots that he would draw larger houses than ever Moody and Sankey did," chimed in an enthusiastic bystander.

"Dan was a self-made man," continued Mr. Murray. "He was born in Girard, Pa., and took to politics when a young man; he was a good stump speaker and naturally witty then he went into the show business as a negro minstrel and a Hercules."

"A what?"

"A Hercules, the strong man; lifted weights and pulled against horses."

"Was he physically a very strong man."

"Yes; then he went into the circus business; he was with Spaulding & Rogers for a while and then with Forepaugh & O'Brien, who paid him $25,000 for the summer season."

"In what capacity?"

"Ringmaster, manager and clown; he was the best clown in the country; then he travelled up and down the Mississippi with a circus of his own; he had a steamboat of his own, which was his hotel; his family and company lived on board; he loved his children deeply, and hired a teacher and had a school-room on board, where they and the children of his employees were taught; I was with him fifteen years; his daughters were highly educated; one is now living in Girard and another is traveling in Germany with her husband; he used to attend church every time he had a chance in those days."

"Did he have a predilection for any peculiar sect or denomination?"

"The Methodist, I believe; he has a half-brother down in Pennsylvania who I believe is one of the strongest exhorters in the State. They were great friends, and no doubt the half-brother had more or less influence over him."

"Has he not made a good deal of money in his day?"

"Yes, I suppose a million at least. At one time he was more popular than Barnum, but he has no turn for business details, and has lost several fortunes through people who took advantage of his good nature and easygoing habits. He gave generously to the churches and for all charitable purposes. Just after the war he built a monument at Erie, Pa., in respect to the memory of the dead soldiers at a cost of $20,000. He is a well read man and conversant upon all the topics of the day. If he had been educated when young he might have made his mark in the world; well, he has made his mark, but I mean in a different sphere."

"Isn't there a growing disposition among the theatrical and kindred professions to turn to religion?"

"Not that I know of. There are men in our profession who go to church and are as good Christians as those in other walks of life," and Mr. Murray seemed hurt, as if at the thought that a slur upon his profession had been meant, whereat the reporter apologized and took his leave.

A SPANISH SUMMER.

Three Rainless Months—How Forests Preserve the Snows.

(La Granja Letter to London Times.)

The author of the well known nursery rhyme, "Rain, rain go to Spain; when you're wanted come again," seems to have had a correct knowledge of the ordinary laws and vicissitudes of the atmosphere in the various climates of Europe. All the private and public information that reaches us from the various points of the compass tends to establish the fact that Spain, at least south of the Guadarrama Mountains, is the only region between the North Sea and the Mediterranean that has this year been blessed—or punished—with a real summer. There has not been a drop of rain in Madrid or at the royal seat of La Granja de San Ildefonso for the last three months, and extremely rare have been the instances even of thin and evanescent clouds tempering the ardor of the blazing sun or veiling the brilliancy of the moon and stars. In some of the southern provinces, as well as in large districts of the Castilian and Aragonese table land, the crops, denied all moisture, having been a failure, and oidium, phylloxera, locusts and more plagues than were known in Pharaoh's Egypt have ravaged vineyards, orchards and olive groves so as to blight the most sanguine hopes of the kindly fruits of the earth.

There is much cause for complaint and more for anxiety. Spain has long been scourged by the dryness of her climate, and hundreds and thousands of her lustiest laborers are quitting a soil which has been vainly bathed with the drops of their toil and with the tears of their half famished families. To escape from the summer heat of Murcia and Almeria by emigrating to Oran or Constantine may seem like falling from the frying pan into the fire. Not less than forty thousand jaded persons, one tithe of the Madrid population, have gladdened the hearts of the keepers of hotels, boarding, gambling and other houses clustering round the Bay of Biscay, at Biarritz, San Juan de Luz, Bayonne and the other haunts of which throughout the period between June and October bear the name of "Little Spain." But even Spanish towns, even dreary Madrid, rising as it does between two thousand and three thousand feet above the level of the sea, is fresher, healthier and more habitable than either Rome or any other Italian city. Its site was ill chosen in many respects, but it was once the center of a vast forest, and at the Buen Retiro, at the Casa de Campo or the Pardo the reigning dynasties have contrived to keep up as much shade as will neutralize the sun's heat for many hours of the day.

Away from Madrid the avenues at the baths of Alhama, in Arragon, the waterfalls, grottoes, and groves of the neighboring Monasterio de Piedra, the deep groves of La Puda, and many other watering places in Catalonia, and the sea bathing at San Sebastian, at the Arenas of Bilbao and all along the north western coast, supply the natives with charming summer retreats, where at sunset it is deemed an imprudence to go about without an abrigo or top-coat. And even without traveling farther from Madrid than the thirteen leagues which separate the Royal Alcazar in Plaza de Oriente from the royal seat of La Granja de San Ildefonso, one can live for the four hottest months—June, July, August and September—enjoying all the blessings without any of the drawbacks of the summer heat.

There has been, I repeat, not one drop of rain at La Granja from the beginning of June. Yet the trees in the square before the palace, the shrubs of the parterres of the King's garden or park have not one leaf parched or shrunken, and the turf looks as fresh and verdant as it may be on the slopes of Windsor or the flats of Hampton court. We are here 3,800 feet above the level of the sea; the mountains all around, clad in their primeval pines, have not even yet, in mid-August, let down all the snow nestling in the hollows, of their deep gorges; the brawling of rushing streams gladdens the ear under the green garden avenues, supplying the luxury of the score of fountains which royal magnificence has laid out with consummate taste, some of which, like that of Da Fama, sends up in festive days sparkling spouts rising so many hundred feet in the air that their rainbow-crowned spray may be seen across the country as far as Segovia, six miles off.

All around, outside the Royal domains, are splendid drives shaded by lofty avenues and fine bridle paths across wild heaths covered with brushwood, along tumbling trout streams leading to sylvan spots of unsurpassed Alpine lovliness, to the Boca del Asno, to the Casade Vacas, to Robleda, to the ruins of the old castle of Valsian, with more ragged ways into the heart of the Sierra, to the Reventon or cleft in the mountains, and to hoary solitude of El Paular. What spot on earth can imagination conjure up for the more bracing and vigorating summer abode? The sun is burning fiercely for a few hours of the day away from the shade of the trees and from the relief of the mountain breeze. But the breeze is seldom failing, and for shade we are nowhere at a loss; and at the rising or setting of the sun the elasticity of the air, its purity, the fragrancy of the wild thyme and of the pine foliage with which it is impregnated, have softness, sweetness, and balminess which the Alps themselves cannot rival. No dew falls here, yet there is no moisture in the air, the comparative length of the night in this southern latitude tempering the parching influence of the day's drought.

The peasant in the field, the soldier at parade or drill, the sportsman in pursuit of game, can thrive in the noontide glare; and the lounge of the court and fashionable circle is taken here before lunch time, between 11 and 1 o'clock, little inconvenience being felt from the heat even by the children and nurses playing with hoops and skipping ropes in the sun on the palace terrace. And yet, with all these natural charms and several scores of fine houses with gardens and two country inns, La Granja seems to have little attraction for the Spaniards, and was this year little better than a desert till the King graced the palace with his presence. Hardly anybody but those for whom the only alternative lies between this and Madrid are here even now. And of those whom duty claims to the spot, many are panting for Biarritz, and some are off to that darling spot whenever health or pressing private affairs supply a pretext for their absence. In those that remain it is pleasant to study some of the peculiarities of Spanish summer life.

MOREL FOR SUNDAY CONTEMPLATION.

A gentle hand can lead an elephant by a hair.

The only disadvantage of an honest heart is credulity.

We are apt to consider an act wrong because it is unpleasant to us.

Half the ills we hoard in our hearts are ills because we hoard them.

By being contemptible we set men's minds to the tune of contempt.

If we are right at heart we are orthodox in life, whatever we may be in belief.

A leaf, a sunbeam, a landscape, the ocean, make an analogous impression on the mind.

Laws are like cobwebs, which may catch small flies, but let wasps and hornets break through.

One's self-satisfaction is an untaxed kind of property which it is very unpleasant to find depreciated.

It is by attempting to reach the top at a single leap that so much misery is produced in the world.

When gratitude has become a matter of reasoning there are many ways of escaping from its bonds.

The man who can hold his tongue longest in controversy is the one who will come out successful in the end.

If those who over-eat and those who half starve were to strike a balance the world would be well fed.

A man may practice sin for years and never know that he possesses a conscience until his sins are found out.

The reason so many people upset and sink in the stream of life is because they put up more sail than they can carry.

Every man has in himself a continent of undiscovered character. Happy is he who acts the Columbus of his own soul.

Mirth should be the embroidery of the contentment, not the web, and wit the ornament of the mind, not the furniture.

The very tenderest bit of woman's heart comes out toward the man she loves when she first discovers she has something to pardon in him—and pardons.

Anybody can soil the reputation of any individual, however pure and chaste, by uttering a suspicion that his enemies will believe and his friends never hear of.

We do not banish ugly people, whose ugliness we can not catch; but moral deformity is so far worse than physical plainness in that it can be imitated, and often is caught, like disease, by contact.

He that embarks in the voyage of life will always wish to advance rather by the impulse of the mind than the strokes of the oar, and many founder in the passage while they lie waiting for the gale.

The web of our life is of mingled yarn, good and ill together, our virtue would be proud if our faults whipped them not, and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtue.

He that giveth good advice builds with one hand; he that gives good counsel and example builds with the other; but he that gives good admonition and bad example builds with one hand and pulls down with the other.

The every-day cares and duties which men call drudgery are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration, and its hands a regular motion, and when they cease to hang upon the wheels the pendulum no longer swings, the hands no longer move, the clock stands still.

WHY ARE THERE ANY UNMARRIED WOMEN?

One of the greatest social problems of the day is to explain why there are so many marriagable women who never get married. Some say that it is owing to an excess in numbers of women over men, in consequence of which there are not husbands enough to go round. This, however, is disproved by statistics. Take the world through, and figures show that there are as many men in it as there are women. Others attribute it to the expensiveness of modern life. Men do not marry because, it is said, they cannot afford to. But the fact is, that no man who truly loved a woman ever hesitated to become engaged to her and eventually marry her because of poverty. There are cold-blooded men, with no idea of any feeling for a woman stronger than languid admiration, who may be deterred from assuming what they regard as a burden in the shape of a wife, unless assured of a liberal income, but most are not so calculating. Others, again, attribute the evil to women's fastidiousness. They expect too much in a husband, and, while waiting for an impossible shadow, let the possible substance slip through their fingers. This is a libel on the sex. As a rule they are no more fastidious than men are, and are just as susceptible as men to that enchantment of love which invests its object with every perfection and covers up every fault. So far as men and women are concerned, they are as prone to marriage now as in any period of the world's history. Nevertheless, there are the women waiting for husbands and not getting them. They are pretty, they are accomplished, they are sensible, and under proper training, they would make excellent wives and mothers; but they never get a chance. What seems to be needed is a more thorough method of bringing men and women into social contact with each other.—*Cricket in the Hearth.*

—Fate is not much of a play, but the Almayne combination is an excellent Company.

—Somebody has invented an opera glass with a secret receptacle for the owner's "peculiar vanity," which will forever do away with the necessity of going out between the acts to see a man.

—Just as soon as any man imagines that the world owes him a living he will seek to collect the debt from some one who has gained his own living and laid up something besides.

—The stage door keeper at Wallack's has been connected with that play house for eighteen years, and says that during that time he never saw a drama, comedy or opera performed. "I have no interest in the play," he added, "and would not sit through a piece if paid for it."

THEIR WEDDING NIGHT.

How it Was Spent by an Unsophisticated Bridegroom.

(From the Cincinnati Enquirer.)

A bridal couple from one of our neighboring towns, recently married, went to the thriving city of Springfield, O., on their bridal tour. They arrived at the Lagonda House in that place about 9 o'clock in the evening. The bride waited in the ladies' reception room, while her liege lord went to the office to register his name, and for the first time to write with it, "and wife." The polite clerk was notified of the fact that he was a fresh and newly-married man, and the bridal chamber was accordingly assigned them. The groom retired from the office accompanied by a servant, and with his bonnie bride repaired to the bridal room. In about half an hour the affable clerk at the "Lagonda" was surprised to see the groom walking in the office, and still more surprised to notice that he deliberately walked to an easy chair in a dark corner and seated himself with a disappointed but determined sort of an air. The clerk waited for some minutes, all the time wondering if there could so soon have been a family row. He watched the young husband closely, endeavoring to discover by his actions the cause of his so suddenly and so soon retiring from the chamber which contained his fair young bride. But his watching was in vain. There sat the groom in the shadow of a pillar, quiet and calm. Finally the clerk's curiosity became so great that he determined to interview the young man about the matter. Approaching him in a respectful manner, he said:

"My friend, pardon me, but I don't understand why you have so soon left the bridal chamber. Has anything serious happened?"

"Oh, no," said the young fellow. "Jennie is an awful modest young girl, and she said that she couldn't retire as long as I was in the room. I told her that she would have to get used to it sooner or later, and she might as well commence the first night. But she said 'no,' and pleaded so hard, and with such love looks that I couldn't refuse her, and at her request left the room and came down here."

"Well, what are you going to do," said the curious clerk. "You don't propose to sit here all night, do you?"

"No siree! You bet I don't. Jennie promised that as soon as she got undressed she would turn the gas low, and then ring the bell. As soon as I heard it I was to go to my room. I will sit here, and if you will please tell me when the bell to my room rings I will be obliged, and I will go up."

"All right," said the amused clerk; "when your bell rings I'll tell you," and, so saying, he left the newly-made husband. Time rolled on, and an hour passed. The young fellow anxiously came to the desk and inquired over and over again "if his bell hadn't rung," and when the answer came, "No, sir!" he looked troubled and anxious. Finally he settled himself in an easy chair, and soon the clerk heard his sonorous snores. The night past and daylight came, but the bell of the bridle chamber had not so much as tinkled once all night. At 6 o'clock the daylight clerk came on duty, and the groom, who had been sleeping soundly, was awakened. He rubbed his eyes, yawned and stretched himself, and, in a confused manner, exclaimed, "Where am I?"

Then recollecting the condition of affairs he angrily said; "Look here, Mr. Clerk, why in the devil didn't you wake me up when that 'ar bell rang?"

"Well, sir, it didn't ring."

"Didn't ring?"

"No, sir."

"No, sir; not once."

"What! not once during the whole night?"

"No."

"Well, that is darned strange. By gosh, I don't understand this business. I'll go to the room and see Jennie, and find out what the devil she means keeping me down here all night," and off he started.

About 12 o'clock he entered the dining-room with bright-eyed Jennie on his arm, and they sat down to dinner. After the repast Jennie went to her room, and her handsome and now happy husband repaired to the office "to explain things to the clerk."

"Look here," he said, in a confidential tone, "don't say anything about this to anyone, for Jeanie feels awful bad about it; but the truth is, she went to turn the gas down low, and turned it out. This frightened her so that she jumped into bed and and pulled the covers over her head, and was afraid to get up again to ring the bell; and, besides, she didn't know where the bell was. Said she thought I'd come every minute, and waited and waited until she fell asleep. Poor girl, she nearly cried her eyes out about it. I didn't like it much at first, but then she felt so awfully sorry, and was so sweet and nice, and made it all right, you know; so I don't blame her. She said I needn't leave the room to-night, and I don't propose to, either, you bet."

WINTER WALKING.

The Delights of a Ramble in the Crisp Christmas Air.

The excesses and absurdities of professional "pedestrianism" will have inflicted a serious injury on the land if they make it less the fashion to "take a walk." Especially in wintry weather this most natural and pleasant form of exercise was not enough in vogue before the pedomaniacs did their worst to bring it into disrepute. And yet, who that has experienced it would exchange the exhilaration that comes from being "all in a glow" after a brisk walk through the sparkling air, for the social or the merely lazy satisfaction of having had a ride? The reflections of the poet Holmes' "proud pedestrian" are no fanciful sketch to real lovers of a winter's walk. The lassitude of spring and the langour of summer, which made sauntering either a necessity or a delight, now give way to the vim and vigor of health, seeking its natural expression of activity under favorable conditions. How clear and sweet is the nipping and eager air! How it inspires and sustains one in a swinging gait of four or five miles an hour! How the cheeks glow, and the eyes shine, and the muscles tingle with a delightful vigor, after such a walk through the winter sunshine!

The able-bodied man who will crouch down shiveringly in the corner of a street car—in an air rank and fetid from the pack of humanity breathing and exhaling therein—when he has only two or three miles to walk, deserves to be assailed by the deamons of influenza, neuralgia, coughs, colds and headaches that lurk therein. Even a ride in a buggy or sleigh robs the trip of half its benefits. The air is good, to be sure, but the exercise is lacking, and its resulting benefits to the blood and the muscular and nervous systems.

Winter walking is a sure cure for cold feet. It banishes the "creep-crawls" from the spinal column, and sends the sluggish blood about its business. As a "nervine" it is a million times better than medicine, and for improving the complexion it is worth a whole harborful of lotions and washes. It will put an edge on appetite that you can't buy at the doctor's and in promoting digestion is better than a corner drugstore's entire stock of bitters and pills. If you are physically "up to it," take a walk—not a shivering and protesting dress parade for duty, or a lazy "constitutional," but a lively turn, with a vim in it that can laugh at a December nor'wester.—*Golden Rule.*

A LOVE STORY IN WHICH BISMARK FIGURES.

(Berlin Correspondence London Globe.)

Previous to his marriage with Baroness Puttkammir, Prince Bismarck, on whom his father-in-law was rather loth to bestow his daughter's hand, as he had become acquainted with his future son-in-law's reckless pranks, was known for his wild life, which gained for him the sobriquet "eccentric Bismarck." Many stories were afloat of his love affairs, some of which did great honor to him, showing as they did his chivalrous regard for pure womanhood. One of these accounts was lately recalled to my mind by the news of the Chancellor having bestowed a handsome present on the daughter of a Tyrolese peasant girl, whose acquaintance he had made in his youthful rambles through the mountains. This country maiden, whose father, a Catholic, was a wealthy peasant, had so enchanted young Otto von Bismarck, then probably not dreaming of the greatness in store for him, that he seriously proposed for her hand, an offer which was categorically refused by the parent on account of his Protestant faith. He was sorely disappointed at the rebuff, but tore himself away from the object of his affection, who, a few years afterwards, was, against her wish, forced to marry a strict Catholic. She settled at Salzburg, and died there, after giving birth to a daughter, in whose welfare the Chancellor took a warm interest. On hearing of his protege's engagement and approaching wedding, Prince Bismarck sent her his best wishes, accompanied by a valuable gift.

—It is thought a pretty good joke in Paris that both M. Gambetta and his secretary should have forgotten, when they moved into the Palais Bourbon, to make their declaration of their change of residence required by the law. If the law is enforced they must pay double taxes on their twelve horses and five carriages, by way of a reminder to be more thoughtful next time.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S STUDY AT ABBOTSFORD.

How it Looks in These Days.

(From Land and Water.)

An old college scout at Christ Church, Oxford, one "Cicero Cook," held an aphorism that a man's character could be told by the books and surroundings in his study.

At Sir Walter Scott's house, therefore, I expected to find a reflex of the thoughts of the great novelist. The house itself stands at the bottom of a steep declivity which leads from the main road. It is built close to the Tweed, and the Gala water falls into it just below. The general appearance of the house is that of an old castle, but made with modern stone, a design suggested by the antiquarian mind of Sir Walter Scott, who evidently treasured up many things which otherwise would have perished. For instance, the old Tolbooth of Edinburgh, having been demolished in 1817, the stones of the portal were given to Sir Walter Scott, and rebuilt into a doorway, which bears the following inscription:

The Lord of Armies is my protector,
Blessit ar thay that trust in the Lord.—1575.

I had to wait a few minutes in the little room before the guide came to conduct us over the house.

In this ante-hall were several curious prints, especially a picture of a sea-fight, the Wolverine, Captain Montague, taking some French luggage; a desperate fight between the Russian and Cossack cavalry, 1800; a procession in Edinburgh; and a trunk made of tiger-skin, probably a present to Sir Walter years ago.

The first room we were ushered into was Sir Walter Scott's study, the furniture of which is left exactly as when Sir Walter died. The table on which he wrote is an old-fashioned affair, but has many drawers and many wings, just the table to suit a man who had a great many papers to deal with. The arm-chair is covered with leather, and just the sort of chair into which a busy man would delight to throw himself back and think. Near the fire-place is a piece of furniture made from portions of the Spanish Armada, with this motto, "Afflavit Deus et disipantur." The tables in the dining-hall at Westminster School are made from portions of the wreck of the same Armada. All around the room are numerous shelves with books, and half-way up the room a gallery with more books, very like what we have at the Athenæum Club. It may have been possible that Sir Walter took the hint from the Athenæum, which was founded in 1824, and of which Sir Walter was one of the first members. Behind the chair is a cupboard devoted to Sir Walter's pipes and sticks, and I was delighted to find out that Sir Walter Scott smoked. Among the books I noticed bound copies of the French newspaper, the *Moniteur*.

I could not think why Sir Walter had such a collection of the *Moniteur* until my friend Mr. Walpole, who was with me, told me he thought Sir Walter Scott had bound them because they would contain Napoleon's bulletins, and were the official repository of French dispatches in those days. In return for his kindness, I told Mr. Walpole that I should be only too pleased if I could find my book in the library relating to his family, so I looked about sharp, and within five minutes I caught sight of two—namely; "Orford's Works" and "Memoir of H. Walpole."

The next room to the study, the drawing-room, is a wonderful place. At one end of it stands an admirable bust of Sir Walter by my godfather, Sir Francis Cantrey.

In a bay window is a table containing many interesting relics, as follows:—Portrait of James Stuart, born June 10, 1688, died at Rome 1766. The purse of Rob Roy, also the Skein Dhu—English black knife or dagger—belonging to Rob Roy. The tumbler used by Burns. Tam o' Shanter's snuff box. Napoleon's portfolio, ornamented with golden bees. This, if I mistake not, was presented to Sir Walter by the Duke of Wellington, probably at the time when he was writing "The Life of Napoleon." The Duke's autograph accompanies Napoleon's portfolio. A lock of Lord Nelson's hair. A lock of the Duke of Wellington's hair.

In this room there are some ebony chairs, also some very old, handsome furniture which I do not understand. These were presented by King George IV.

In the next room — the dining-room — is a picture of Sir Walter Scott, taken about 1815 by Rayburn, one of the most famous portrait painters that ever lived. Standing by Sir Walter are represented two hounds — one Maida, the Luffra of the Lady of the Lake, and of another hound called Menus.

A portrait of an old lady struck me as wonderful, and I admired it still more when I was told it was Sir Walter Scott's mother. There is also a fine portrait of King James I., and a marvelous bit of work, namely; Camrood's painting of the head of Mary Queen of Scots, the day after this unfortunate lady was beheaded. I was transfixed by this picture, as the features of life seemed to have been suddenly frozen by death into the cold pale face; particularly well did I observe that the lips were pursed up—probably the facial expression of the very last moment of this unfortunate lady. The whole of this room is papered with some wonderful and very handsome Chinese paper, said to be all hand-painted.

The walls of the passage leading out of this room are hung with the most interesting relics. A pair of pistols found in Napoleon's carriage after Waterloo, very handsome, handy weapons, engraved "Versailles;" King James VI.'s hunting flask; the spurs of Prince Charlie; Rob Roy's gun, with the initials "R. M. C."; the iron mask worn by Wishart, the martyr, at the stake, to prevent his addressing the people; the money-box of King James IV.; Bruce's candlestick, with a most admirable arrangement for keeping up the candle always to burning point; the magnificent tusk of an elephant.

But what much pleased me was a pen-and-ink drawing of Queen Elizabeth dancing. It must be a portrait of the Queen because it is so like the monument in Westminster Abbey, the bust of which, in my Deanery days at Westminster, it was my special province to keep clean. The Queen is represented as dancing by herself, evidently not knowing that a lot of gentlemen were quizzing her. The faces of these worthies can just be seen grinning through the curtains. If Queen Elizabeth was not pretty, anyhow, as is very frequently the case, the want of facial beauty was fully compensated by an exceedingly pretty foot and ankle. Her Majesty wore clocked stockings, and a lovely little pair of shoes, which according to the present mode of measuring ladies' *chaussures*, would be the size called "small twos."

The doors of the Hall were then suddenly thrown open, and a most interesting place it is. All along the walls are hung cuirasses, hemlets, and swords of, I should say, almost every age and period. Above the armor are coats-of-arms, and a double line of escutcheons displays the heraldic bearings of the Scotts, Kerrs, Elliots, Douglasses, and other border clans, these reminding us of the flags hung up of the Knights of the Order of the Bath in Henry VII.'s Chapel, Westminster.

FRANK BUCKLAND.

A GREAT CODFISH STORY.

(From the Cape Ann Advertiser.)

Not many months ago a party of Boston gentlemen came to this city and went on a fishing party. Some of them got pretty jolly. One in particular, seized a codfish which they had caught and walked up the wharf. He soon espied a veteran fisherman sawing wood, and under the impulse of the moment fetched him a whack across the face with the codfish. In a moment he was sobered. The generous impulse of a noble heart throbbed in his bosom. He felt that he had done a mean, ungentlemanly act, and he meant to atone for it then and there. Taking out a ten dollar bill he proffered it to the veteran saying:

"Accept this and let it wipe out any recollections of the cowardly blow I struck you, as I did not mean to do it, and am very sorry for it."

The veteran took the bill, his face beaming with mingled astonishment and delight, and making a bow, remarked: "See here, stranger, you can wipe me over the face all day long with a codfish at ten dollars a lick! I don't bear you a might of ill-will I don't. I rather like your style. When are you coming again?"

And that settled it.

—Leap year originated with the astronomers of Julius Cæsar, 45 B. C. They fixed the solar year at 365 days six hours, comprising, as they thought, the period from one vernal equinox to another. The six hours were set aside, and at the end of four years, forming a day, the fourth year was made to consist of 366 days. The day thus added was called intercalary, and was placed a day before the 24th of February, the sixth of the calends, which was reckoned twice. This added day with us is February 29.

The number of poor in receipt of relief since the 1st of January in the United Kingdom is 907,000; there was an increase in Ireland and a decrease in Scotland. In the primary schools there was an increase of 300,000 pupils in 1878. Total expenditure for schools by the Government was $13,567,000.

COMIC BUDGET.

—Trouble is as easily borrowed as an umbrella.

—The actor is the only artist whose work dies with him.

—We are all apt to believe what the world believes about us.

—Drawing is the masculine side of art, color the feminine.

—The only really bitter tears are those which are shed in solitude.

—The rays of happiness, like those of light, are colorless when unbroken.

—The man who does not help us at the right moment does not help us at all.

—If rich, be not too joyful in having, too solicitous in keeping or too sorrowful in losing.

—The time has finally come when it is not considered a joke to steal a man's umbrella. No, it is considered part of one's duty towards his hat.

—The last time a man goes into a graveyard he does not laugh at the style of the tombstones.

—The "blue pigeon flyer" is an English thief who strips and steals lead from roofs and cisterns.

—The King of Siam has issued a proclamation allowing citizens of that country to worship as they see fit.

—A woman who hasn't got a seal-skin sacque can comfort herself with the news that they are unhealthy.

—At a charity fair in Springfield, Mass., all the lottery schemes have been withdrawn, "in deference to public opinion."

—Owls talk with each other by each one holding the end of a straw in his mouth. That's what gave birth to the audiphone.

—"How to Make the Church Attractive" is a black head-line in a Western paper. Getting the pretty girls to come is the best way.

—The is no choice between the duffers of the *Times*, and their opinions are worth very little, no matter where they may be printed.

—A Slight Misunderstanding—Cab-driver: "I want a pair of buckskin gloves." Store girl: "What number?" Cab-driver: "No. 193!"

—Before marriage a girl frequently calls her intended "her treasure," but when he becomes her husband, she looks upon him as her "treasurer."

—The dear one, now so far away
We won't forget on Christmas Day;
We'll toast the absent one that night,
At the festal board so bright.

—Mr. P. T. Barnum has presented the city of Bridgeport with a $7,000 bronze fountain. Barnum has long been known as a cold water man.

—The way to induce a melancholy woman to laugh is to have her front teeth filled with gold. After that nothing can stop her from grinning half the time.

—Inasmuch as laughter is a faculty bestowed exclusively upon man, we seem to be guilty of a sort of ingratitude in not exercising it as often as we can.

—Care is the lot of life, and he who aspires to greatness in hopes to get rid of it is one who throws himself into a furnace to avoid the shivering of an ague.

—Nevada has named a town Zero, and neither the weather nor the thermometer man can get the start of the place. Strangers may expect a cool reception.

—A furrier who knows his business can take in a coon skin and turn out any sort of fur you want from it, from the mild-eyed beaver to the roaring grizzly.

THE LAST LOVE.

—Thou art not my first love,
For I loved before we met;
And the mem'ry of that summer dream
Is pleasant to me yet.
But thou! thou art my last love,
My dearest and my best,
My heart but shed its outer leaves
To give thee all the rest.

—A sentimental young man thus feelingly expresses himself: "Even as Nature benevolently guards the roses with thorns, so does she endow women with nails."

—When you occupy the same bed at a hotel with a stranger, he is just as suspicious as you are, and just as fearful of being robbed, so you might as well sleep soundly.

—At ten, a child; at twenty, wild;
At thirty, strong, if ever;
At forty, wise; at fifty, rich;
At sixty, good, or never.

—It is very difficult to find fault with a dear little three-year-old who buries his head under the clothes and sings: "Now I lay me down to sleep. Pop goes the weasel."

—A camel can go without water for fourteen days, and some men can go without it for forty. No camel can get ahead of an enterprising man except in climbing up a hill.

—Waiting-maid—Good morning, doctor; my gracious lady sends me to beg you to come to her husband as quickly as possible; she does not wish him to die without assistance.

—A country correspondent sends us the following soul-harrowing conundrum: Why do pigs thrive better on sour milk than on sweet? And the answer is, Because they get more of it.

—As they who for every slight sickness take physic to repair their health, do rather impair it, so they who for every trifle are eager to vindicate their character, do rather weaken it.

—At a social reunion a few evenings ago, the question was asked: "Of what sort of fruit do the quarrels of man and wife remind you?" The young lady who promptly answered "A prickly pear" got the medal.

—"Why doth my Julia hide her face
Within her kerchief white?
What sorrow doth the teardrops send
To dim her eyes' calm light?
Confide in me, my fairest fair;
Have friends proved false? Have foes—"
"Oh, do shut up, you fool," said she,
"And let me blow my nose."

—The best way to jump from a flying train is to take a secure hold of the irons at the steps and then reconsider the matter and conclude to postpone the acrobatic performance.

—Mix together all the food on an American dinner-table, add vinegar and horse-radish, stir with an old iron spoon, and the result would be one favorite dish for a Russian.

—February of next year will have five Sundays, short as the month is. This thing only happens once in twenty-eight years, and those who pass contribution boxes must make the most of it.

—Did you ever notice the fact—of course you have—that a tramp who claims he has a trade, but can get no work at it, in the winter is a brickmaker and in the summer a lumberman or ice sawyer?

—Some one loaded a revolver hanging in an Arkansas saloon, and when next day the saloonist snapped it at a dead beat to scare him away, the dead-beat didn't go. He stayed right there until the coroner came and called it "justifiable—didn't know it was loaded."

—An exchange says: "The ballot is not only the freeman's protection, but if he hangs off until the last thing on election day, he stands a chance of being offered from two to five dollars for his vote." The present is just the season when such propositions as this are worth considering.

—I'm called "Little bucket-shop,"
"D— little bucket shop,"
Though I could never tell why;
But still I'm called "bucket-shop,"
"Crooked old bucket-shop,"
"Dad blamed old bucket-shop, I."

—A school teacher who has just been telling the story of David, winds up with: "And all this happened over 3,000 years ago." A little cherub, its blue eyes dilated with wonder, after a moment's thought: "Oh, dear, marm, what a memory you must have."

—There is nothing so charming as the innocence of children. "Mamma," said a five-year-old, the other day, "I wish you wouldn't leave me to take care of the baby again. He was so bad that I had to eat all the sponge cake and two jars of raspberry jam to amuse him."

EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.

Yes, doctor, If a baby girl
Should bless my wedded state,
I will not call her Poll or Sal,
No, nothing else but Kate.
My sainted aunt was called the same,
My love for it is great;
Yes, doctor, that must be her name,
She shall be christened Kate.
What??? Twins!!! Good gracious how they squeal!
Doctor, beyond my fate.—
Both girls? Well, well, I still can call
Them Kate, and Dupli Kate!

—A good Rochester pastor, a widower, proposed to a young lady a short time since, but was rejected. His feelings had the second severe test the other day, when a widow neighbor sent him the following text to preach from: "You ask and receive not, because you ask a miss."—James, iv, 3.

—She tripped o'er the slushy crossing,
And the wind, that fiercely blew,
An inch or so of her ankle
Exposed to the public view.
The officer on the next corner
Was distinctly heard to say,
"That's the nicest thing in a stocking
I have seen this Christmas Day."

—Paper as a substitute for wood in the manufacture of lead pencils is being attempted in Germany. The paper is steeped in an adhesive liquid and rolled around the core of the lead to the required thickness, and is colored after drying, when it resembles an ordinary cedar pencil.

—George Herbert, for disturbing public worship in Arkel, was mulcted in the sum of $11 by the Guelph Police Magistrate, whereupon the *Herald* irreverently remarks that this is "another warning against the habit of going to church." Where does our contemporary expect to die when he goes up?

GUNGABOO AND TURTALOO.

Here is a bit of verse with a lesson in it, which the boys may find or not, just as they please:

Oh, the gungaboo and the turtaloo
Met on a lonely shore!
Said the turtaloo to the gungaboo;
"This coast I would fain explore.
And I really must say that, for something new,
You beat the bugs, fluffy gungaboo!
Now, draw in your head and legs, oh, do!
For my time has come to sup;
I'm a hungry hard shell turtaloo,
And I'm going to eat you up!"
"Oh, ho!" said the other with courage meet—
The long-legged gungaboo—
"Let's see you stand on your two hind feet!"
And then he swallowed the turtaloo.

—"Now, then, who is the plaintiff in this case?" asked his Honor, as a case was called. "I don't know anything about plaintiffs," replied a man in a corner, as he slowly rose, "but if you are asking for a chap who was chased a mile and a half and then mopped all over his own barnyard by two desperadoes, I'm your man."

—The windows glisten, the old folks listen
To hear the sleighbells pass;
The fields grow whiter, the stars are brighter,
The road is smooth as glass;
Our muffled faces burn,
The clear north wind blows cold,
The girls all nestle, nestle, nestle,
Each in her lover's hold.

—"Would that our preachers, writers and teachers could read the golden letters which announce so plainly to mankind the glorious fame that comes as a reward for good words, and the infamy and oblivion which are the sure reward of evil. The use of slang is deplorable and utterly inexcusable."—*Montreal Star.* What are you givin' us?

—In a poem read by Robert Grant at the reunion of the alumni of the Boston Latin School, the other day, were the following lines:

I'll give you a toast, and you'll drink it, I know,
Both you whose thin tresses are white as the snow,
And you whose young hearts, it is fair to assume,
Like our stocks and our statesmen, are all on the "boom."
'Tis our great public schools—may their influence spread
Until statesmen use grammar and dunces are dead,
Until no one dare say, in this land of the free,
"He done" for "he did," or "it's her" for "it's she."

—In Scotland, except among Catholics and Church of England people, Christmas is scarcely noticed. Other denominations, who notice the season, defer the rejoicings to Twelfth (old Christmas) day. A Scotchman, who was asked how Christmas was spent in his country, replied: "Hoot, away, mon, we dinna mind the Yule—the Christmas ye ca' it, mon. A' we mind is New Year's Day, and then every mon who can afford it gets drunk."

THE OLD STORY.

He courted her for sixteen weeks,
But made no sign;
Yet humored all her little freaks
With smiles benign.
The neighbors said it was a match,
And that Clarissa's latest "catch"
Was so well hooked, no girl could snatch
Him off the line.

Another sixteen weeks went by—
(Now this is square)
He never for a kiss would try—
Till, in despair,
She (at a lecture on "John Huss"),
In softest accents, said: "Dear Gus,
When this is through, let's take a 'bus."
She had him there.

They left the hall, and (as they walked)
Within a trice,
He in a frozen gutter stalked
And broke the ice.
Her tongue ran glibly, and he felt
His bashfulness so quickly melt,
He quite forgot his dampened welt—
This was so nice!—

... but your vivid imagination and sublunary associations with the gentler sex, my masculine friend, must space out the inevitable sequel.

—Two of those ornaments made of plaster of Paris flavored with sugar were bestowed upon an urchin with the usual warning, "Don't eat them, whatever you do; they will poision you." For some time they were regarded by him and his younger brother with mingled awe and admiration, but at no distant day their mother missed one. "Tom," said she to the owner, who was just setting off for school, "what have 'ee done with that figure?" "Giv'd it to Dick," was the reply, "and if he's living when I come home I mean to eat the other one myself, I can tell 'ee?"

A MOURNFUL TALE OF MOURNING.

A butcher loved a tender maid,
To woo her were his designs,
And he sent her copies of gushing verses,
In fact real tenderloins.
The girl, alas! he could not cast,
She would love him as a brother,
But when implored to marry, said,
"Tripe, please, and find another."
The butcher still pursued the girl,
His pleas became much bolder;
The girl at last he find relief,
Gave to him a cold shoulder.
He knew then that his hopes were vain,
But as he left her, said;
"Since you have caused me such distress
I haunt you when I'm dead.
He pined and grew so thin and pale,
He felt his end was nigh,
But his woe was such he did not know
Whether to live or die.
He tried to drink to drown his cares,
And there found no relief,
But daily grew more woe-begone,
You never sausage grief.
At last his weary soul found rest,
His sorrows now are o'er;
No fickle maid now troubles him
Pork readers he's no more.

—Alfonso and Christina haven't quarreled yet, but the young Queen is reported to have got her Dutch up when Alf stated that he didn't want his palace reeking with the fumes of boiling sauer-kraut.

—Says a blunt English squire at his hospitable Christmas board;

"Not a man here shall taste my March beer
Till a Christmas carol be done sung;
Then all clapped their hands, and shouted and sung,
Till hall and the parlor did ring."

—"Pinafore" is at its last gasp in New York, even when given under its authors' special supervision. The new opera, "The Pirates of Penzance, or Love and Duty," is already under active rehearsal and will be brought out early in January. It is reported to be a satire on melodrama and yellow-covered literature.

—It seems a rich and royal feast,
A dream of the voluptuous East,
On a light blue ground is a lily cup,
In undulate beauty rumpled up,
And there is a pansy, here a rose,
And dewdrops on them soft repose,
Here is a shimmer of crystal waves,
And the Pasha's ducks turbaned slaves;
And over there by the vineclad wall
And peacock dreams on the velvet wall,
Here a dove in a lilac sings;
Besides, there are various other things;
Including a lover with a lute
And a goat digesting a rubber boot.

—Detroit *Free Press*: Lives there a man with ears so dead who hath not to his fellow said, "The other night, at 8 o'clock, I plainly felt an earthquake shock, and then I said unto my wife, 'that was an earthquake, bet your life.' My eyes, I was surprised, I guess, on reading in next day's *Free Press*, that the cause of all the shocks was altos on the Isle of Fox."

—He passes gently to the street,
And sighs, "How good to breathe once more
The outer air; how fresh and sweet
The balmy breezes from the shore!
How fair the blossoms at my feet;
The stars of heaven's cerulean floor."
Then, chasing after his retreat,
A voice comes with an angry roar,
"You blasted idiot! Shut the door!"

—Belfast, Me., can boast of a boy of nine who a year or two ago pushed a little girl into a bonfire and caused her death. Subsequently he caused the death of his own father by the simple process of tying a string across a path, over which the old gentleman fell. He died. This precocious child would make an excellent playmate for Jesse Pomeroy.

—My heart, when we're together,
Is lighter than the feather in your hat
And it goes pit-a-pat;
When, like the summer skies, the blue of your bright eyes,
Is all—but how is that?
You're often cold and cruel,
But still a brilliant jewel,
Cousin Kate.
Says she, "Now cease your sighing,
I'm you're oyster, if you are trying
For a mate."

A WOMAN'S SONG.

Good-by, if it pleases you, sir, good-by,
This is a world where the wild swans fly;
This is a world where the thorn hangs on,
Where the rose, its twin, is gone, is gone.
Good-by—good-by—good-by.
Good-by, if it please you, sir, good-by,
You are here and away—I care not why,
This is a world where a man has his will—
A world where a woman had best be still,
Good-by—good-by—good-by.
Good-by, if it please you, sir, good-by,
This is a world where—we see the sky;
After a while the stars will fall,
And the end will—make an end of it all
Good-by—good-by—good-by.

—The Vesuvius railroad is finished. The mode of traction is by two steel ropes put in movement by a steam engine at the foot of the cone.

—Short skirts have become universal favorites, even for ball-room wear; the young prefer the short skirts, which enable them to dance with perfect freedom.

—Now cometh the time when the average boy
Goes out on the ice-covered lake,
With a shout of glee and a laugh of joy—
But the ice begins to break.
Into the water, full twenty feet deep,
He is tumbled, and there unreminded
His short-tempered feet begin to creep,
Up a flight of the golden stairs.

North Hastings Review.

JAS. A. ORR & BRO., Proprietors. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.50 per Annum in Advance.

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[illegible]

As he rehearse the words of the Holy Book;
And the thoughtless and gay grow reverent there,
As he opens his lips in silent prayer.

He stands as the grave old prophet stood,
Proclaiming the truth and the living God;
Pouring reproof on the ears of men
Whose hearts are at ease in their folly and sin,
With a challenge of guilt still unforgiven,
To the soul unfitted, unmeet for heaven.

Oh, who can but honor that good old man
As he nears his three score years and ten?
Who has made it the work of his life to cheer
Our world in its woe and wickedness,
By guiding the few who were wont to stray
In paths of sin, to the narrow way?

With a kindly heart, through the lapsing years,
He hath shared their joys, he hath wiped their tears;
He hath bound the wreath on the brow of the bride;
He hath stood by the couch when loved ones died,
Pointing the soul to a glorious heaven,
As the ties which bound it to earth were riven.

Methinks we'll weep another day,
When the good old man has passed away;
When the last of his ebbing sands have run—
When his labor is o'er and his work is done—
Who'll care for the flock and keep the fold,
When his pulse is still and his heart is cold?

We'll miss him then; every look and tone,
So familiar now, forever gone,
And we'll thrill the heart with inward pain,
And we'll long and listen for them in vain;
When a stranger's form and a stranger's face
Shall stand in our honored pastor's place.

HAMILTON, Dec. 29th, 1879.

HOLMBY HOUSE.

CHAPTER XL.

"THE PROVOST."

As a venturesome swimmer striking out fearlessly from the bank finds himself carried downward by the current far lower than he intended, and discovers that all his energies, all his powers, will be severely taxed to make good his landing on the opposite shore, so doth he who embarks on the stream of political life learn to his cost that the river runs swifter still as it gets deeper, and that if he would keep his head above the surface, rather than sink into oblivion, he must consent to be borne onwards, in defiance of his own better judgment, at the mercy of the flood.

George Effingham had long ago cast his lot with the Parliament; of what avail was his single arm to arrest the desperate measures which had now become necessary to the existence of that body, clinging as it did to the shadow of power whereof the substance was already in the iron grasp of the Dictator.

Effingham had won a position such as would have satisfied the ambition of any ordinary man, such as any ordinary man would have made considerable sacrifices of conscience and feelings to retain; but George was not an ordinary man, and his character was altered, his heart softened by the ordeal he had undergone. Long ago he had dreamed of religious freedom, of personal and political liberty, of a monarchy based on those Utopian principles which form the foundations of all theoretical governments which man will see carried out when the golden age comes back once more; [illegible]

[illegible]

far more agitated at this chance meeting than the humble waiting-maid. He stammered out at last a confused enquiry as to the well-being of "Mistress Cave, and—and Mistress Grace," he would not trust himself to add her maiden surname now, lest she should have changed it for another.

"Alack! General," answered Faith, "truly they are ill at ease. Indeed, the world never seems to have gone rightly with us since poor Sir Giles Allonby went to his account; and there's my Lord lying sick in his lodging down here by Whitehall, and my good man, that's Dymocke—Hugh Dymocke—asking your pardon, General, you remember him," quoth Faith, with another blush and another courtesy; "he's an altered man since they took the poor young Major, and Mistress Grace, she takes on sadly to get no news of him, for dead or alive he might be, and none of us one whit the wiser; and as for Mistress Cave, it's never a word, good nor bad, she says to any one, but walks about pale and silent like a ghost; and I'm scarcely half so merry as I used to be, though that's not to be expected, of course; and indeed I never thought to see such days as these, though I'm sure, when I took Hugh Dymocke, I humbly hoped it was all for the best."

She stopped to take breath, and George, who had by this time recovered his composure, observed with considerable simplicity, "I thought your young lady had by this time followed your good example, Mistress Dymocke, and was married."

"Married!" echoed Faith, with a laugh of derision; "not she—and never likely to be; she's a sweet young lady; Mistress Grace, and a winsome, but she been looking too long for the straight stick in the wood, and after rejecting this one and that one, here and there, she'll come out into the fields again and never find what she seeks. It was but yesterday I said to her as I was doing her hair—for leave her I never will till I see the color in her cheeks once more—'Out of such a number,' says I, 'Mistress Grace, it ought not to be so hard to choose.' 'Never speak of it, Faith,' says she, taking me up mighty short, and turning so pale, poor thing. 'And why not?' says I, for I can be bold enough when I like, and I was determined once for all I'd know how and about it. 'Isn't there gallants here and gallants there, all ready to fling themselves at your feet? Wasn't there Major Bosville, and many others of the Cavaliers, that would have gone barefoot to Palestine and back again, only for a touch of your hand; and now that the Parliament's uppermost, and the land is purged, as they call it, from vanity, couldn't you pick and choose among the saints, God-fearing men though they be?' With that she fired up as red as scarlet. 'How dare you, Faith!' says she; 'leave me this instant!' but she turned quite white again, and was all of a tremble, and I heard her muttering like, 'Never a Rebel, for my old father's sake,' and though I was forced to do as she bid me, and go out of the room, I made bold to peep through the keyhole, and she had flung herself down on her knees by the bedside, and was weeping as if her heart would break. Oh! she'll never marry now, won't Mistress Grace. And as for the poor young Major, that they make such a talk about, it's my belief that Mistress Cave loves him a deal better than my young lady ever did, though I durstn't ask her such a question, not to save my life!"

Having arrived at her destination and the end of her disclosures at the same moment, Faith deemed it incumbent on her to point out the house now occupied by Lord Vaux and his relatives, which was indeed on the opposite side of the street, and to invite the General on her own account to step in and see his old friends once more. George was sorely tempted to break through all his good resolutions; but he had a duty to fulfil, and he determined until that task was accomplished he would suffer no human weaknesses, no earthly considerations, to turn him aside from the path of truth and honor. The waiting-maid's revelations had indeed made sad havoc of the dull mental equilibrium he had sworn to preserve. It was much to learn that Grace was still free; much to hear that her antipathy to a rebel could create such a turmoil in her feelings. He was no fool George Effingham, and who shall blame him if he drew his own conclusions, and became conscious that hopes which he had stifled and eradicated with the strong hand only waited a favorable opportunity to germinate and blossom once more? Nevertheless, he would not permit himself to dwell for more than an instant on the dream that had so affected his outer life; but taking a courteous leave of Faith, and forcing on her at the same time a munificent wedding-present, he pursued his walk with even a firmer step and a more resolute brow than before.

If one short hour ago he was strung to a dogged, obstinate defiance of danger, he could have faced the deadliest peril now with positive exultation and delight.

It was the 29th of January, and Lieutenant-General Cromwell's leisure was not likely to be at the disposal of the first comer; nevertheless the sentry at his door made room for Effingham to pass with a military salute, and after a brief interval of waiting in an ante-room, a pale and agitated secretary ushered George into the presence of the Lieutenant-General, with a grave apology that so distinguished a servant of the Parliament should be kept in attendance even for a few minutes.

Cromwell was standing in the middle of the room, attired with his usual plain simplicity, but somewhat more carefully than his wont. The pale secretary reseated himself after the entrance of Effingham, and continued his occupation of writing from the Lieutenant-General's dictation, but his hand was so unsteady that it shook even the massive table on which he leaned his arm. His master took a short turn or two up and down the room, and for some minutes did not appear to notice the new arrival. George had time to scan him minutely. He had been familiar with him for a long period, had watched him in many an emergency of difficulty and danger, yet had he never seen him quite like what he was now.

In the turmoil of battle, in the critical moments on which his own destiny and that of England depended, it was a part of the man to become cooler and cooler as the plot thickened. His cheek would glow and his eye would brighten when leading the Ironsides to a successful charge; but should their advance be checked and the scales of victory hang doubtful in the balance, those plain heavy features seemed to settle into lineaments of iron. Now, though the orders he was enunciating were but trifling matters of military detail, a faint sallow flush came and went over his countenance, and the large lips twitched and trembled, while the broad jaw beneath them closed ever and anon with a convulsive clasp. He seemed to speak mechanically, and with his thoughts fixed on some topic far distant from the strategical movements he was directing, and he started—positively started—when in one of his short restless turns he encountered George Effingham.

There were but those three in the room—the pale secretary bowing his head over his writing; the Parliamentary officer loftily confronting his chief; and the Dictator himself, hiding an air of remorse, irritation and perplexity under the assumption of more than military brevity and decision.

"What would you," demanded Cromwell, his brow darkening as, with the perspicuity of all great men, he read Effingham's face like a book—"what would you with us in this press of business? Be brief, for the time is short, and lo! even now the hour is at hand."

"I come to resign my commission into your Excellency's hands," answered Effingham in slow, steady tones, emphatic as they were sorrowful. "I come to demand my dismissal from your Excellency's service. I come to protest against the murder of Charles Stuart."

Cromwell's brow had grown darker and darker as the officer went on; but when he reached his climax, all the wrath he had so long repressed, all the accumulated feelings of self-reproach which had burdened him for days, broke forth in a burst of incontrollable fury. His face became purple, his features swelled, and his eyes glowed like coals, as, with a shout that made the pale Secretary start out of his chair, he thundered forth—

"Get thee gone, George Effingham! vile traitor and double-dyed renegade—will you put your hand to the plough and dare now to look back? Will you come into the Lord's vineyard, and shrink like a coward from your share of the work? God do so to me and more also if I lay not your head as low before evensong as that of Charles Stuart will lie to-morrow, to spare whom I take to heaven to witness I would give my right arm—yea, the very apple of mine eye!"

George had nerve as well as courage. He remained perfectly calm and erect during this outbreak, and at its conclusion repeated, in tones if possible more distinct and accusatory than before, "I protest against the murder of Charles Stuart!"

We have already said that a stern daring akin to his own never failed to touch the keystone of Cromwell's character. His wrath abated as rapidly as it had risen. With the inevitable self-deception of all who would fain stretch conscience too far, he was willing to vindicate his actions to his subordinate, though he felt he could not justify them to himself. Perhaps something within told him that, had he been in Effingham's position, he would have acted in the same manner.

"Nay, I do wrong thus to chafe that thou art still in darkness," said he, with a strong effort at composure, and a countenance paling rapidly now that his natural violence of temper had expended itself. "Thou art a tried comrade, Effingham, and a fellow-laborer in the good work; yet it may be thine eyes have not opened, and thou canst not see the hand of the Lord in our dealings with this man of blood. I would not be hasty with thee, my friend. Take back thy resignation, and forget that thou hast thus bearded one of the Lord's appointed servants in the execution of his work."

Cromwell turned to his Secretary as if to continue the previous employment which Effingham's presence had interrupted, and made as though the subject was now concluded between them; but George was not to be put off. Eyeing the Lieutenant-General gravely and sternly, he once more placed his written resignation in his hands.

"I will no longer serve," said he "with those who set at nought the Divine ordinance, and dip their hands in blood for the security of their temporal power. How shall I answer at the Great Day when the life of Charles Stuart, king though he be, is required at my hands, and I stand convicted of aiding and abetting in his murder—ay, his murder, General Cromwell, of whom the Scripture itself hath said, Touch not mine Anointed?" How wilt thou answer for it thyself there, who canst not give an account of it that shall satisfy mankind even here?"

Cromwell paced the room with rapid and irregular strides, his hands folded together, and the fingers entwining each other as of one in the extreme of perplexity. His features worked and trembled with the conflict of his emotions, and his breath came short and quick as he muttered out his vindication partly to himself and partly to the brave captain, whose defiance he could not but admire.

"It is not for me to answer it—surely not for me. Do I stand alone amongst the people of England? Am I at once accuser, judge, and executioner in my own person? By the verdict of sixty just men; by the decree of a nation pronounced by its Parliament; by the laws of God and man—the head of the unrighteous hath been doomed to fall, and shall I alone be called to give account for it here and hereafter? And yet can you divide bloodguiltiness by figures, and mete out the portions of crime as one meteth out corn in a bushel? Nay, it is a just decree, and by its justice we must stand or fall—Council and Commons, Peers and Parliament, down to the meanest trooper of the army—and let none shrink from his share of the great work in which all are alike bound to take a part."

"You can save him if you will," said Effingham, fixing his eye calmly on the agitated countenance of his powerful superior, the pale Secretary looking at the pleader the while as one who watches a man placing his head voluntarily in the lion's maw.

"None can save him now," answered Cromwell, in grave prophetic tones, but he in whose hands are the issues of life and death. What am I but a sword in the grasp of the slayer—an instrument forged to do the bidding of the saints, the despised and jeered saints, that have yet triumphed in despite of their enemies? Albeit the lowest and the humblest in that goodly communion, I will not flinch from the duty that wiser and holier men than I have set me to perform. 'It is expedient for us that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not.' Enough of this, George Effingham—thou in whom I have trusted, who wert to me even as a brother, go out from among us, if it must be so, lest a worse thing befal thee. He that is not with us is against us. Go out from among us, George Effingham, false and unprofitable servant! Begone, and see my face no more."

Cromwell turned from him angrily and abruptly. He had lashed himself into wrath again, and the imploring looks of the Secretary warned Effingham to withdraw. He placed his resignation on the table, and keeping his eye on Cromwell, whose averted face and troubled gestures betrayed the storm within, walked steadily from the room. As he reached the door, the Lieutenant-General was heard to mutter, "It is the Lord's doings! It is the atonement of blood!"

The Council were already assembled in the Painted Chamber, and were waiting but for him who was indeed as their very right arm and the breath of their nostrils. While Effingham walked home afoot, a ruined, and in the eyes of his own world a degraded man, Lieutenant-General Cromwell stepped from his coach amidst the clang of arms and the deferential stare of the populace, the most powerful individual in England. Which of the two looked back on the 29th of January with the most tranquil heart?

But the future Lord Protector was by this time fully nerved for the stern measures he had undertaken to carry out. If his conscience told him that the life of Charles Stuart would be required at his hands, was not the iron will powerful enough to stifle the still small voice? Could not ambition and fanaticism, the ambition that had originated in patriotism, the fanaticism that had once been piety, march hand-in-hand to their triumph, calling themselves duty and necessity? Was Cromwell the first who ever forced himself to believe that honor and interest pointed to the same path, or the only man who has persuaded himself he was a tool in the hands of the Almighty whilst he was doing the devil's work? Saint or hypocrite, patriot or usurper—perhaps a mixture of all—can we judge of his temptations or realise to ourselves the extremity to which he found himself reduced? Sacrilege or justice, crime or duty, he went about it with a bold brow and a steady hand.

Small deliberation did they hold, those gloomy men who met in the Painted Chamber. Their nerves were strong, their minds made up, they had even leisure to trifle with their awful task; and the ink that was to witness the shedding of a king's blood was flirted from one to another in ghastly mockery of sport. The death warrant lay before them, the merciless document that pronounced "Charles Stuart, King of England, to stand convicted, attainted, and condemned of high treason, and other high crimes;" that sentenced him "To be put to death by the severing of his head from his body, of which sentence execution yet remaineth to be done. These are therefore to will and require you to see the said sentence executed in the open street before Whitehall upon the morrow, being the thirtieth day of this instant month of January, between the hours of ten in the morning and five in the afternoon, with full effect. And for so doing this shall be your warrant.

"And these are to require all officers and soldiers, and other the good people of this nation of England, to be assisting unto you in this service. Given under our hands and seals."

And then they signed their names in full, thus:

"JOHN BRADSHAW.
"THOMAS GREY, LORD GROBY.
"OLIVER CROMWELL."
(And fifty-six others.)

And the third signature was written in the steadiest hand amongst them all.

CHAPTER XLI.

"A FORLORN HOPE."

Charles Stuart's last day was come. He had undergone his trial with a dignity and calmness which many attributed to his conviction that even at the last the Parliament dare not proceed to exterminate, that at least the person of a sovereign must always be respected in England. If such was the reed on which he leaned, he must have found it broken in his hand. If he had cherished any expectations of a reprieve or commutation of his sentence, had been deceived by many of those visions which are so apt to take the place of hope when hope herself is stricken to the earth, he must have seen them now completely cleared away; and yet his courage never failed him. The King was composed, as gentle, as majestic, in his warded chamber at St. James's on that bitter 29th of January, as though he had been the most powerful monarch in Europe seated triumphantly on a throne.

In the ante-room of the prisoner's apartment was stationed a guard of Hacker's musketeers; rough careless soldiers were they, opposed to royalty both from interest and inclination; and yet, now that the sentence was passed, now that the prisoner whom they guarded was no longer a monarch on his trial, but a human soul that would be in eternity to-morrow, their boisterous jests were checked, their rude voices hushed, and all appeared to feel alike the influence of that majesty with which the King of Terrors clothes him whom he is about to visit.

One amongst them, indeed, seemed more restless than his comrades. Henry Brampton, with his dark face and flaxen curls, had omitted no opportunity of approaching the prisoner; and yet even now the last hour was almost come, and his duty had not yet brought him in immediate contact with Charles's person. The suspense was getting absolutely maddening; and the disguised Cavalier's feelings, outraged and lacerated by the sufferings he saw his sovereign compelled to undergo, worked upon him to a degree that it cost him all the efforts of which he was capable to hide from the observation of his companions.

Brampton had laid his plans with the energy and decision of his character. For weeks he had been ingratiating himself with the more dissolute and desperate men in the company to which he belonged. He had prayed with them, preached with them, jested with them and, above all, drank with them, till he could count some dozen or so of choice spirits with whom he felt his influence to be all-powerful. These he had sounded cautiously and by degrees. Like most men with nothing to lose, he had found them totally without fixed principles, and perfectly ready for any undertaking which promised to conduce to their own advantage. Without committing himself to any one of them, or letting them into his confidence, he had given them to understand that he meditated some bold stroke at a fitting opportunity, in which he counted upon their adhesion, and which, if successful, would render them independent or military service for life, and give them wherewith to drink to their heart's content for the rest of their days.

These myrmidons he had contrived with infinite pains to unite in one squad, or division, which generally went on guard together, and which formed in rotation the escort of his Majesty. Could he but depend upon them at the important moment, a plan for the King's escape was practicable. Relays of horses were ready at all hours to carry his Majesty to the coast; and if the fidelity of his guards could once be seduced, it would be no impossibility to hurry him out of St. James's, and away to a place of safety under cover of night. Two obstacles stood in the way of the dauntless Cavalier. The first was so to arrange as that this escort, and no other, should guard him during the hours of darkness, a difficulty which appeared at length to be overcome, as they had been told off for duty this very evening; the second, to apprise the King of his intentions, no easy matter, guarded as was the royal prisoner, every word scrupulously noted, and every action rigidly watched.

The great stake must be played out to-day. To-morrow it would be too late; and Brampton's manifest restlessness and perturbation began to excite the remarks of his reckless companions.

"Thy conscience pricks thee, Henry," said one rude musketeer. "Overboard with it, man! as thou didst with the Dons yonder on the Spanish Main."

"Nay," quoth another, "the time hath come at last; and Brampton's plot, whatever it be, is about hatching just now."

"Well, I for one am tired of doing nothing," observed a third. "Have with thee, lad, be it to rob a church or to skin a bishop!"

"Or to put Fairfax in irons," said a fourth.

"Or to take the New Jerusalem by escalade. Hurrah! for three hours' plunder of those streets, my boys, after the storm," shouted a fifth. They were ripe for anything now, and the "hurrah!" was re-echoed more than once through the guard-room, when the last speaker, the wildest reprobate amongst them all, raised his hand with a warning gesture, and a wistful look upon his dissipated war-worn face. "Hush, lads!" he said, in a hoarse whisper! and whilst he spoke the guard-room became still as death. "Hush, for pity's sake. His children are going into him even now. God help them, poor things! I've got young ones of my own!"

There was a tear on more than one shaggy eyelash, as the Princess Elizabeth and her little brother, the infant Duke of Gloucester, were led by faithful Herbert through the guard-room to see their father for the last time on this side the grave.

Charles sat at a small table on which lay a Bible, a work of controversial divinity—for even at this extreme hour he could not take his religion pure from the fountain-head—and a casket containing a few small diamond ornaments and other jewels.

This casket had been sent to him the night before, in return for a signet-ring which he had forwarded to its guardian as a voucher, and had been religiously kept by that custodian, the Lady Wheeler, until such time as the King's necessities should force him to ask for it. Its contents were scarcely of royal value, being but a few dilapidated "Georges" and "Garters;" but as they lay spread out upon the table before him, they constituted all the worldly possessions left to Charles Stuart.

He was looking at them wistfully, and with a sad pensive expression on his brow. Many a gorgeous scene did those glittering toys recall, many an hour of royal state and courtly splendor when he, who was now a prisoner waiting for his doom, needed but to lift his hand to bid the proudest heads in England bend lowly before him, when he was the centre of that charmed circle which numbered in its ranks the flower of the noblest aristocracy in the world, now, alas! scattered, exiled, ruined, and destroyed—when he was the first personage in its peerage, the first knight in its chivalry, the powerful sovereign, the happy husband, the lawgiver, the benefactor, the fountain-head of honor, and wealth, and renown. Where had it all fled? Could those times have ever been real? or was it not some vision that had melted dreamily away? Alas! those broken ornaments typified too truly the broken fortunes of him who now gazed on them for the last time. It is said that on the near approach of death, especially a death of violence undergone while body and mind are still untouched by decay, the whole of a man's life passes before him like a pageant. What a strange eventful pageant must it have been that thus glided across the spiritual vision of the doomed King! His careless boyhood, his indulgent father's kindly smile and awkward ungainly form; the romantic expedition to Madrid, the gorgeous feasts, the tournaments and bull-fights of chivalrous old Spain; the face of Buckingham, beautiful exceedingly, and the sparkling smile of his own young Bourbon bride; the assembled Parliaments, a royal figure standing out in relief as that of one with whom he was not personally identified, calling them together and proroguing them at will; Laud's stately bearing, Hampden's goodly presence, respectful even in defiance, and stern Strafford's pale reproachful smile; then the Scotch progress, and the magnificence of Newcastle's princely hospitality, the unfurling of the standard, the marches and counter-marches of civil warfare; the Court at Oxford, with its narrowing circle of the loyal and true, staunch Ormond's sable brow, but Rupert's towering form, Goring's long love-locks, and stout old Astley's honest war-worn face; then the midnight bivouac and the morning alarm, the sweeping charge, the thrilling war-cry, the shattered rout of Naseby's fatal field; a prisoner, still a King, at Holmby House, Hampton Court, Carisbrooke Castle, Windsor itself; the poor bird beating its wings more and more hopelessly against the bars of each successive cage; to end in Bradshaw's pitiless frown and the final sentence read out to consenting hundreds in Westminster Hall. Ay, it was reality, after all, else why this sombre apartment, with its barred doors and lofty window-sills? why the sad faces of his few personal attendants? why the rude oath and jest and clang of arms in the adjoining guard-room? above all, why the chill dull foreboding, creeping and curdling even round his brave heart, the stunned consciousness that to-morrow he must be in another world.

It is a splendid pageant, truly, that of a king's life; yet perhaps at the extreme hour its scenes appear no whit more important, no whit more satisfactory to look back upon, than those which flit through the brain of a beggar, laying him down to die homeless by the wayside.

It was pitiful to see the children as they came gently into their father's presence. On each little face there was a dim prescience of evil; a dread of something felt but not understood—fear for themselves, sorrow for him, although they knew not why, mingled with childish wonderment, not altogether painful, and interest, and awe.

Charles had need of all his fortitude now. He took the Princess lovingly on his knee, and the child looked up wistfully and fondly in his face. Something that crossed it caused her to burst out a-crying, and she hid her wet cheek on her father's shoulder in a passion of tears. Her little brother, frightened at her distress, wept plentifully for company. The rough soldiers in the guard-room had rather have fronted the King's culverins at point-blank distance, than entered that chamber sanctified by sorrow. They herded together as far as might be from the door, and if they exchanged words it was not above their breath.

The King took his few diamond ornaments from the table.

"My children," said he, "behold all the wealth I have it now in my power to give you."

With that he placed the gauds in their little hands, reserving only a "George," cut in an onyx and set with diamonds, the which he wore on his breast like a true knight, as he walked steadfastly to death on the morrow.

Then he blessed than with a father's blessing. "My children," said Charles, "I shall be with you no more; you will never again see your earthly father in this world. But you have a father in Heaven of whom none can rob you. To Him I commend you—to Him I bid you commend yourselves. Observe your duty to the Queen your mother. Swerve never in your loyalty to the Prince your brother, who is and who always must be, my rightful successor. Fear not the face of man; fear only to do evil in the sight of Heaven. Farewell, my children! Be comforted, and farewell!"

Then lifting his little son upon his knee, a boy that could scarce speak plain, he bade him for the love of his father never to supplant either of his brothers; never to believe that he could be a rightful sovereign while they lived; never to allow wicked, designing men to tempt him to the throne; and the little one understood him, and kindled as he spoke, lisping out that he never would—

"I will be torn in pieces first!" said the sturdy child. So he dismissed them; and calling them back once more folded them in one long parting embrace, and blessed them for the last time first. Then he turned away to the window; and when the door closed upon them it seemed to him that the bitterness of death was past.

Good Bishop Juxon was then admitted to the royal presence, and Charles Stuart's last evening on earth was passed in penitence and trustful prayer.

Henry Brampton's suspense was becoming too painful to endure; but the welcome order came at last, and our Cavalier found himself once more on the eve of one of those desperate enterprises in which it was his destiny to be continually engaged; in which, indeed, only he seemed now to live. Personal danger had for long been a stimulant of which he could ill forego the use, and it had become his normal existence to work in a perpetual plot on the King's behalf.

With a brutality which was hardly characteristic even of that stern commandant, Hacker had issued an order that two musketeers should remain in the prisoner's chamber the whole night previous to his execution; and it was with a deep, thrilling sense of triumph that Brampton heard his assumed name read out by the corporal of the guard as selected for this otherwise unwelcome duty. As he ran over in his own mind the arguments he had completed — the adherents on whom he could calculate as sufficiently numerous to overpower any refractory sentinel; the coach which was waiting night after night, on some pretext or another, in the Mall; the relays of the best horses then in England, furnished from many a nobleman's and gentleman's stable stationed at short intervals along a direct and unfrequented cross country road to the coast; the raking corvette, that stood off and on from an obscure seaport during the day, and coming into harbor at night, was kept ready at any hour to trip her anchor, shake out her topsail, and, fair wind or foul, beat out to sea; the disguise prepared for the well-known person of the King; nay, the very papers which should vouch for his assumed character in case he were stopped at any of the numerous armed posts pervading the country, and for which friends in high places had actually procured the impression of the new Parliamentary seal, with the English arms and the Irish harp, and the inscription, "In the first year of freedom, by God's blessing restored;"—as he ran over all these well-assorted arrangements in his mind, he felt that the moment could no longer be delayed, and now or never he must make proof of the inferior instruments with the assistance of which his plan must necessarily be carried out.

One by one he sounded them in different corners of the guard-room; one by one he found them, as he had anticipated, men ready to undertake any measure, however desperate for an adequate consideration. All of them loved adventure for its own sake; none of them were inaccessible to a bribe.

There was something about Brampton, too that made its way rapidly with men; a certain womanly kindness which—joined to obvious daring and reckless contempt for consequences, has an unspeakable charm for the grosser sex—had invested him with a high degree of interest in those untutored minds; and the stories they told each other of his miraculous adventures and romantic crimes on the Spanish Main and elsewhere—stories which originated solely in their own imaginations—had surrounded him with a halo of renown and mystery by which they were completely dazzled. He was not slow to take advantage of this spurious fascination. Singly and collectively he bound them by an oath to do his bidding, whatever it might be, for that one night; and pledged himself equally solemnly to endow them severally with sums which, to private soldiers, represented unheard-of affluence on the morrow. His own patrimony was well nigh exhausted, it is true, but the King's adherents had not yet been completely rooted out of the land. Broken, dispersed, sequestered, ruined as was the Cavalier party, he had no fear that the money would not be forthcoming. When Brampton belted on his bandeliers and shouldered his musket to take his post in the King's bed-room, his heart bounded under his buff coat to think that at last he had saved his sovereign.

Good Bishop Juxon had taken leave of his beloved master for the night; faithful Herbert had prepared the pallet on which, as an act of especial favor to the prisoner, he was permitted to repose by the King's bedside. Charles had completed his usual devotions, and had busied himself in the observance of all the accustomed minutiae of his toilet, as though it were but one of the many ordinary evenings which lead up surely and successively to the last. When he was ready to undress he seemed to indulge in a short interval of contemplative repose—calm, resigned, nay, even hopeful, like a man who is about to undertake a journey on which he has long speculated, and for which, now that his departure is near at hand, he has neither repugnance nor fear. Herbert busied himself about divers matters in the chamber, to hide his troubled countenance and overflowing [illegible], which the King observing, spoke to him cheerfully and with a smile, bidding him rouse himself at an early hour on the following morning, "for," said Charles, "I must be astir betimes; I have a great work to do to-morrow."

The attached servant's fortitude here gave way completely, and clasping his master's hand to his bosom, he burst into a passion of grief.

"Nay," said the King, "be comforted; to-morrow is a day of rejoicing rather than of sorrow. Is it not my second marriage-day? To-morrow I would be as trim as may be, for before night I hope to be espoused to my blessed Jesus."

For even now, on the verge of eternity, trifling matters wrested their share of attention from the grief of the one and the pre-occupation of the other. Herbert asked his master what clothes he would be pleased to wear on the morrow, and the warrior-spirit of the old English kings flashed up for the last time, tempered, but not extinguished, by the resignation of the Christian—

"Let me have a shirt on more than ordinary," said Charles, "by reason the season is so sharp as may probably make me shake, which some observers will imagine proceeds from fear. I would have no such imputation. I fear not death; death is not terrible to me. I bless my God I am prepared!" These last words the King uttered in a low, devout and solemn tone. He had done with everything now, on this side of eternity.

Yet is life passing sweet, even to him who has most manned himself for its loss; and one more trial was in store for the prisoner ere the gates of earthly hope were closed upon him for ever. A loud knock was heard at the door of his apartment, and without waiting for permission to enter, a file of musketeers marched steadily into the room, and stationed themselves one on each side of the King's couch.

In vain Herbert stormed and expostulated; in vain he threatened the vengeance of the Colonel, the General, the Council, and the Parliament; the soldiers had their orders, they said; and the King, calming his servant's indignation, gently bade him be still and submit with patience, as he did himself, to this last indignity.

One of the musketeers seemed stupified with drink, as was indeed the case, and remained like a statue on his post; but the door had scarcely closed upon the stir and clang of the guard-room ere the other, flinging his musket on the floor, was prostrate at the King's feet, covering his hand with kisses, and pouring forth expressions of loyalty and devotion such as the Sovereign had not heard for many a long month. Despite the flaxen curls and the dyed skin, the King recognized him at once; and to the Cavalier's hurried entreaties that he would save himself, as he poured forth a torrent of explanations and adjurations that not an instant was to be lost, did but reply—

"It was like thee, Humphrey Bosville, bold, gallant heart!—loyal to the last. It is no fault of thine that Charles Stuart must wear no more an earthly crown. But it is not to be. Listen, good Bosville; already they are changing the guard in the ante-room. Thy plot hath failed thee even at the eleventh hour. God grant they may not have suspected thee and thy comrades. Surely, ere this time to-morrow enough blood will have been shed. Fare thee well, for ever, my truest, bravest servant. It is the will of God—God's will be done!"

It was indeed too true. The last chance had failed, like all the rest. No sooner had Lieutenant General Cromwell been informed of Hacker's directions that the prisoner's last hours should be subject to intrusion, than he rescinded the brutal order; but the practised warrior at the same time commanded that the guard in the ante-room should be relieved every four hours, and that the same men should not be warned twice for this duty until after the execution—thus nullifying any attempt at tampering with the soldiers' fidelity, unless the seducer was prepared to corrupt the whole regiment.

Humphrey had but time to resume his arms and his soldierlike attitude, when he was recalled to his comrades in the ante-room, and with them marched back to his regimental quarters. He carried off with him, however, one of the King's gloves, which Charles, with his accustomed kindness in trifles, had taken from the table and slipped into his hand as he bade him farewell. That glove was treasured by Bosville's descendants as the most precious relic of their house.

At roll-call on the following morning some dozen or so of Hacker's musketeers were missing. Amongst the deserters was one Henry Brampton, of whom no further intelligence was ever obtained, though, unlike the rest, he had left his buff-coat, his arms and accoutrements, for the benefit of his successor in the ranks.

CHAPTER XLII.

"THE WHITE KING."

With grave and doubting looks the people in the streets asked each other if it would really be? In twos and threes, and small distinct groups, they conversed in low tones, glancing anxiously now toward St. James, now in the direction of Whitehall. No crowd was collected, no circulation stopped. Ere a knot of persons, gathering like a snowball, could exceed a score, they found themselves insensibly dispersed and moving on. Compact bodies of soldiers, horse and foot, paraded to and fro in all directions, while St. James's Park was lined with a double row of musketeers, in review order, their drums beating, their colors flying, and their ranks opened. Officers and men wore a grave determined air; there was little of triumph, much of sorrow, in their honest English faces. The day had broken gloomily enough—not a ray of sunshine lighted the lowering sky. The wind swept up the streets and across the open Mall in moaning fitful gusts, and it was bitter cold. Masons had been knocking and scraping all night long at the wall of the banqueting-house in Whitehall, and carpenters in paper caps had concluded their work in front of the King's palace. The multitude looked up at that solemn fabric with a dull stupified air. It was a scaffold.

One man amongst the crowd in St. James's Park, habited in the dress of a plain country gentleman, and muffled in a sombre-colored cloak, was recognized by several of the officers and men on duty. They would have accosted him, but he shunned all their greetings, and exchanged not a word with any of them. His countenance bore the impress of a deep sadness and contrition; his very gait was that of one who is bowed down by sorrow and remorse. Though he had thrown up his part, George Effingham had come to see the end of the tragedy played out.

The moments seemed to move like lead to the expectant thousands; perhaps to one they passed more swiftly, perhaps even he could have wished the agony of expectation were over at last.

Many a false alarm, many a stir about St. James's, caused every head to turn in that direction; but the drums beat up at last, the colors flew loft once more, the long line of soldiers brought their firelocks to the "shoulder," and in the open space between their ranks a small group of persons moved slowly and solemnly, steadily towards the place of doom.

The good Bishop on his right hand trembled like a leaf. Herbert's face was blanched and swollen with weeping; even the Parliamentary Colonel who attended him, drilled soldier though he was, marched not with so firm a step as he.

Ay, look at him well, George Effingham; you have not been so near him since he reviewed your squadron on the eve of Newbury, was his eye brighter, his mien more stately when he sat on his charger, in mail and plate, before your drawn swords, than it is now? Look at him well; would you ever have deserted his service had you thought it would come to this?

As the King passed on, the musketeers on either side wheeled up behind him, closing in their ranks and forming an impassable barrier to the multitude in their rear. By favor of a stalwart sergeant who had served in his own stand of pikes at Naseby, Effingham was permitted to advance with this unbroken column. An inexpressible fascination compelled him to see out the end of that which his very soul abhorred.

On arriving at Whitehall, his Majesty passed along the galleries to his bedchamber, where he halted for a while to take a short interval of repose. Here he was served with a morsel of bread and a goblet of claret wine, upon a silver salver. Charles broke off a corner of the manchet and drank from the cup. Herbert meanwhile gave to the Bishop a white satin cap which he had in readiness for his master; he could not endure to see him under the axe of the executioner.

It was now time. Colonel Hacker, who was in attendance, and on whose stern nature the patience and dignity of the royal sufferer had made no slight impression, knocked respectfully at the chamber door. It was the signal of leave-taking. Herbert and the Bishop sank on their knees before their Sovereign, covering his hand with kisses. The latter, old and infirm, bowed down moreover with excessive grief, had scarcely strength to rise again. Gentle and kindly to the last, Charles helped the prelate up with his own hand. He bade the door be opened, and followed the Colonel out with the free step and the majestic bearing of an English King.

The galleries and banqueting-house were lined with soldiers. Firm and unwavering, they stood upon their posts, but those warlike faces bore an expression of unusual dejection; glances of pity, changing fast to admiration and even reverence, were cast upon the King from under their steel head-pieces, and the duty was evidently little to the minds of those frank, bold men. They had confronted him in battle, they had fought him, and beaten him, and reviled him, but they had never thought it was to end like this!

Men and women crowded in behind them, peering and peeping under their elbows and between their heads at the doomed monarch. Fervent expressions of loyalty and goodwill greeted him from these bystanders—expressions not rebuked, nay, sometimes even echoed, by the very guards who kept them back.

"God bless your Majesty!" exclaimed George Effingham, in loud, fearless tones, baring his head at the same time with a studied reverence.

The blessing was caught up and repeated by many a broken voice, and the King, returning his salutation, looked his old officer kindly and steadily in the face. Whether he recognized him or not, George was the happier for that glance during his lifetime.

He would fain have remained near him now, would fain have done him homage and returned to his allegiance even at the block, but the press became more and more resistless, and he was swept away by the crowd to a distance from which he could with difficulty watch the last actions and catch the last words of the King against whom he had rebelled.

He saw him emerge upon the fatal platform with the same dignified bearing, the same firm step. He saw him expostulate for an instant with those around him as he asked for a higher block, that he might not stoop lower than became a Stuart even in his death. He could see, though he could not hear, that the King was speaking with animated gestures in vindication of his conduct throughout the war; but the royal voice rose audibly with the last sentence it ever spoke on earth, and every syllable struck loud and distinct as a trumpet-blast, while it declared in the face of earth and heaven—

"I have a good cause—I have a gracious God, and I will say no more!"

Had Effingham lived to a hundred, he could never have forgotten the picture that was then stamped indelibly on his brain. For many a year after he never shut his eyes that it did not present itself in all the firm strokes and glowing colors of reality. The sea of white faces upturned and horror-bound, as the face of one man—the spars and props of the scaffold—the little groups that broke its level line—the sparrow that flitted across his vision and diverted his eye and his thoughts for an instant even then—the Bishop's white rochet and the Parliamentary Colonel's burnished helmet—the masked headsman's gigantic figure and the clean sharp outline of the axe—the satin doublet and the veiled head bowed down upon the block—the outstretched hand that gave the signal—

* * * * * * *

Effingham was a brave stout soldier, but he grew sick and faint, and turned his eyes away. A hollow groan, more terrible, more ominous in its stifled earnestness, than the loudest shout that ever shook the heavens, told how Charles I. had been beheaded, and the reaction that placed Charles II. on the throne had already commenced. And one more scene closed the eventful drama. The faithful servants who had attended him to the threshold of eternity did not desert his mortal remains when he passed its portal. The Parliament was memorialized and petitioned till that body, already startled at what it had done, gave permission for his burial. The decency and respect that had too often been refused the living monarch were not denied to his senseless corpse. It was brought from St. James's to Windsor in a hearse with six horses, like that of any private gentleman, and attended by four mourning coaches and the remnant of his Majesty's household. The service for the burial of the dead appointed by the Church of England was not permitted to be read; but good Bishop Juxon, stanch to his post even when all was lost, stood ready with the Prayer Book in his hand to have used the proscribed ritual. In a vault at Windsor Castle—his own old Windsor—amongst his kingly ancestors, he was laid in his last resting-place. A few high-born Cavaliers chose the spot for his burial; a few devoted servants attended the obsequies of the master whom they loved. He lay, like a true knight, in St. George's Hall, with the banners of the noblest order of chivalry waving over him, and winter sunbeams struggling through the emblazoned windows to gild his rest. When they carried him thence to the vault wherein he was to lie, the sky that had been bright and serene clouded over; a heavy storm of snow came on, and fell so fast that it covered coffin and hangings and pall with a pure and spotless robe—fit emblem of his innocence who slept so sound beneath.

The mourners looked significantly in each other's faces, and so they bore the White King reverently to his grave.

CHAPTER XLIII.

A GRIM PENITENT.

It is never too late to make reparation for evil, and George Effingham, although he had put it off till the eleventh hour, felt a stern satisfaction in remembering that he had thrown up his appointment on the King's condemnation, and that he at least was guiltless of Charles Stuart's death.

His case was not unlike that of other powerful champions of his party. Many a grim Puritan, though prepared to resist with the strong hand and to the death all assumption of irresponsible power, all aggressive interference on the part of the Crown, shrank with horror from so desperate a measure as the sentence of his sovereign to a criminal's death upon the scaffold, turned away with disgust from those who had completed the ghastly work when it was over. The very man who had fronted him so boldly in battle entertained a certain respect for the brave antagonist they had defeated, and the soldierlike feeling with which years of warfare had saturated their English hearts especially revolted from the slaughter in cold blood of a vanquished foe. Fairfax himself—"the General," as he was then termed *par excellence* by his party, and supposed at that juncture to be the most powerful man in England—was not aware of the execution till it was over; but Fairfax could not have stopped it even had he known in time, for with all his prestige and all his popularity, the Man of Destiny was twice as powerful as he. The deed was now fairly done, and Effingham, shocked, repentant, and sick at heart, resolved to bear arms no more.

It is a serious matter for a man of middle age—by middle age we do not mean thirty or forty, or fifty, or any term of actual years but simply that period at which the bloom is off the fruit once for all—it is a serious matter, we insist, for such an one to have lost his profession. A fortune kicked down can be built up again, like a child's house of cards; the same skill, the same labor, and the same patience, will not fail to erect a similar fabric, while those who have studied most deeply the enjoyment of health affirm that the pleasure of making money far exceeds that of spending it. Friends may fail or die, old and tried friends, but the gap they leave closes of itself far sooner than we could have supposed possible, and although we cannot quite [illegible]

Go to the coffee-house and take another, we resign ourselves to the inevitable with sufficient calmness, and go on much as we did before. Even a lost love may be replaced; or should the old wound be too deep too staunch we cover it up and hide it away, ashamed, as well we may be, to own an incurable sore. But the profession, if really a profession, is a part of the man; other privations are but forbidding him wine, this is denying him water; it is an every day want, a perpetual blank that irritates him at every turn. He would fain be in mischief rather than remain idle; be doing harm rather than doing nothing.

Effingham was very restless, very unhappy. The dull despondency of resignation that had oppressed him for so many months, that he had soothed and blunted with constant duty and unremitting labor, was indeed gone, but in its place was a feverish irritation, a morbid desire for change, an intense thirst for happiness, which is of itself the most painful of longings, and a rebellious discontent of that discontent which asks repiningly, "Why are these things so?" He could not forget Grace Allonby, that was the truth; worse still, he felt that he would not if he could. To deceive another is often, as indeed it ought to be, a task of considerable difficulty; to deceive oneself the easiest thing in the world. One knows the dupe so well, his petty weaknesses, his contemptible phases, his many faults, which he cultivates and cherishes as virtues. It is a poor triumph truly over a disarmed and helpless adversary, so we do it every day.

Effingham considered himself a proud man; it was the quality on which he most plumed himself. Never to bow his lofty head to human being, never to yield an inch of his self-sustaining dignity, this was his idea of manhood, this was the character he had trained himself to support. Perhaps it was for his pride that meek Grace Allonby loved him. Well she might. She had humbled it, and put her little foot upon it, and trod it into dust.

After his last interview with her, this pride forbade him ever to see her more. Even after he heard she was still free, after gossiping Faith had poured such balm unconsciously into his heart, something told him that it was not for him to woo again, that he must leave everything now to her; and that as she did not seem anxious to communicate with him, and he was determined to remain aloof and immovable towards her, the possibility was that they would never meet again. This point finally settled, it was no wonder that an irresistible longing came over him to visit Lord Vaux at the lodging wherein he lay on a sick bed; to request, nay, if necessary to demand, an interview with Mistress Cave, who inhabited the same house; not to shun—why should he?—the presence of any other lady who might happen to be with them at the time. That would indeed be ridiculous. It would look as though there were something between them, as though she could influence proud George Effingham in any one hair's breadth of his conduct, as though he cared for her, which of course he did not now—not the least in the world—and this was the proof. Also a morbid desire came to possess him of justifying his conduct before these old Royalist friends, of disavowing his share in the King's death, a crime on which they must look with unmitigated horror, and of proving to them that, though a strict puritan and a determined adherent of the Parliament in its previous resistance, he was no regicide; nay, he was now no rebel. He had but fought for liberty, not revolution; he had opposed, not the King, but the King's dishonest advisers. Under proper restrictions, he would wish to see the monarchy restored, and in the person of the late King's natural successor. Certainly he was no rebel. Sincere, earnest George Effingham was turning sophist.

He was turning coxcomb too, it seemed, or why did he linger so long over his preparations to go abroad that fine winter's morning. Why did he put on his sad-colored raiment with so much care, and comb out those iron-grey locks and that grizzled beard with such an unpleasant consciousness that he was indeed turning very grey. He had not heeded his appearance for years; it set him well now, a worn and broken man, to be making thoughts of his looks like a girl. He turned from the mirror with a grim sardonic smile, but he smothered a sigh too as he recalled a comely brown face that was not so bad to look at less than twenty years ago, and he wished, he knew not why, he had it back again just for to-day. Pshaw! he was not going wooing now. He began to think he was turning foolish. Why did his hand shake so as he tied his points, and at that early hour why so restless and eager to be off? There, although the day was fine for walking, keen and bracing as a winter's day should be, Effingham felt very hot as he turned the corner of that street once so uninteresting and so undistinguished from the thousand and one adjacent streets, its fellows. There must have been some peculiarity in the street, too, else why should he have traversed it so often, examining the different houses so minutely ere he stopped carelessly, and quite by accident as it were, at the one he sought? It was reassuring, however, to be admitted by Faith, with her inspiring glances and well-known smile; it was not reassuring to be turned loose into an empty room, to await my Lord's leisure, on whom, by a pleasant fiction, this visit was supposed to be made, and who, as an invalid, could scarcely be expected to be astir at half-after nine in the morning, the early hour, even for those early times, at which George arrived.

How the room reminded him of that other room at Oxford, of which every detail was printed so indelibly on his memory. Photography, forsooth, is no invention of this or any other century. It came with mankind fresh and perfect upon earth. When Adam left the garden and knew he should see it no more, he took with him into the dreary waste of the outer world an impression of his Paradise that had not faded when his eyes were dim and his years had numbered nine hundred one score and ten. Eve, too, carried another in her aching bosom, though she could scarcely see it through her tears. Their children, one and all, possess the art and its appliances. Effingham's positive was no less vivid than that of his fellow creatures.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW SHE KEPT AN EXPENSE ACCOUNT.

"My dear fellow," said Lavender, "it's all very nice to talk about economizing and keeping a right rigid account of expense and all that sort of thing, but I've tried it. Two weeks ago I stopped on my way home Saturday night, and I bought just the gravest little Russia-leather, cream-laid paper account book you ever saw, and a silver pencil to match it, I said to my wife after supper, 'My dear, it seems to me that it costs us a lot of money to keep house.'

"She sighed and said: 'I know it does Lavvy, but I'm sure I can't help it. I'm just as economical as I can be. I don't spend half as much money for candy as you do for cigars.'

"I never take any notice of personalities, so I sailed right ahead. 'I believe, my dear, that if we were to keep a strict account of everything we spend we could tell where to cut down. I've bought you a little account book, and every Monday morning I'll give you some money, and you can set it down on one side, and then during the week you can set down on the other side everything you spend, and then on Saturday night we can go over it and see just where the money goes and how we can boil things down a little.'

"Well, sir, she was just delighted—thought it was a first-rate plan, and the pocket account book was lovely—regular David Copperfield and Dora business. Well, sir, the next Saturday night we got through supper and she brought out the account book as proud as possible, and handed it over for inspection. On one side of it was, 'Received from Lavvy $50.' That's all right! Then I looked on the other page, and what do you think was there? 'Spent it all!' Then I laughed, and, of course, we gave up the account book racket on the spot, by mutual consent. Yes, sir, I've been there, and I know what domestic economy means, I tell you. Let's have a cigar."

SHOOTING A BEAR AND KICKING A PANTHER.

(From the Whitehall Times.)

"Talk about your narrer 'scapes," said Gurdine, "I must tell you 'bout the one I had. Ten years ago last winter I went out into the woods where bear and panthers was thicker than gum chewers in a female academy. I soon got my eye onto a big noble-lookin' bear. My gun had been loaded with a bigger charge of powder than usual. I just pulled a bead onto that bear and crack went the side and over went the bear, while my gun just gave one powerful kick which laid me out flat on the ground. But the best of the thing was this: I didn't see a big panther which was on a bluff behind me, and as I shot the critter jumped for me, only to meet the heels of my gun which was going his way, and the ugly varmint fell dead with his skull crushed in by the gun stock."

—The truth, like old apple whiskey, is sometimes above proof.

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Madoc, April 15th, 1879. 107

Banking House!

—OF—

E. D. O'FLYNN,

"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

Money received on deposit, at 4 and [illegible] per cent., subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, JANUARY 15, 1880.

THE ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.

The first session of the fourth Parliament of Ontario was opened at Toronto on Wednesday afternoon last. Col. Clarke, member for Centre Wellington, was unanimously elected speaker of the new House. This concluded the business of the first day. On Thursday the formal opening took place with the usual ceremonies, by His Honor the Lieut.-Governor. The Speech from the Throne, which was exceedingly lengthy, referred to a good many matters of importance which would be brought before them for consideration and legislation. The address in reply was moved by Mr. McLaughlin, member for Durham, and seconded by Mr. Waters, from Middlesex. A good sign that the business of the session will be conducted with all possible despatch was the fact that the address was passed after a short debate of only one hour and forty minutes, instead of from four to eight or ten days as is usually the case. Mr. Meredith, the leader of the Opposition, was very temperate in his criticisms, and expressed his desire that the business before the House be disposed of as rapidly as possible, and with as little opposition from his side as they would consider it their duty to give. It is evident, therefore, that the session will be a short one.

MR. LUTTRELL, superintendent of the local railways, made a contract last week for the shipment of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty cars of square timber from Hastings. The timber will be delivered on the wharf at Belleville, rafted on the ice, and will be ready for being sent forward to the Quebec market on the opening of navigation. The advantage derived by the shippers *via* the Grand Junction railway, are that the rapids and falls of the Trent, which injure timber greatly in the drive, will be avoided, and that the timber will reach the market a month or six weeks earlier than it could possibly do otherwise. This is of much importance, as there is now a rising market for timber in England.

A TELEGRAM to the daily press a day or two ago states that a company, who a few years ago erected iron smelting furnaces at Charlevoix, Quebec, but found the ores there unworkable, owing to titanium, offer to remove their furnaces to Belleville provided a company be formed to work them, the company to pay $30,000 down and $30,000 on the completion of the furnaces ready to work, the proprietors to take the balance $60,000 in stock. The furnaces, two in number, have a capacity of sixty tons of pig iron per day.

THE Reform Association of West Hastings, on Saturday last, met for the purpose of nominating a candidate to contest the Riding at the forthcoming election. Messrs. Thos. Holden, J. J. B. Flint, and S. B. Burdett, of Belleville, G. H. Gordon, of Trenton, and E. G. Sills, of Sidney, were nominated. The first four gentlemen, however, declined, and the nomination was made unanimous for Mr. Sills, who has since accepted.

THE MADOC MINING DISTRICT.

The Toronto *Monetary Times* in a late issue gives the following list of leases of lands containing iron ores which have been made in North Hastings. It will give some idea of the progress of development now taking place.

North half of Lot 18 in 2nd con. Madoc, leased to A. M. Wilcox, of Cleveland, Ohio, for 30 years, at a Royalty of 25 cents per ton.

West half of 8 in 7th con., Madoc, leased to A. M. Wilcox, of Cleveland, Ohio, for 30 years, at a Royalty of 25 cents per ton first 10 years; second term of 10 years 30 cents, third term of 10 years at 35 cents.

West half of 12 in 4th con. Madoc, leased to Messrs. Andrews & Sons, of Youngstown, Ohio, for 30 years, at a Royalty of 25 cents per ton.

The above lots contain magnetic ore of superior quality.

Rear 49 acres of lot 10 in 6 con. Madoc leased to Messrs. Andrews & Sons of Youngstown, Ohio, for 30 years, (contains Hematite ore) at a Royalty of 25 cents.

Lot No. 2 in 2nd con. Madoc, leased to C. J. Pusey, of New York, for a term of 10 years, at a Royalty of 25 cents per ton.

East quarter of 12 in 5th con. Madoc, leased to John P. Mitchell, of Negaunee, Michigan, and William and Arthur W. Coe, of Madoc, for a term of 12 years, at a Royalty of 50 cents per ton.

North half of 12 in 6th con. Madoc, leased to John Stainbough, of Youngstown, Ohio, U. S., at a Royalty of 50 cents per ton, for 15 years. These last two lots contain Hematite of the finest quality.

East half of 2 in 1st con., and east half of 8 in 6th con., Madoc. These two lots have been offered to the Eureka Mining Company, Detroit, at a Royalty of 25 cents.

Lot No. 11 in the 5th con. Madoc, leased by C. J. Pusey for 10 years, at a Royalty of 25 cents; called Seymour Ore Bed. These last lots contain magnetic ore of a fine quality.

Lot No. 9 in the 6th con. Madoc, leased to H. Cameron, and by him sublet to Messrs. Andrew & Sons, of Youngstown, Ohio, U. S., and contains a fine magnetic ore, and is leased for a long term.

The gold mines of North Hastings give a better promse than ever before; but none of them have passed the official experimental stage. In the past there is a record of disappointment, which may be more attributable to inexperience, than to the nature of the mines. Everybody has to pay for experience, and we only hope that the lessons are worth the money. But if we are to succeed in this line we shall have to borrow from the riper and more certain experience of other countries. Mr. Theo. B. Comstock, who is prospecting in Colorado, in a letter to the *Engineering and Mining Journal*, gives some hints that may be useful to intending investors in gold mines. He lays down what appears to be a sound rule, that investors should never be guided in their purchase by anything but actual development. When the owner of a mine wishes to "bond" his undeveloped property, Mr. Comstock says, an honest engineer would advise him to keep his claim and develop it according to a plan suggested, if he has the means of doing it; if he has not, and must sell, the engineer would say it is worth to-day a certain sum, which is sure to be very much less than the owner asked for it. The chances are that the owner tries in vain to sell, refusing to take present value. If he he does sell, the purchaser probably leaves himself wholly without the means to develop the property, in which case he is no farther advanced than the previous owner was. Mr. Comstock, whose wide experience is of the greatest value, says there is scarcely any reiteration by which eastern investors can safely class mines brought under their notice, on which some work has been done, except the combined knowledge and integrity of the promoter. The promoter may err for want of knowledge, or mislead by a want of good faith. Investors may be too suspicious as well as too confiding. If a person wishes to get the requisite knowledge himself, he will not find the task a light one. "Experience of the right kind," says Mr. Comstock, "is not gained by a mere residence in a mining district, nor yet by the holding of a multitude of mining claims. The requisite knowledge comes only after years of patient study and comparison not only of books and of cabinets, but of wild nature in her varying moods, as displayed in and on the numerous gorges and gulches, canons, cliffs, hills and mountains." And "even all his laborious investigation gives one but an outside view of the intricate problems of cost and returns, as exemplified anew in almost every mining enterprise." Nothing is so suspicious and so confident, by terms, as ignorance when the mysteries of mining have to be dealt with.

Four commissions in the British army will be given yearly to successful students at Kingston Military College.

The trial of the Oka Indians for firing the parish church at Oka has been set down for the 24th inst., at Aylmer, Que.

Prince Bismark's illness has developed into hypochondria, and his death is regarded as a probable event of the near future.

Fifty-one applications for private bills have already been received at Ottawa. This is about double the number received at this time last year.

A Government agent is at work in Montreal feeling for botton in the annexation movement. The leader of it promises to take the people into his confidence by means of a pamphlet.

The distress in Ireland is steadily growing worse. In the district of Skulebog 500 men on the brink of starvation obtained four cartloads of bread yesterday by an urgent representation of their extremity. In Cork bread riots are feared, and the magistrates are asking for additional police. The bailed agitators, Davitt, Daly, Killen, and Brennan, are commanded to appear before the Court of Queen's Bench at Dublin on the 16th.

Latest intelligence from the Northwest contains an account of a heroic exploit by Capt. Crozier, of the mounted police. On returning from the capture of a notorious negro outlaw, bringing his prisoner with him he encountered the "Whoop-up-Gang"—a band of marauding desperadoes who had long been the terror of the whole region. Four of his horses were disabled, but he at once attacked the gang with only six men, and succeeded in capturing them all, together with all their goods (consisting of horses, waggons, furs, rifles, etc.), and brought them in triumph to Fort McLeod. It is thought this exploit will receive some public recognition—which it certainly deserves. It will be unnecessary to inform our city readers that Capt. Crozier, formerly resident of Belleville, and that he spent several weeks here last winter on a visit to his old home.—*Free Press.*

YORK RIVER ITEMS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

I write you this time more to prove the fact of being still in existence than for any news, lingering upon the hopes of a New Year. In looking back in the past we note considerable improvements which give us engouragement for the future. We have our lovemakings and scandal-morgeries, contentments and contentions not uninteresting—although you might nearly cover all with your hat,—our embryo village, no snow or cattle by-laws annoy our citizens, for one or two are enabled to keep their stock upon the plunder from passing sleighs, which must be a source of satisfaction, and at a cost of feed only exceeded by the Miller's pigs.

However I am almost touching upon a subject already well aired in your columns by an Ancient Pistol with a pretty loud crack. I should like to know regarding cattle who is the owner of the cow, and where is the cow put out to grass, that provides the milk of human kindness, and whether the calf gets all the milk or not? Perhaps the next treatise in your pages will say.

Turning to the news from here—our municipal elections are over and our deservedly respected Reeve, Mr. Kavanagh, goes back to office, and the old Council returned, minus one of their number, who retires to his country seat to hide his head under a bushel, until he finds that too uncomfortable.

In the adjoining townships of Herschel and Montreagle the people have kept on in their crooked ways and returned the former Reeve, who is a remarkably "screwed"—shrewed man I mean—with some alterations in the Council, which was almost needless, as the Reeve does the whole business—*non sibi sed patria*—(not for himself, but for his country,) or *vice versa*.

A short time ago the P. O. Inspector, Mr. Barker, visited this postal route, and was sorry to hear of the change of name (temporary be hoped) of this place.

We are now enjoying a somewhat mild edition of Mr. Venner's cold "dip"—it has been raining for the last six hours, with promise to continue, but perhaps it is colder where Mr. Venner lives, at least let us hope so. Our roads are getting bare, and there is a large business in lumbering being carried on this winter, and a good promise if our roads hold out. Grain and produce in general find a ready market in the country, and flour will be wanted from a foreign source to supply the wants until harvest.

Now, Mr. Editor, I have spent an awful lot of time over this, and if what's gone before has not done any good, perhaps the following may be of use to your readers:—*To ascertain if a bull is mad*—twist his tail, or punch his sides with a pitchfork. *To ascertain the weight of a horse*—put your toe under the animal's foot.

January 12th, 1880. FIAT LUX.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT NEWS.

Craig's new block in the village of Stirling is now completed, and two of the stores occupied.

Ex-Mayor Robertson, of Belleville, on Monday night last, entertained the members of the Council, Corporation officials, and members of the press to a dinner at the Dafoe House.

The price of wood has been reduced by $1 per cord in Belleville on account of the large quantities shipped to that city from points on the G. J. and B. & N. H. Railways this winter.

A pigeon-shoot will take place at Foxboro' on Good Friday between six Stirling marksmen and a like number from Belleville, the losing side to pay for a dinner for the whole party.

The Women's Christian Association of Belleville have lately rented and fitted up a building which will be used as a home for the destitute of that city. The Association deserve the most liberal support.

The fish trade is "humming" in the vicinity of Belleville just now, and a large business is being done. Along the bars on the bay there are villages of fish shanties, and large quantities of the finny tribe are being caught.

The following is the census for the Union School Section, Stirling, taken last week:—Number of children between 5 and 7 years of age, 50; between 7 and 12, 107; between 12 and 16, 98; between 16 and 21, 138. Total, 393, or an increase over last year of 12. The number between 5 and 16 is 255.

The *News-Argus* says: "On Tuesday S. Hubbel met with a severe accident whilst drawing rails from the 13th concession of Seymour. In coming down hill the sleigh "slewed" on the ice, causing the load to capsize, the rails falling on Mr. Hubbel, hurting him badly in the vicinity of the collar-bone. He was brought home, and it is hoped in a few days he will be around again."

Belleville youths will have no one but themselves to blame if they are not well up in muscular development at the end of the winter. The directors of the Mechanics' Institute have engaged Mr. E. W. Johnston, the famous athlete, to take charge of their gymnasium and give instruction to the members. Prof. D. C. Ross and J. S. Barnes have also opened a private gymnasium, with a class of about eighty.

Hoard's Creek, a little locality midway between Campbellford and Stirling, will become quite a shipping point, in time. Consequent upon a very large bulk of traffic, in grain and merchandise awaiting shipment at this place, Mr. Luttrell, the Superintendent, saw fit to appoint an agent, and make it a way station. Passengers also get on and off the train at Hoard's Creek.—*Herald.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE!

LOT 11, in the 15th Concession, Township of Wollaston. Over 30 acres cleared. Good log barn, also logs hewed for a large barn. Soil deep and free of stone. Good springs close to the barn. Terms easy. For particulars apply to

MRS. KATE ELLIOTT, Tweed P. O., Ont.

146.

TENDERS.

TENDERS will be received up to the 27th inst. for forty cords of green hard wood for the Model School. It is to be delivered properly piled in the basement of the School-house before the end of March. It must be sound, straight body wood, four feet long. Tenders must be in writing, and may be left at Mr. Ross's store, or addressed to the Secretary. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

FRED. E. SEYMOUR, Secretary Madoc Model School Board.

NOTICE FOR TENDERS.

TENDERS will be received up to Monday, the 16th day of February, 1880, for the erection and building of a Board Fence around the School House, School Section No. 13, in the Township of Madoc, comprising half an acre of ground, and out-buildings. Tenders to be addressed to either of the undersigned Trustees. Plans and specifications may be seen on enquiry of the Trustees of said School Section.

THOS. H. TUMELTY, GEORGE MULLETT, RICHARD FARRELL, } *Trustees.*

Madoc, Jan. 15th, 1880. 146-td

PORK and BACON

200 Bbls. of Pork

Heavy New Canadian Mess.

—ALSO—

10,000 lbs. Long Clear Bacon,

FOR SALE BY

W. R. McRAE,

145-3m BELLEVILLE.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

THE newly elected Council of the Township of Madoc will meet for organization, on Monday, January 19th, at 10 o'clock, a. m., in Conlin's Hall, Eldorado.

JOHN R. KETCHESON, Township Clerk.

Madoc, January 6th, 1880. 145-21

GLOVE LOST.

THE party having the Otter Gauntlet Glove, lost 26th ult., between Bannockburn and Eldorado, can have the other, or sell it, by applying to

ROBERT DUFF, Moon's Hotel.

Madoc, January 7, 1880. 145-21

Tenders, Tenders.

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned for the erection of a Grain Warehouse, up to the 15th of January, inst. Plans and specifications will be found at Sydmer Ross & Co's.

A. F. WOOD, S. ROSS & Co.

Madoc, Jan. 1st, 1880. 144-2t

ESTRAY STEER.

LOST, about the middle of May last, a three-year-old Steer, dark red color, with scar on one flank. Any person giving information leading to its recovery will be suitably rewarded.

THOS. McNAMARA, Lot No. 3, 10th con., Madoc.

January 1st, 1880. 144-4t

TO BE LET.

LOTS 56 and 57, east side Hastings Road, Township of Tudor; also Lot 58, west side (part of the Cameron Mining Lot) comprising 150 acres or upwards. About 30 acres cleared, the rest well wooded, with water accommodation. The above would be well suited to the wants of a growing family. A lease can be given on very moderate terms. Apply to CAPT. NORMAN, Millbridge, or to Chas. Gream, Esq., Madoc. 139

$20,000 TO LOAN.

AT THE LOWEST RATES OF INTEREST. Apply to

GEO. A. SKINNER, Solicitor, &c., Stirling.

140

MISS M. A. CUMMINGS,

GRADUATE of St. Mary of the Lake Convent, Kingston, is prepared to receive Music Pupils in Madoc and immediate vicinity.

TERMS MODERATE.

All information required may be had by calling at the residence of Rev. Father Davis.

ESTRAY.

CAME into my premises, Lot No. 4, in the 11th concession of Madoc, a Yearling Heifer. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take her away.

WM. BYRNE.

Madoc, Dec. 27th, 1879. 144-3t

MONEY TO LOAN

$2,000 AND $350.

Private money to Loan, on good Freehold Lands.

CHARLES GREAM, Solicitor.

Madoc, Oct. 29, 1879.

TIES! TIES!

I AM now prepared to make contracts for any quantity of HEMLOCK, TAMARAC, OAK, or ROCK ELM TIES, delivered along the B. & N. H. Railway.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, Nov. 22nd, 1879. 127

LOST!

ON Thursday, 18th inst., between Bannockburn and Madoc Village, a Carpet Bag, containing a Lady's Dress, Coat, and some children's wearing apparel. The finder will be suitably rewarded by returning it to W. H. Brown, Bannockburn, or to this office.

December 22nd 1879.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale his farm of 100 acres, being composed of Lots Nos. 1 and 2, 1st con., township of Herschel. On the premises are erected a good log house, new frame barn, and other outbuildings. A never failing spring of water close to the house.—Terms easy, and title indisputable. Apply to the proprietor on the premises, or by letter to

GODFREY GEBAL, York River P. O.

104

GRAIN, GRAIN!

MR. A. F. WOOD

WOULD take this means of announcing to the farmers in this vicinity, that as soon as he can get the Storehouse, which he has secured from Mr. Thos. Cross, fitted up, he will be in the market as a buyer of all kinds of grain, for which, as heretofore, he will be prepared to pay the highest prices.

December 23rd, 1879.

MARMORA

Gold & Iron Mines.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

THE South-East Quarter of Lot 14, in 10th con. Marmora—50 acres.

For price and terms apply to A. F. WOOD, Esq., Madoc, or to

W. JAMES COOPER, 25 Imperial Bank Buildings, Toronto.

Toronto, Dec. 22nd, 1879. 142-2t

Notice is Hereby Given

THAT an application will be made at the next session of the Legislature of Ontario for a charter for a Railway Company to construct a Railway to be called the

Toronto and Nipissing Eastern Extension Railway,

from some point on the line of the Toronto and Nipissing Railway, through the Counties of Victoria, Peterborough, and Hastings, thence easterly to the River Ottawa, or to connect with existing lines, and with power to build the same in sections.

JOHN LEYS, Solicitor for applicants.

Toronto, Dec. 5th, 1879. 142-tf

Gold and Iron.

West half of Lot 25, 4th Con., Madoc.

THIS lot, upon which the Fraser Gold Mining Company's claim is situated, contains an unlimited amount of GOLD BEARING QUARTZ with several of the largest and best defined Quartz veins in the Township, upon which two or three SHAFTS have been sunk. It is also supposed to contain a splendid bed of RED HEMATITE IRON. Capitalists and miners are requested to examine the lot.

A. KEEFER, Department of Justice.

Ottawa, 20th December, 1879.

FISH! FISH!

FISH!!

JUST RECEIVED,

WHITE FISH,

FRESH WATER HERRING,

SALT WATER HERRING.

Wholesale and Retail.

—ALSO—

CROCKERY

AND

GLASSWARE.

Sets, - $2.00 and $2.50.

A LARGE STOCK OF

Groceries & Provisions

constantly kept on hand.

The highest price paid for all kinds of Farm Produce.

J. HARPER.

Madoc, December 17th, 1879.

$300 A MONTH guaranteed. $12 a day at home made by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys, and girls make money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as anyone can go right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their address at once and see for themselves. Costly Outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

FOR SALE OR TO LET.

A GOOD Frame House and Lot, situated on St. Lawrence street, nearly opposite the residence of Mr. Orrin Dunn, in the flourishing village of Madoc. The house is in good repair, and there is also on the premises a good stable and never-failing well of water. For particulars apply to

WILLIAM MULLETT, Proprietor, Madoc.

140-3m

FARM FOR SALE.

LOT No. 6, 3rd Concession, Thurlow, containing forty-five acres. There is on the premises a good frame barn, and frame house containing five rooms; a good well of water at the door. The land is in a good state of cultivation, within half a mile of Canifton. The gravel road leading from Canifton to Ross's corners runs across the lot. For particulars apply on the premises to

GEORGE DUNCAN.

Thurlow, March 13th, 1878. 51

HOUSE AND LOT

FOR SALE OR TO LET,

Situated on corner of Church and Elgin sts., in the

VILLAGE OF MADOC.

ALSO

A Small Shop to Let,

Opposite Harper's Block.

WM. MOORE.

Lumber For Sale!

HAVING purchased all the manufactured Lumber at the Bannockburn Mills, I am now prepared to offer for sale 216,000 feet of all kinds of Dry Lumber at Low Prices.

I purpose bringing a large quantity of the above to Madoc Village, and storing it at the Planing Mill. I will be here every Saturday to attend to the wants of customers. During the rest of the week the proprietors of the Planing Mill have kindly consented to attend to the sale of it. From Monday to Friday I will be at Bannockburn to wait on customers there.

CHARLES FOX.

Madoc, Dec. 8th, 1879. 141-3m

NOTICE!

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Legislature of Ontario at its next session for an Act to incorporate a Company to be called the

Grand Ontario Central Railway Company,

with full power to construct, maintain, acquire, and operate a Railway from the Town of Goderich, in the County of Huron, to the City of Ottawa, and with power to amalgamate or agree with any other Company, except the Grand Trunk Railway Company, which has now or hereafter may have any Railway touching at any point on the line of the proposed Railway, or any extension thereof, or for the lease or purchase of the same or any part thereof.

D. A. JONES, Beeton, Co. Simcoe.

December 5th, 1879. 141-6t

MADOC BAKERY

James Latimer

BEGS to inform the inhabitants of Madoc and surrounding country that he has commenced business as

BAKER AND CONFECTIONER

and will do his utmost to supply his patrons with first-class

Bread & Graham Bread,

DELIVERED DAILY.

Furnishings for Socials and Tea Meetings got up on the shortest notice.

BUNS,

PASTRY,

PIES,

AND CHEWING CANDY,

All of my own make.

Remember the Place—Corner of the Hastings Road.

MONEY. MONEY. MONEY.

MAY BE SAVED

BY PURCHASING

BOOTS,

SHOES,

GROCERIES,

—AND—

Fancy Holiday Gifts!

—AT—

REDUCED PRICES,

FROM

N. D. PETERS,

O'FLYNN BLOCK,

MADOC.

1879 and 1880.

FRESH

X'Mas Groceries

Gray & McGregor,

Victoria Block, Madoc,

HAVE RECEIVED

FRESH LAYER RAISINS,
VALENTIA RAISINS,
SULTANA RAISINS,
NEW CURRANTS,
NEW FIGS,
DRIED APPLES,
CITRON, ORANGE, LEMON PEEL,
VALENTIA ORANGES,
VALENTIA LEMONS,
CANNED PEACHES,
do PEARS,
do CORN,
do GREEN PEAS,
do LOBSTERS,
do SALMON,
do COOKED CORN BEEF
do LUNCH TONGUE,
ORANGE MARMALADE,
PRESERVED GINGER,
POTTED MEATS,

The Celebrated Diamond Brand Oysters

FINNAN HADDIES,
BLOATERS, CODFISH,
LABRADOR HERRINGS,

—ALSO—

A CHOICE STOCK OF

CONFECTIONERY.

Madoc, Dec. 17th, 1879.

WRIGHT'S

Grocery, Provision,

WINE & LIQUOR STORE,

(Established by the late Andrew Wright, in 1858,)

NOW CARRIED ON BY MRS. WRIGHT,

On the premises, in Wright's Block, Durham Street, Madoc,

WHO KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A FULL ASSORTMENT OF FIRST-CLASS

Groceries, Confectionery, and Biscuits,

(A SPECIALITY,)

FRUITS IN SEASON.

WINE, BRANDY, GIN, SPIRITS, ALES AND PORTERS,

of the best brands imported direct from the manufacturers.

—ALSO—

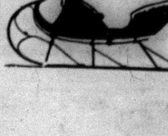
CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE,

FLOUR AND FEED, &c., &c.,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL AT THE LOWEST CASH PRICE.

JANE WRIGHT.

MADOC, January 1st, 1880.



CUTTERS,

CUTTERS,

CUTTERS.

LOTS OF CUTTERS FOR SALE AT

BRISTOL'S.

First-Class Timber, and Well Ironed, With Steel Shoes.

SOME AS LOW IN PRICE AS $25.

—ALSO—

FIRST-CLASS SLEIGHS FOR SALE CHEAP.

Madoc, January 1st, 1880.

Special Attractions

FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

No one should fail to examine the immense stock of Holiday Goods which

O'FLYNN & O'HARA

are now showing.

SEE THEIR NEW STOCK OF

CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, VASES,

CRUET STANDS, VALISES,

POCKET BOOKS, TOILET SETS,

AND A HOST OF OTHER ARTICLES TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION,

ALL OF WHICH ARE BEING

SOLD AT VERY LOW PRICES.

CALL EARLY.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA,

POST OFFICE BLOCK.

Madoc, Dec. 18th, 1879.

E. L. WEISS,

Has just what you want in the way of Holiday Goods, cheap and good.

LOOK!

At the coloured gold Chains, Necklets, Lockets, Ear-rings, Studs, Cuff Buttons, Fine Keeper and Gem Rings, Collar Studs and Pencils.

SEE!

The beautiful Stone and Gold Plated Crosses, Plated Cuff Buttons, Studs, Ear-rings, Brooches, Setts, Nickel Cuff Buttons, Breast Pins, Spoons, Silver Rings, Nickel Chains, etc., etc.

OBSERVE!

The fine lot of Clocks of all kinds, fancy, etc.

NOTICE!

The great variety of Black and Composition Jewelry.

Watches in Gold or Silver gotten up to order.

SPECTACLES always on hand. Purchase and you will be able to inspect goods better.

Holiday Goods!!

A full and complete stock of

WATCHES,

CLOCKS,

JEWELRY,

AND

FANCY GOODS,

Also a choice assortment of

Children's Toys,

and other articles suitable for the present

HOLIDAY SEASON,

will be found at

RAWE'S,

IN THE WILSON BLOCK.

Madoc, December 11th, 1879.

VICK'S
Illustrated Floral Guide

A beautiful work of 100 *Pages, One Colored Flower Plate, and 500 Illustrations*, with descriptions of the best Flower and Vegetables, with price of seeds, and how to grow them. All for a FIVE CENT STAMP. In English or German.

VICK'S SEEDS are the best in the world. FIVE CENTS for postage will buy the FLORAL GUIDE, telling how to get them.

The *Flower and Vegetable Garden*, 175 Pages, Six Colored Plates, and many hundred Engravings. For 50 cents in paper covers; $1.00 in elegant cloth. In German or English.

Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine—32 Pages, a Colored Plate in every number and many fine Engravings. Price $1.25 a year; Five Copies for $5.00. Specimen Numbers sent for 10 cents; 3 trial copies for 25 cents. Address,

JAMES VICK,
Rochester, N. Y.

Land For Sale.

TWENTY-ONE (21) Building Lots for sale in the Village of Madoc, laid out on Park Lots 3 and 4, and known as "Norman's Hill."

Enquire of Captain Norman, Millbridge, or the undersigned,

CHARLES GREAM.

Madoc, September, 1879. 131

LOTS FOR SALE!

In the Northern part of the Village of Madoc, (Russel Estate.)

AT MODERATE PRICES. Terms—one quarter cash, balance in three equal annual payments, 7 per cent interest on unpaid balance. Expence of conveyancing to be paid by purchasers to vendor's solicitor, (Morgan Jellett, Esq., Belleville.)

Apply to S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL, Montreal. 11

Stoves & Tinware.

If you want good

COOKING, BOX, OR PARLOR STOVES

CALL AT GEO. CHOWN'S,

Division Street, Reed's Block,

Where you will find a good assortment, together with all kinds of Tinware, on hand or made to order. Furnaces, Eavetrough and all kinds of job work attended to. Remember the place, opposite Orr's blacksmith shop.

22 GEORGE CHOWN.

MONEY TO LOAN!

THE CANADA
LANDED CREDIT COMPANY,
TORONTO, ONT.

To Farmers of Madoc and Vicinity:

Do you want to pay off a Mortgage?
To build a new House or Barn?
To make improvements by fencing or clearing?
Or for any other purpose?

APPLY TO

The Canada Landed Credit Company.

EIGHT PER CENT. INTEREST

Ample time given, with privilege of paying as soon as you please.

For further particulars apply to

A. F. WOOD,
MADOC.

Madoc April 2nd, 1877. 1

Loans made outside the Company if required, at long or short dates.

A. F. WOOD.

BUSINESS NOTICE!

The Boot and Shoe business formerly carried on by

MR. LOUIS WEISS, SEN.,

Will be in the future conducted by his son,

E. L. WEISS,

with whom all outstanding accounts must be settled

Within Sixty Days,

and all business transacted in the future.

Boots and Shoes

MADE OF

FIRST-CLASS STOCK,

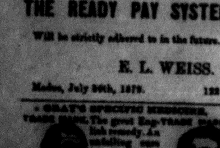
and a fit guaranteed.

THE READY PAY SYSTEM

Will be strictly adhered to in the future.

E. L. WEISS.

Madoc, July 30th, 1879. 122



GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE. TRADE MARK. The great English remedy. An unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhea, Impotency, and all diseases that follow as a sequence [illegible] After Taking. [illegible] of self-abuse, as loss of memory, universal lassitude, pain in the back, dimness of vision, premature old age, and many other diseases that lead to insanity or consumption, and a premature grave. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at $1 per package, or six packages for $5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO.,
Toronto, Ont., Canada.

Sold in Madoc and everywhere in Canada and the United States, by all wholesale and retail druggists.

N. B.—The demands of our business have necessitated our removing to Toronto, to which place please address all future communications.

$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. $5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ORANGE LODGES.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
O. RUPORT, Sec'y, Madoc P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Tuesday in each month.
C. DONALDSON, Sec'y, Millbridge.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
HENRY BENTLEY, Sec'y, York River P.O.

DOWNEY'S L. O. LODGE, No. 425,
Held on the first Tuesday in each month.
FRANK H. GAUEN, Sec'y, Ivanhoe P. O.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
W. J. WIGGINS, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

MADOC LODGE, No. 321.
Meets the first Wednesday in each month.
W. BRISTOL, Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every second Monday in each month.
JOHN McCOY, JR., Sec'y, Remington P.O.

HAZZARD'S CORNERS LODGE, No. 1133.
Meets first Friday in each month.
R. KEENE, Secretary, Madoc P. O.

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. SOLMES, Secretary, St. Ola.

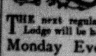
L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

NORTH HASTINGS CO. ORANGE LODGE.
M. BRISTOL, Co. Master, Madoc P. O.
JAS. A. ORR, Co. Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

Hearts of Oak Lodge,
No. 139, O. Y. B.

A REGULAR meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Lodge-room, Madoc, **On Thursday Evening, February 5th,** at 7.30 o'clock. A full attendance requested.

FRED. B. TABER, Secretary.



MADOC LODGE
No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on

Monday Evening, Jan'y 19th,

At 8 o'clock.

J. MOUNCEY, Rec. Secretary.

MADOC LODGE, NO. 48
A. F. & A. M.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Masonic Hall,

On Tuesday, Jan. 27th,

at the hour of 7:30 p. m. A general attendance of members is requested. Visitors are cordially invited. By order,

JAMES O'HARA, Jr., Secretary.

B. & N. H. RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

On and after Monday, November 3rd, trains will run as follows:

Going South—Train leaves *Madoc* at 8 a.m., arriving in Belleville at 10.

Going North—Leaves Belleville at 3 p. m., arriving at *Madoc* at 5.05.

Belleville time.

R. LUTTRELL,
General Superintendent.

Correction.

At the late election in the township of Madoc the number of votes polled by Mr. English in the 3rd Division was 54 not 34 as stated in our last issue.

Township Statistics.

During the six months ending with December 31st there were registered with J. R. Ketcheson, Esq., Township Clerk, Madoc, 9 births, 12 marriages, and 7 deaths.

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the North Hastings Agricultural Society will be held at the "Lake House," Huntingdon, on Wednesday next, 21st inst., at 1 o'clock p.m.

Pork and Bacon.

W. R. McRae, of Belleville, advertises in this issue 200 barrels of pork and 10,000 lbs. of bacon for sale. Lumbermen and others wanting anything in this line will know where to get a supply.

Exchange of Pulpits.

On Sunday last Rev. Mr. Wishart, Presbyterian Minister, and Rev. Mr. Martin of the M. E. Church, exchanged pulpits for the morning service. This kindly feeling between different denominations cannot fail to bring forth good results.

Locked Up.

William Watters on Friday last occupied the lockup the greater part of the day for disorderly conduct on the streets. "Bill" is somewhat an unruly individual, but it is to be hoped Constable Sills will succeed in bringing him to see the error of his ways.

Dungannon and Faraday.

Following is the result of the voting at the municipal election in the above municipality: For Reeve—D. Kavanagh, 97; A. Kennedy, 38. For Councillors—J. Jarman, 119; F. Mallett, 80; H. Bentley, 85; R. McPhee, 83; T. McCabe, 74; H. Johnson, 69.

Week of Prayer.

Last week was generally observed as a week of prayer by the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches in this village, services being held in some one of them every evening. On Sunday evening the Presbyterian Church was crowded by the congregations of the three denominations, who united in a union meeting which brought the services to a close.

Sale of Real Estate.

At an auction sale of lots on the Russel estate, in this village, a few days ago, the lot opposite the residence of Mr. P. Sinclair was sold to Mr. John Harper, and the next one, opposite Mr. S. D. Ross to Dr. Dafoe, for $401 each, cash. We consider the above a reasonable price, as these lots are in a very eligible location.——Mr. George Conley, of Huntingdon, has purchased the building formerly occupied by Thomas Cross, as a store, for the sum of $5,500. The intention is to at once fit it up as a first-class hotel. The building is one of the finest in the village.

Bogus Money.

Our readers are warned to be on the look out for counterfeit silver as it is evident there is a quantity of the spurious article in this neighborhood at the present time. A day or two ago four ten cent pieces were offered in Mrs. Wright's store in exchange for goods, but they were instantly detected as bad and handed over to Constable Sills. The money came from a respectable farmer of this township, who, on being questioned by Mr. Sills, affirmed that the only way he could account for it being in his possession was that he had received change for a ten-dollar bill from a "Cheap John" pedlar, named Walsh, a short time previously, part in silver and part bills. We have also seen a twenty-five cent piece, and no doubt all the sizes are in circulation. The bogus coin is of a dull color and feels greasy in the fingers—a poor imitation and easily detected. Look out for it.

Tenders Wanted.

Tenders are invited in this issue for supplying the Model School, in this village, with forty cords of hardwood; also for the fencing of the schoolhouse grounds of S. S. No. 13, in the township.

Municipal.

The new village and township Councils will meet for organization on Monday next, at 10 o'clock a. m., the former in the Town Hall, and the latter at Conlin's Hall, Eldorado. In the village there will be three new hands at the Council Board this year, and in the township two will warm their seats for the first time.

Election of Officers.

At the last meeting of L. O. L. No. 321, held in this village, the following officers were elected for the present year:—George Kerr, W.M.; L. S. Guffin, D.M.; W. Bristol, Secretary; J. A. Orr, Treas.; M. Bristol, Chap.; Frank Embury, W. Moore, W. Milligan, W. Embury, and J. R. Ketcheson, Committee; John Conley, D. of C.; W. Conley and A. Wrightley, Standard-bearers.

Loyal Orange District No. 2.

The annual meeting of the above District was held at Queensboro' on Tuesday last. The following were elected officers for the ensuing year:—Wm. J. Allen, D.M.; H. Ketcheson, D.D.M.; J. A. Orr, D. Chap.; W. J. Wiggins, D. Sec.; John Caskey, D. Treas.; Jas. Moore, D. of C.; Oscar Ruport, Inside Tyler. The next annual meeting will be held at the lodge-room of No. 517, and the semi-annual at Hazzard's Corners.

O. Y. B. District Meeting.

The annual meeting of the North Hastings Orange Young Briton District was held in this village on Tuesday evening last. The following officers were elected:—D. W. Wright, Madoc, W. M.; G. S. Wilson, Tweed, D. M.; R. Haggarty, Huntingdon, Chap.; Fred Taber, Madoc, Sec'y; G. Post, Moira, Treas.; H. Brown, Tweed, D. of C.; Jas. Hawkins, Huntingdon, Inside Sentinel. At the close of the meeting the Madoc brethren entertained their visitors to an oyster supper at Moon's Hotel, which it is needless to say, was served up in excellent style.

Captured.

Constable Sills is a revolver ahead this week. On Monday night a number of persons, having imbibed too freely in the cup that intoxicates, were endeavoring to clear their clouded faculties by making all the noise possible on the street, one of them, named Thomas Cassidy, recklessly firing off his revolver at the risk of taking some of his companion's or some peaceful citizen's life. Constable Sills appeared on the scene, however, before any damage was done, and having confiscated the weapon, took the offender before A. F. Wood, J. P., who discharged him until he got sober.

A Hint.

A notable hint to advertisers is going the rounds of the press at present:—"Keep 'em alive, we mean advertisements. Make them look fresh. Don't advertise snow-shovels in July or linen dusters in December. Keep up with the times. Advertise seasonable goods. In all large establishments there should be a man specially detailed to look after the advertisements. Let that be part of his business and duties. All heavy advertisers have people who do nothing else. The systematic advertisers make most money out of it. Don't skim this paragraph over and then forget it. We are talking for your own good. Change your advertisements often, and make them attractive."

A Warning.

It may not be generally known that there is a law in force against persons driving in sleighs or cutters on the streets without bells being in some way attached to the vehicle or harness. It is a fact, nevertheless, and in future Chief Sills purposes looking after this matter and seeing that the requirements of the law are fulfilled. Sleighs without bells slip along very noiselessly, and narrow escapes from accidents are often made by persons who have to cross the streets, especially after dark. We have noticed a great many drivers in this village lately leaving themselves liable to a fine in this respect, and therefore give this warning, "officially," that the Chief will in future endeavor to have this law enforced.

Interesting Facts.

The year 1880 will have four eclipses of the sun and two of the moon, as follows:—A total eclipse of the sun January 11th, visible to the western quarter of North America and the Pacific Ocean. An annular eclipse of the sun July 7th, visible to the southern half of South America. An unimportant partial eclipse of the sun December 1st, visible to the eastern portion of North America and to the North Atlantic Ocean. A total eclipse of the moon June 22nd, visible to the western edge of North America. A total eclipse of the moon December 16th, visible more or less to the whole world. A partial eclipse of the sun Dec. 31st, visible to the eastern part of North America. There will also be an occultation of Mars March 17th, visible to the eastern portion of North America. It is leap year. Lent will begin February 11th. Good Friday is March 26th, and Easter Sunday March 28th. Christmas will come on Saturday.

Mining Notes.

Several car-loads of gold ore were shipped within the last week, some to Wyandotte, and some to Detroit, Michigan, where it will be smelted, and the precious metal extracted. The bulk of this was taken from the Dean & Williams mine.

The Andrews Co., of Youngstown, Ohio, are actively engaged in working the Cameron iron mine, a short distance from this village. The first shipments were made last week.—This mine, it is said, promises to be one of the best in the locality.

On Saturday last a large quantity of gold quartz passed through this village on sleighs from a mine in the township of Sheffield, adjoining Hungerford, *en route* to the Dean and Williams mine, to be crushed and tested. We understand it was found exceedingly rich. No doubt our neighbors in Sheffield will soon have crushers of their own over there now.

Messrs. A. F. Wood, C. J. Pusey, and Jas. O'Hara, jr., have secured a valuable mining property, situated on lot 2, in the 2nd concession of this township, on which a rich mine of magnetic iron ore was recently discovered. We understand a gang of men are now at work, and large shipments are expected to be made during the winter.

Some time ago a rich deposit of magnetic iron ore was discovered on Mr. Dorland Clapp's property, west half of lot 10, in the 5th concession of Madoc, within a few hundred yards of the Seymour mine. A company was immediately formed to develop it, consisting of *Messrs.* Joseph Caverly, R.T. Grey, James A. Orr, Thomas Kelso, Jeff. Caverly, and Arthur Coe, and last week the contract for sinking a shaft was let and the work begun.

Another gold mine has been discovered on the south half of lot 3, 13th concession of Rawdon. A company composed of parties in this village has been formed, under the name of the "Emily Mining Co.," consisting of Major Rawe, Samuel Cornel, Jacob Caldwell and Jacob Ullman, who have secured the property and will commence operations as soon as practicable. They have already completed arrangements to ship the quartz to Hall & Felton, a Buffalo firm.

For the N. H. Review.

A New Year's Reflection.

The year 1879 is now numbered with the past. It has gone with all its joys and sorrows, its chances for improvement and its many precious opportunities. Gone into that boundless, unfathomable abyss, Eternity. Old '79 will never return. It is a solemn thought that we are now a year nearer the judgment bar where the reward for faithfulness shall be given or the penalty for remissness imposed. We are a year nearer participating in the untold joys of heaven or forming one in that ghastly company who are for ever shut out from the mercy of God. We are permitted again to cross the threshold of a new year, and like the god Janus of the ancients we are privileged with taking a retrospect of the past and looking with hope into the future. How many cherished and loved ones who entered upon the past year with us full of life and ambition are now mouldering in the cold and silent grave. What changes have occurred in the past year! Who will live to see the close of the present one? With a new year, thank God, we have fresh opportunities for doing good, repenting of the sins of the past and forming new resolutions for the future. Our chief object in life is not the accumulating of wealth, nor yet scaling the diamond ridge of ambition, making ourselves the admired of all admirers. God designed that man should be happy. Real happiness can never be attained by the vain, frivolous baubles of earth. Much as fame may pander to self-gratification it can never secure the desired end. We may be rich as a Rothschild, wise as a Socrates, eloquent as a Beaconsfield, we may revel in Utopian fields or stand upon the highest pinnacle of the temple of fame, and yet to real happiness be a total stranger. We may have all the world can give and yet be poor, miserably poor. Real happiness alone can be attained by being a Christian, rendering as our most reasonable sacrifice our all to Christ since we owe a debt of gratitude to Him which can never be repaid. Let us live with a noble purpose in view to fear God and benefit our fellow man. The field is great, the calling God-like and ennobling, and if we cannot stand side by side with the great master minds of this earth we can in our more humble spheres, by the conscientious discharge of duty, as fully redound praise to God's honor and glory as can the most highly talented. God looks not to the outward appearance, but he is the searcher of hearts.

J. M. HENDERSON.

L. O. District No. 3.

The annual meeting of the above District was held in Stirling on Tuesday, Jan. 13th, when the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—Samuel Tummon, D. M.; Paul Kingston, D. D. M.; Walter Martyn, Chaplain; R. J. Craige, Secretary; John Graham, Treasurer; all the above were re-elected; John McCaw, jr., D. of C.; Thomas Tummon and John Fleming, Lecturers for the District.

Model School Board.

The Board met to organize and transact business on Tuesday evening. The members were all present. Mr. Ross was appointed Chairman, and the other officers of the Board were continued in their positions.

The Board by formal measure, brought in by Mr. O'Flynn and seconded by Mr. Caverly, gave expression to its appreciation of the merits and services of Messrs. Wood and Tuller, the retiring members, and of their zeal and activity in all the duties of their office.

C. G. Wilson's account, $3.44, was examined and ordered to be paid. Tenders are to be asked for a year's supply of wood, and the stationery requisite for the School to be procured at wholesale rates hereafter.

The Board will hereafter meet regularly on the second Monday in each month, in the School building, at 7:30 p.m.

An effort is to be made to secure a larger grant from the Government to the Model School, and the series of Entertainments begun last winter is shortly to be resumed.

December Examinations, 1879.

ADMISSION TO HIGH SCHOOLS. — GEOGRAPHY PAPER.—TIME—ONE HOUR AND A HALF.

1. Define meridian, water shed, bay, frith and zone.
2. What and where are Athabasca, Nelson, Chignecto, Restigouche, Gatineau, Temiscaming, St. Hyacinthe, Quinte, Chesapeake, Sacramento, Champlain and New Orleans?
3. Where do you find the following natural productions in greatest abundance:—Cotton, copper, coal, coffee, tin, gold, furs and grapes?
4. Say you embark at the Isle of Man on a voyage to the mouth of the Volga. Through what waters, and near what capes and islands would you pass?
5. Draw a map of the Coast of Asia from Behring's Straits to Cape Comorin, showing all the important physical features with their names neatly printed upon them.
6. Locate the following:—Obi, Papua, Zambezi, Tunis, Morea, Cyprus, Venice, Lyons, Copenhagen, Borneo, Cheviot Hills, Crimea, Quito, Port-au-Prince, Trinidad and Loffoden.

(VALUES—No. 1, 5; No. 2, 12; No. 3, 8; No. 4, 11; No. 5, 20; No. 6, 16.)

North Hastings Teachers' Association.

The following circular has just been issued to the members of the above Association, by the President:

The first Convention of the N. H. Teachers' Association, for 1880, will be held in Stirling, on January 31st, commencing at 10 a. m. The programme of proceedings will commend itself to every one. The undersigned earnestly hopes that the meeting will be really successful in every way. To ensure the attainment of this object, study thoroughly the subjects to be discussed, be present punctually at the hour appointed, make full notes of suggestions made during the meeting, take part in the proceedings either by asking for information or by making remarks on the topics under discussion, remain in attendance until the adjournment, and when you return to your school, show by your increased efficiency, that the Association is a valuable instrument for good. Again, you are asked *to be punctual.*

PROGRAMME:

I.—Method of teaching Reading to II. and III. Classes, ...Inspector Johnston.
II.—History for Schools, what it ought to be, and how to teach it, ... Prof. Wright, Albert Coll.
III.—Method of teaching Grammar to Senior III. and IV. Classes, ...Prof. Dawson.
IV.—Method of teaching Elementary Arithmetic, ... Inspector Mackintosh.
V.—Readings by Messrs. Sutherland and Malloy.

N. B.—The annual fee (50 cents for male members and 25 cents for female members) will be received by the Treasurer.

W. MACKINTOSH,
President.

MARMORA ITEMS.

The last examination of the past year of Beaver Creek Public School was held on December 19th, 1879. The teacher, Mr. D. M. McCallum, has only been teaching during the last half of the past year, and taking this fact into consideration the progress made by the school has been highly commendable. The several classes were subjected to a rigorous and searching examination in reading, spelling, arithmetic, definitions, and geography. The ready answers given by the Third Class to questions in the latter branch were very satisfactory. After all the classes had terminated their exercises a brief address was given by Mr. F. Beddome on the subject of Mechanical and Intellectual Teaching, after which the proceedings were brought to a close.

The annual tea meeting of the Methodist Church of Canada was held in the Marmora Town Hall on New Year's night. It was about the most successful one ever held here yet, both with regard to the quantity and quality of the edibles provided as well as the attendance, which was so large that the commodious building was crowded to such an extent that many were unable to find seats. It is really astonishing to behold the amount of substantial provisions that some individuals at places of this kind can rapidly stow away. If their feats in this way at a Soiree are a sample of their daily appetites at their several homes and places of abode, provisions of all kinds should surely rise in the market, but perhaps they may fast previous to beginning their repast. It might forcibly remind a spectator of the hearty meals partaken of by the Maids of Honour during the reign of Henry III, of England, or the gluttony exhibited by Vitellius and Heliogabalus, also Louis XIV, of France. The intellectual entertainment of the evening began by the chair being taken by T. P. Pearce, Esq., Warden of the County. The duties devolving upon this honorable position he performed in an able and satisfactory manner. The Pastor, Rev. S. Macaulay, introduced a new and pleasant feature into the programme, namely, a series of recitations from some of the pupils of Marmora village Public School, which were most excellently rendered in thorough elocutionary style, reflecting great credit not only upon themselves but also upon their teacher, Mr. Mulloy, who gave a comic reading by Mark Twain entitled "The Jumping Frog." The musical tastes of the audience were administered to by a number of Marmora and Blairton noted amateurs, who performed their several parts with great ability. Able and eloquent addresses were delivered by Rev. T. B. Wilson, Dr. Payne, and T. Warren, Esq. Proceeds amounted to $105, to be applied on Circuit funds. FRITZ.

Marmora, January 3rd, 1880.

MARRIED.

ROLLINS—LONG.—On the 23rd ult., by the Rev. D. Wishart, Mr. Robert Rollins to Miss Agnes Long, all of Madoc.

HILL—ROLLINS.—On the 24th ult., by Rev. D. Wishart, Mr. James S. Hill, of Belleville, to Charlotte, eldest daughter of Samuel Rollins, Esq., of Madoc.

KIMMERLY—MARAKLE.—By Rev. A. Martin, on the 12th inst., at the residence of Mr. George M. Brooks, Madoc, uncle of the bride, Mr. Alfred Kimmerly, of Montana Territory, U. S., formerly of Tyendinaga, to Miss Sarah Elizabeth Marakle, of Richmond, Lennox County.

Madoc Markets

Flour, per brl	$6 50	to	$0 00
Wheat, per bushel	1 25	to	0 30
Rye, "	0 65	to	0 00
Oats, "	0 40	to	0 00
Barley, "	0 50	to	0 55
Peas, "	0 65	to	0 00
Potatoes, "	0 30	to	0 00
Eggs, per doz	0 14	to	0 00
Butter, per lb	0 16	to	0 00
Hides, per cwt	7 00	to	7 50

FARM FOR SALE.

THE East halves of Lots Nos. 25 and 26, in the Eighth concession of Madoc, will be sold cheap. Apply to the publishers of the REVIEW, Madoc, or to

H. HOLDEN,
95-6m Shannonville.

Private Boarding House

PRIVATE BOARD and comfortable rooms can be obtained by applying to the undersigned, on Elgin Street, leading to the Model School.

MRS. J. HULIN.

Madoc, May 27th, 1879. 113

Land for Sale.

WEST half of Lot 10, in 7th concession of Marmora, (near the Gatling mine,) containing 100 acres, partly cleared. Price moderate and terms liberal. Apply to

S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL,
27-2m 467 St. Paul St. Montreal

HARNESS! HARNESS!

P. SINCLAIR

HAS REMOVED HIS HARNESS SHOP TO

DALE'S BLOCK!

Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

HOME-MADE WORK
FOR SALE,
OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

—AT—

MORRICE'S
BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS
in all the different styles and sizes.

CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.

MADOC
Flour & Feed Store

I BEG to announce to the citizens of Madoc and the public generally, that I have opened out in the

VICTORIA BLOCK

a first-class Grocery, Flour and Feed Store, and am now fully prepared to attend to the wants of customers.

CHOICE FAMILY FLOUR,
CORNMEAL,
OATMEAL,
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR,
BRAN, SHORTS,
AND
CRACKED FEED

of every description, kept constantly on hand,

PRIME MESS PORK,
By the barrel or pound.

GROCERIES,

CONSISTING OF

Teas, Sugars, Raisins, Currants, SPICES, TOBACCOS, &c., &c.

Highest Cash Price Paid
FOR ALL KINDS OF GRAIN.

All goods purchased from me will be delivered free to any part of the village.

TERMS CASH.

ROBERT ROLLINS.

Madoc, December 10th, 1879.

Boots!! Boots!!

TO THE PUBLIC:

THE undersigned wishes to inform his friends and the public generally that he has lately opened a Boot and Shoe Shop in the Village of Madoc, and is prepared to execute all orders in the above line in a first-class manner and at low rates. Particular attention given to repairing and all kinds of custom work. Give me a call.

M. RAE.

Shop—Directly opposite Bristol's Carriage Works. 141

FINAL NOTICE!!

I have fully made up my mind to change my Credit business to the Ready Pay System, by Cash or Produce taken in exchange for goods, considering it better for both myself and customers.

I close my Books on the 15th day of November, inst., and all parties indebted to me are requested to call and settle at once, or costs will be made.

G. M. BROOKS.

Madoc, Nov. 5th, 1879.

JAS. WHYTOCK,
Grocer & Provision
DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

U CAN GET

BETTER

FURNITURE,

AND

MORE OF IT,

For Less Money

—AT—

M. MAYBEE'S,

than at any shop in the County.

CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

UNDERTAKING

ALL SIZES OF

Coffins & Caskets

KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Robes, Shrouds,

AND

FUNERAL FURNISHINGS.

M. MAYBEE.

Madoc, April 22nd, 1879.

MADOC PLANING MILLS.

The undersigned having removed their Planing Mills from Bridgewater to the Village of Madoc, and fitted up a

Planing Mill, Door, Sash and Blind Factory,

are now prepared to do all work in our line with promptness and despatch.

CUSTOM PLANING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

KERRS & WALTON.

Madoc, June 29th, 1879.

NEW GOODS!

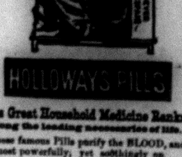
Our stock of Fall and Winter Goods is now complete in every Department.

PRICES VERY LOW!

Sydmer Ross & Co.

Madoc, September 9th, 1879.

NEW GOODS,
at Low Prices
AT
JOHN ROBERTSON'S.



This Great Household Medicine Ranks among the leading necessaries of life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on

The Liver, Stomach, Kidneys,

and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the world.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts,

Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers,

it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even Asthma. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

GOUT, RHEUMATISM,

And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured only at

533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON,

And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered in Ottawa; hence, any one throughout the British possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

CALL FOR THE GREAT

SIERRA NEVADA SMOKING!

At C. G. Wilson's Drug Store, one of the most delicious aromas ever smoked. Cures colds, catarrh, asthma, and all bronchial complaints. Singers and speakers use it successfully. M. L. SMITH, Arkona, Ont.

FOUND!

—AT—

C. G. WILSON'S
Drug Store.

THE FINEST LOT OF

XMAS CARDS

AND

SCENT SATCHETS

IN TOWN. ALSO ALL SIZES OF

Autograph Albums,
Purses, Brushes,
Perfumery, &c.,

FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

$1500 TO $6,000 A YEAR, or $5 to $20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Any one can do the work. You can make from 50 cts. to $2 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth $5 also free; you can then make up your mind for yourself. Address GEO. STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

ST. CATHARINES NURSERIES.

A full assortment of splendid

FRUIT & ORNAMENTAL TREES.

ORDERS BY MAIL receive careful and prompt attention.

AGENTS WANTED!

To take Orders in every part of the country. PAY LIBERAL.

DEALERS!

Should call and see the Stock—it is unsurpassed. Prices as low as in the States, thereby saving the duty of twenty per cent.

Address,

D. W. BEADLE,
140-6m St. Catharines.

"BREAST THE WAVE, BROTHERS."

"Breast the wave," Brother, "Breast the wave,"
Whatever [illegible] sin;
The Master Pilot waits to save
All men who strive to win.

"Breast the wave," Brother, "Breast the wave,"
Deep darkness gathers round;
Look to your Captain, and be brave,
For heavenly joys you're bound.

"Breast the wave," Brother, "Breast the wave,"
A few more struggles o'er,
The heaving tide of time will lave
You safe on freedom's shore.

"Breast the wave," Brother, "Breast the wave,"
Celestial hosts are near,
Supernal help your soul may crave,
Then you will know no fear.

"Breast the wave," Brother, "Breast the wave,"
Stretch strongly for the land;
Our Great Redeemer's near to save,
And guards each of His band.

"Breast the wave," Brother, "Breast the wave,"
Gainst waves and storms contend;
The plaudits of th' admiring brave,
Will greet you in the end.

ROBERT BURNET.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Seasonable Information for Tillers of the Soil.

The Benefit of Sugar-Beet Culture.

We have frequently referred to the advantages promised by the culture of sugar-beet for the manufacture of sugar. But the great industry does not grow, blossom, and become fruitful in a year or a few years. Yet its final success is hastened by the ease with which the raw material can be produced. If sugar beets were now grown as plentiful as potatoes, sugar factories would be as numerous as starch factories. It was the abundant supply of potatoes that tempted the starch manufacturers to build their factories, and offer a steady market for the farmers produce. Let sugar-beets become a staple product of our farms, and the only obstacle to the establishment of a vast business in sugar-making would be removed. Sugar beets can be made profitable for feeding, and not only so, but the effect of the culture upon our system of agriculture cannot fail to be so advantageous as to invite farmers to adopt it, if but for its own value alone. Root culture implies good farming for with poor farming one can not grow roots. Beets may be grown upon poor land, by using the proper fertilizers and methods of culture, and there is no better method than this of working up the soil to a good condition. For if one grows a quantity of roots, these must be fed, and they can not be fed without making a large quantity of manure; further, they can not be fed with the greatest profit without the addition of some concentrated food, and that involves rich as well as abundant manure. Besides, in using roots and meal as a daily ration for cattle or sheep, it is found that straw will be consumed with avidity; in fact, it makes an excellent substitute for hay, and uses up profitably a waste product that is generally used only for litter. An idea is prevalent that root culture is costly. It may be at first under certain circumstances; as upon a poor soil and one foul with weeds, and especially under careless management. It may be made costly when, by neglect at a critical time, the whole crop is lost by being buried in weeds. But that is not the fault of the crop, but of the management. The seed of an acre of ground costs $6; that is for sugar beets, which may be grown closer than mangles; 12 lbs. of seed being needed for an acre; the cost of cultivation need be no more than for a crop of potatoes. The yield will be of considerably greater value than that of potatoes yielding, under favorable circumstances, 800 bushels per acre, or 25 tons. For feeding, the sugar beet it is worth more than double the quantity of mangles, as it contains more than twice as much solid matter, so that 25 tons per acre is equivalent to a large crop of greater mangels, as can be expected under the most favorable conditions. The direct profit is then attractive enough to induce farmers to raise sugar beets merely for feeding purposes, while the indirect profit arising from the improved condition of the soil gives a respectable return in addition. When the culture of sugar-beets then become general, there will doubtless be no lack of capital to work them into sugar, any more than there would be to operate a silver or gold mine that might be discovered on a man's farm. It is the want of material that has kept back enterprise in this line; the men and the money are always ready to develope any staple and profitable raw material.—*American Agriculturist.*

Many Crops and a Variety of Stock.

It becomes more apparent every day that the land occupier's income must come, not only from one or two large sources, but from a number of smaller ones also.

We must have many crops and a variety of stock, and must learn how to make the most of each and all of them. The times when merely to get a farm was to be on the road to wealth are gone, probably forever. All that can be looked for now is that he who takes a farm may get a fair percentage on the capital he had to commence with, if he follows the road to success adopted by men of all other professions.

The road to success means almost invariably an unwearying attention to detail. Genius (some one said) is an infinite power of taking trouble; and success means genius well applied. Cereals can only be made to pay by the greatest possible care in choosing the varieties best adapted to the land and markets, and cultivating these with a special eye to get quality. Cattle can only be made profitable by those who condescend to watch their peculiarities, to develop the valuable ones, and to take care in selling that they get market price for all they have to part with. There must be no mean guess work, no rule of thumb; we must learn to recognize the best methods of breeding, feeding and marketing, even though we have to abandon long-established practices.—*Agricultural Gazette.*

Poultry—Feed Twice a Day.

The best rule, both as to quantity and time, is to give the fowls a full meal in the morning and a second shortly before going to roost. Many persons feed their fowls only once a day, usually in the morning: the consequence is that they go roost with empty crops, and as the nutriment they have obtained during the day is required to keep up the animal warmth, particularly during the long, cold nights of winter, it cannot be employed in the production of eggs, and thus feeding hens once a day is not favorable to their fertility. It is necessary, therefore, to feed liberally twice a day, at least, if any large amount of profit be desired from fowls. There is one great advantage dependent upon having fixed hours of feeding—namely, that the birds soon become accustomed to them, and do not hang about the house door all day long, as they do if irregularly fed. They consequently obtain a greater amount of food for themselves, and are less troublesome than they otherwise would be.

Comparative Value of Wood.

It is a great convenience to know the comparative value of different kinds of wood for fuel. Shellbark hickory is regarded as the highest standard of our forest trees, and calling that 100, other trees will compare with it for real value as fuel for house purposes, as follows: Shellbark hickory, 100; pignut hickory, 95; white oak, 84; white ash, 77; dogwood, 75; scrub oak, 73; white hazel, 72; apple tree, 70; red oak, 67; white beech, 65, black birch, 62; yellow oak, 60; hard maple, 59; white elm, 58; red cedar 56; wild cherry, 55; yellow poplar, 54; butternut and white birch, 43; white pine, 30. It is worth bearing in mind, that in wood of the same species, there is a great difference according to the soil on which they grow. A tree that grows on a wet, low, rich ground will be less solid and less durable for fuel, and therefore of a less value than a tree of the same kind that grows on a dry and poor soil. To the ordinary purchaser, oak is oak and pine is pine, but he loses sight of the tree grown on dry upland, and standing apart from all others, is worth a great deal more.

Stock in Winter.

The management of domestic animals on the farm in winter, in order to secure the most profit to the owner, has often been discussed in our columns, but it is a subject which may be profitably taken up with the nature of this season of the year. Profit can not be expected if stock is not properly cared for. The maximum of grain in raising live stock is only secured by possessing good animals, and keeping them in a thriving condition from birthday to maturity. This fact we have emphasized repeatedly because it is one which cannot be too often nor too strongly urged upon the attention of farmers. The sale of poor to good stock throughout the country is one of all reasonable proportion, when the means of improvement are so easily secured. A visit to the stock-yards in the city any day in the year will furnish conclusive evidence on this point. It is only fair to say, however, that much improvement has been done within a few years, and without doubt this improvement will be more rapid in the future than it has heretofore been. Health [illegible] of the [illegible] animals and early [illegible] a plentiful [illegible] quantity of it, comfortable quarters, and regularity in supplying food and water. Under this management young animals will steadily develop while those that have reached maturity will maintain their health and vitality, and with the return of spring, when turned upon the fresh grass, they will be in condition to make rapid improvement and realize to their owners the best results. A word of caution is in place right here. The mistake is often made of a sudden change of diet. In all cases this should be gradual, else much harm is likely to follow. From grass to hay and grain the transition is oftentimes too sudden, inducing a train of evils which the experienced farmer and feeder readily understand. Like results are likely to follow a sudden change from winter food to fresh pasturage. Green grass turnips, and similar foods, contain from 70 to 90 per cent. of water while, grain and dry hay contain only from 10 to 15 per cent. It is seen at once that a radical change from one to the other is injudicious, and fraught with danger. At this time of year, it is not unusual to turn cattle into stalk fields and not unfrequently valuable animals are lost by a want of judgment. For the first few days the animals should not be permitted to remain in the field long at one time—not more than two hours—and after being driven out they should have [illegible] to water. If allowed to remain in the [illegible] longer, they are liable to fill themselves with dry husks and stalks, impaction of the manifolds is likely to follow, and very often death ensues. It is well to recollect that a single kind of food, day after day, without change, is not as beneficial as a mixed diet, or a change of food now and then, provided proper judgment is exercised. Such changes may be provided with very little trouble and cost and the enhanced returns they bring will more than compensate the outlay. It is not advisable to have stock go into winter quarters in poor condition, and the judicious farmer and stock-raiser makes it a point to have his animals in fair flesh when they are taken from the pasture. He knows that in this condition they will endure cold weather far better than when thin, and less food is required to carry them through the winter. A low temperature, especially severe cold weather, draws heavily upon the fat of an animal, and when there is a lack of this resource, more food is required, otherwise an animal will rapidly deteriorate. Regularity in feeding is very important. Stuffing and starving by turns is a very bad policy. A lack of care in this regard is anything but wise; it is evidence of a want of humanity on the part of the owner or the person in charge of the stock, besides being expensive. With such treatment animals will be little more than hide and frame at spring time. A merciful man is merciful to his beast, and no species of cruelty is more reprehensive than starvation. There is no profit in keeping live stock in that manner. It is attended with absolute loss. Feed well and provide warm quarters, giving daily exercise when the weather permits, and your stock will represent increased value with the return of spring. —*Prairie Farmer.*

OUR SPECIAL COLUMN.

Mr. Edward Eggleston and his daughter, who have been writing a series of volumes on "Famous American Indians," have just published one upon "Brant and Red Jacket," a book which should have a particular interest for Canadians hereabout.

The circulation of *Le Petit Journal*, a daily journal published in the French capital is 565,000, *La Petit Republique Francaise* has 181,000, and *La Petit Moniteur* 100,000. They are all halfpenny papers. The *Figaro* has the largest list of the higher priced journals, its daily circulation being 74,000.

Mr. George Augustus Sala, the well known English journalist, now on a visit to the United States, delivered a lecture in New York recently, on "The Shows I have Seen." The lecture was a graphic description of the many pageants Mr. Sala had seen, including the marriages of Queen Victoria and the Duke of Connaught, the burials of the Duke of Wellington, Louis Napoleon, Prince Albert and the Prince Imperial; also the French *coup d'etat.*

It takes a long time to remove a wrong impression persistently adhered to, but we must confess our surprise to find that the literary world has been so long under the delusion that the *Blackwood Magazine* has all along been edited by someone else than its actual editor. It seems there have been but three editors of *Blackwood* since the day of its inception until the recent death of Mr. John Blackwood. Prof. Wilson was no more than a contributor, and never controlled the columns of the magazine. This will certainly be news to those who have so long held the belief that he was the editor for some time. *Blackwood* itself gives us the startling intelligence.

The origin of Dickens' "Oliver Twist" is not generally known. It is thus given by Mr. Lippincott:

"After the amazing success of 'Pickwick Papers,' Dickens was thinking of following it up with a story of London life, with which he was more familiar than with English country life. Just about that time he happened to visit the studio of George Cruikshank, and was shown some drawings the latter had made illustrating the career of the of a London thief. There was a sketch of Fagin's den, with the Artful Dodger and Master Charley Bates; pictures of Bill Sikes and his dog and of Nancy Sikes, and, lastly, Fagin in the condemned cell. Dickens was much struck by the power of these character sketches, and the result was that he changed the whole plot of 'Oliver Twist.' Instead of taking him through spiritless adventures in the country, he introduced him into the thieves' den in London, showed up their life of sin and shame, but brought his hero through pure and undefiled."

Much as Shakespeare may be reviled and abused, just because he wrote plays, his true character as a moralist and a Christian is seen in nearly every drama he penned except the lighter ones. In Richard III. he makes Catesby say:

"Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepared and look not for it."

The lines contain a whole sermon. Then again, in "Measure for Measure," the Duke speaks of the prisoner as

"A creature unprepared, unmeet for death."

Though not intended as an epitaph, here is one from "Young's Night Thoughts," which far excels the usual stamp of graveyard literature:

"Lean not on earth, t'will pierce thee to the heart;
A broken reed at best, but oft a spear;
On its sharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires."

"Meg of Mumpo Hall, a character in Sir Walter Scott's 'Guy Mannering,' lived at a roadside inn near Gilsland, where robbers harbored and waylaid travelers passing to and from Scotland. She was a desperate character, and was accustomed to inveigle strangers so that they might be led into the snares of the robbers. Her real name was Margaret Leasdale. She died May 5th, 1777, aged 98 years, and was buried in the upper Denton churchyard. On her tombstone are the following lines:

"What I was once fame may relate,
What I am now is each one's fate,
What I shall be none can explain,
Till he that called call again."

The English poet, Edmund W. Gosse, has recently published a volume of poems, among the best of which is the following under the title of the "Return of the Swallows."

"Out in the meadows the young grass springs,
Shivering with sap," said the larks, "and we
Shoot into air with our strong young wings,
Spirally up over level and lea;
Come, O swallows, and fly with us,
Now that horizons are luminous!
Evening and morning the world of light,
Spreading and kindling is infinite!"

Far away, by the sea in the South,
The hills of olive and slopes of fern
Whiten and glow in the sun's long drouth,
Under the heavens that beam and burn;
And all the swallows were gathered there,
Flitting about in the fragrant air,
And heard no sound from the larks, but flew
Flashing under the blinding blue.

Out of the depths of their soft rich throats
Languidly fluted the thrushes, and said:
"Musical thought in the mild air floats.
Spring is coming and winter is dead!
Come, O Swallows, and stir the air,
For the buds are all bursting unaware,
And the drooping eaves and the elm trees long
To hear the sound of your low sweet song."

Over the roofs of the white Algiers,
Flashingly shadowing the bright bazaar,
Flitted the swallows, and not one hears
The call of the thrushes from far, from far;
Sighed the thrushes; then, all at once,
Broke out singing the old sweet tones,
Singing the bridal of sap and shoot,
The tree's slow life between root and fruit.

But just when the dingles of April flowers
Shine with the earliest daffodils,
When, before sunrise, the cold clear hours
Gleam with a promise that noon fulfils—
Deep in the leafage the cuckoo cried,
Perched on a spray by a rivulet-side,
Swallows, O swallows, come back again
To swoop and herald the April rain.

And something awoke in the slumbering heart
Of the alien birds in their African air,
And they paused, and alighted, and twittered apart,
And met in the broad white dreamy square,
And the sad slave woman, who lifted up
From the fountain her broad-lipped earthen cup,
Said to herself, with a weary sigh,
"To-morrow the swallows will northward fly."

—A Maine [illegible] woman tried to suicide because her husband wouldn't let her open his letters. When she recovered she did open them and discovered that one of his relatives [illegible] to leave [illegible].

CANADA'S FUTURE!

Will She Remain Forever a Dependency of England?

TORONTO, Dec. 30.—The assertion that an independent or annexation *feeling* exists in Canada is laughed at by all the leading politicians here. One local leader to-day, who does not wish his name used, when addressed on the subject ridiculed the idea, and said people were too content under the present state of things to give a thought to such a matter, at least for the present. Being asked if he had read the opinion of Mr. McMaster, M. P. P. for Glengarry, given in the New York *Herald*, and telegraphed to an evening paper, he said *yes*, and if Mr. McMaster were to offer himself for re-election now, and the paper containing that interview circulated among his constituents, he would not poll 300 votes in spite of his personal popularity and the influence he could bring to bear. "Ten or fifteen years hence," he said, "things may have taken a turn and something may arise which will bring the question of independence to the surface, but annexation, never! Why, ninety-nine men out of every hundred in Ontario would revolt against such an idea; yes, and would fight, too. Professor Goldwin Smith and a few men like him, who are always discontented with the existing state of things, and would agitate any change, no matter what, may favor independence or annexation, but beyond their narrow limits the feeling has no hold and will not have for a long time to come. Undoubtedly there are men who look kindly upon some change in our State in one of the two directions mentioned, but they are mainly to be found in Quebec, and, I really think, if agitation for independence or annexation were to take deep root in that Province, it would lead to a break-up of the Confederation. There are too many with British blood in their veins in this Province to agree to annexation. We have no grievance like the Americans had when they fought for liberty. We govern ourselves, and are free to do as we please. Britain controls us with a silken rein and as long as she allows us to go our own way we shall be content to remain, not altogether a dependency, but, as we are in reality, her ally." Other politicians and leading men spoke in the same strain, but most of the gentlemen addressed said they had given no consideration to the matter, and the subject, they thought, was so far from engaging public attention that they did not intend to. Several remarked that it was sheer impudence for a New York sensational paper to meddle in our affairs to the extent the *Herald* is trying to do. "It will do us harm," one gentleman said, "in England, and may perhaps hurt our credit. It would, for obvious reasons, be the worst possible thing for us were a movement for independence or annexation to obtain any growth in Canada just now." Many prominent men, members of Parliament, journalists and others have received a circular letter from the New York *Herald*, asking them to give their opinion over their own signatures on the question of a change in our political State. A New York special to the *Evening Telegram* says: "Sir Francis Hincks writes to the *Herald*: There are no conflicting interests between Great Britain and Canada regarding treaties, and in the case of the United States it is notorious that the Imperial Government has offered every facility to the Canadian Government to negotiate on the subject of reciprocity. In the case of France I have always held that Canada has herself to blame for being placed in the disadvantageous position which she occupies. She admits French merchandise on the same terms as the most favored nations, while France does not reciprocate. Canada has only to place an extra duty on French imports until France sees fit to change her policy." Mr. McMaster member of Parliament elect for Glengarry, is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. "I am not surprised," he said, "that Sir Francis Hincks should declare himself a staunch advocate of the permanency of the present system of Government in the Dominion. He is an Imperial pensioner, a politician of the old-fashioned type; he is a man of great political experience, and has lived in three generations. His mind clings to the past glories of the Dominion, when he wielded the power of administration and was the representative statesman of the country, but he is unwilling to understand the will of the rising generation of Canadians and is radically against everything which is not comprehended within the compass of his own imperial policy. He has taken occasion to make several misstatements regarding the meeting at Montreal at which the Political Economy Club was formed, and states that, beyond one member of Parliament and two other gentlemen, there were no influential persons present. All the speakers were of Conservative politics, but Mr. Bouthilier, who is a Liberal. A speech was made by Mr. Bray, who stated the subjects which the Club was formed to discuss, among which he mentioned Imperial federation, Canadian independence and Canadian-American annexation. This was followed by speeches in which Messrs. Perrault, Bouthilier, Honde, Desjardines and Duga boldly declared themselves in favor of an independent Canadian Government, which was a certainty in the near future. I made a speech in which I declared my opinion without fear, but I deny that I spoke in favor of annexation. That is all there is about the so-called annexation meeting. That there is a strong feeling in Canada in favor of annexation is hardly true, but that there is a wide-spread and earnest desire for independence in the future is an incontrovertible fact. Canada has passed through six political stages in the present century. Who, in looking at her history, can deny that she will soon have another change. Statesmen in Canada have two sets of opinions; one for private and the other for public life. There is no question but that the opinions expressed in private life are the convictions of the heart, while those expressed in public life are simply political mockers. Sir Francis Hincks himself will not deny that the feeling in favor of Canadian independence is lodged secretly in the highest circles of Dominion politics. Canada is fast approaching that maturity at which the country generally assumes the responsibilities of independent government. Her territories are being connected by railroads and her soil populated thickly. When her population shall have reached 10,000,000 there must be an entire change of government and its systems. We desire to know our political status. Are we to be dependent on England? If so, we wish representation in the Imperial Parliament. Canada's greatest revenue comes from the customs dues, and still we are not permitted to regulate our customs dues. It is claimed that we have such a right, but I will prove that that is an error to a great extent. Canada supports an expensive customs service on its American boundaries for the purpose of taxing American exportations. These taxes are imposed simply to counteract the duties charged on exportations to the United States. This is entirely wrong. Both countries could save themselves the expense of these costly customs services by abolishing the taxes altogether, and establishing a free interchange; but Canada has no power to treat with the United States on this basis. If she were to repeal all tax laws against American products and manufactures, it would appear disloyal and unfilial to keep them up against England. The question is assuming grand proportions. The merchants and railroad men are pronounced in favor of Canada's future independence for various reasons. Besides the commercial issues, there is a deep national question, which will prove a potent factor in the settlement of the matter. The representative Canadian abroad is a man from the colonies. An Englishman comes from England and a Frenchman from France, but a Canadian is a mere cipher who does not belong to any place in particular. The dullest and most ordinary member of the British Parliament is a far greater personage than the most brilliant and powerful Canadian statesman. There is no field for the ambition of young men. Even Sir Francis has held a mightier position in his time than any young Canadian can ever obtain. I do not mean to say that we are not as happy as is possible to be under our present state of Government, but there is a definite stage in the near future of Canada's experience which will call for a change. It must be Imperial federation, independent government or annexation to the United States. The heart of the country does not appear to be in favor of annexation, as it is feared that the United States would then be too unwieldly a nation."

MONTREAL, Dec. 30.—The following characteristic circular letter has been received by journalists and others in this city:

THE *Herald*, NEW YORK, Dec. 27.

DEAR SIR,—Will you be so kind as to furnish us with a letter over you own signature giving your views on the subject of Canadian independence, as indicated in the Montreal correspondence published in to-day's *Herald*. A similar request has been addressed to a number of prominent men and editors in the Dominion. Please send your reply by mail at as early a date as possible,

Yours truly,
JAS. GORDON BENNETT.

The *Herald's* sensationalism has created a good deal of indignant talk here. The papers editorially, with the exception of the *Witness*, have ignored it altogether. The reports of the interview with Sir Francis Hincks, which appears in Monday's New York *Herald*, has given great satisfaction here.

THE LATE PRINCE IMPERIAL'S UNIFORM.

The *Natal Mercury* publishes the following communication received from its "Own Correspondent," who writes from near Ulundi:—"Colonel Villiers found the Prince Imperial's uniform, or at least an agent sent by him succeeded in doing so for him. Klaas, for such is the agent's name, was carefully selected and instructed by the colonel for this somewhat difficult task. He is a follower of the Mameses, and has only one eye, with which he sees further than most people do with their usual allowances of two. He was brought up in a Boer family and speaks Dutch fluently. Klaas went to the neighborhood of the kraal where the Prince was killed; here he discovered by careful enquiry, that Xabango, the man who slew him, had been killed at Ulundi; he was of the Bomambi regiment. Klaas had some difficulty in discovering the relatives of Xabango, who had the uniform of the Prince, but by various means succeeded in finding the different parts of the uniform in different kraals. He brought a patrol jacket, riding breeches, leather waistcoat, shirt, belt, revolver, an ammunition pouch, with twenty-one rounds in it, and a small bag with some coins. All the clothes, except the breeches, were pierced in front with numerous assegai holes. There was a satisfaction in this to be able to show the Zulus that no holes were found behind; he fell like a soldier and a brave one, 'His back to the field and his face to the foe.' The revolver is smashed. It appears he was wounded first by an assegai, thrown from a distance of about ten yards. He emptied his revolver at his enemies, who closed too quickly to allow him to reload, so he shied the revolver at his nearest assailant, and drew his sword to defend himself. The Prince's what I may call 'historical watch' has not yet been discovered. The Zulus deny ever having seen it. They have also given up the arms and ammunition belts of the men who were killed with the Prince. There can be no doubt about the identity of the uniform, except the shirt which belonged to one of the escort. Klaas interviewed one of the party who attacked the Prince, and it is wonderful how any of the white men escaped at all. The Zulus discovered them approaching long before they reached the kraal; before they had off saddled the Prince and his party were hemmed in on two sides, and affairs were brought to a climax by the Basuto discovering the Zulus in the long grass; had it not been for this none would have escaped. The Zulus stated that the Prince's horse bolted and made away as he was trying to mount."

A MILWAUKEE ROMANCE.

With a Spice of Tragedy in It.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Jan. 5.—A romantic love affair, with a sad sequel, has developed in this city within the past week. The family of the heroine of the romance resides on Third street, between Grand avenue and Wells street. It seems that she had formed the acquaintance of a young man employed in the cigar manufactory of Edward Aschermann & Co., and permitted him to call upon her. The acquaintance ripened into love on his part, but not on hers. Therefore, when he proposed marriage she rejected him, saying that she did not, and never could, love him. The parents of the young lady interceded for the rejected suiter with such persistence that she finally consented to marry him. The engagement, like many another similar one, proved short-lived, however. The poor girl found that she could not cultivate a love for the man of her unwilling choice, and rejected him finally and absolutely. When the baffled lover found every appeal in vain, he became frantic, and, striking a tragic air, invoked the curse of Heaven upon her, and called upon the spirit of his departed mother to appear at her bedside in the dead of night with a lighted candle in her hand and thus disturb her sweet repose. This curse, uttered with the vehemence of distraction, fell with crushing force upon the mind of the agitated and superstitious maiden. She brooded over the portion that appeared most terrible to her,—the nightly visitation of the ghost-like form of the young man's mother, clad in the garments of the grave, until at last the imagination resolved itself into such realistic shape that she actually believed she saw the spirit form approach her bedside, candle in hand, and heap mute imprecations upon her head. The shock of the apparition proved too great for her frail system. She sickened at once, and two days later, despite the efforts of the attending physicians, breathed her last. In her dying moments the rejected lover appeared at the bed-room door, so the story runs, and essayed to approach the sick girl. She saw him, and, being too weak to articulate, impatiently waived him out of her presence with uplifted hand. Still the parents urged him to go in and see her, which he did, knowing the while that he was violating her dying wish not to see her any more. In the announcement of the death of the young lady under such peculiarly sad circumstances, heart disease was ascribed as the cause, in accordance with the diagnosis of the case made by the physicians.

AN UNTIMELY WHISTLE.

What sort of a Turn-out a Russian Policeman Raised.

In a recent number of the *Golos* is found the following strange story, copied by that journal from the leading newspaper of Warsaw: A Jewish peddler, recently travelling on foot through the Grodno district, was attacked in a wood by a footpad, who robbed him of all the money he had about him and then let him go. Proceeding on his way the plundered peddler met a mounted gendarme, to whom he related his mishap, and who proceeded at once to search for the robber, accompanied by the plundered man. They soon came up with the object of their quest, upon whose person the stolen money was found, as well as two clasp-knives and a pocket-whistle, of which, "unconsidered trifles," the gendarme took possession. Having bound the culprit's hands behind him and attached him to the gendarme's saddle by a cord, they started for the nearest village, the peddler on foot, the police officer on horseback. Presently it occurred to the latter that he might ascertain what sort of a tone could be produced by the confiscated whistle, which he accordingly put to his lips and blew with untimely vigor. Straightway there appeared upon the scene a horde of armed brigands, who surrounded the party, and after freeing their comrade from his bonds, attacked his captors. The gendarme put spurs to his horse, broke through the circle of his assailants, and got away with a bullet in his shoulder. But the unfortunate peddler, unable to escape, fell a victim to the brutality of the bandits, who hacked his body to pieces and left his mutilated remains on the road. Preparations are being made by the district authorities to surround the wood in which this band of malefactors has fixed its headquarters. Such enterprises, however, are as rarely successful in Russia nowadays as they were of yore in the kingdom of Naples or the Papal States.

MACAULAY AS A SINGER.

(From Leisure Hour.)

Lord Macaulay, after his elevation to the peerage, desirous to acquaint himself with the ballad literature of the day, bought a handful of songs from a street patterer in Seven Dials. It is said that, proceeding on his way home, he was astonished, on suddenly stopping, to find himself surrounded by half-a-score of urchins, their faces beaming with expectation. "Now, then," said the historian, "what is it?" "Oh! that is a good un," replied the boys, "after we've a-come all the way." "But what are you waiting for?" said he, astonished at the lads' familiarity. "Waiting for? Why to hear you sing, to be sure!"

—The manager of a traveling dramatic company was told, at Franklin, Ohio, that the Rev. A. L. Lockhart had warned his congregation not to attend the performances. The manager therefore printed on his programme a fierce attack upon the clergyman, the following being a sample passage: "Who is this madman that in his ravings out-Herods Herod?" Are the members of this church a set of slaves that they will allow this petty tyrant to dictate to them what they must and must not do? Are they ignorant, superstitious people, who are frightened at his threats of expulsion? Let us hope not. I am at a loss to understand why any number of people born in this free Republic, and living in an age of education, refinement and enlightenment, will submit to the dictates of a bigoted, narrow-minded, know-nothing of a country parson elected to a little brief authority." Now, the Rev. Mr. Lockhart not only had never preached against the show, but was in a front seat on the first night, to be astonished by the tirade of abuse that he read. The manager made an abject apology to the minister and the audience.

THE CALAMITY AT DUNDEE.

Not a Single Survivor of the Tay Bridge Disaster.

(New York Sun.)

LONDON, Dec. 29.—The consternation and amazement with which the news of the calamity at Tay Bridge, in Scotland, has been received here are deep and universal. It is almost the only subject of conversation. Thousands of people who either know that they had friends on board the train, or had reason to think they had, are besieging all places where the latest intelligence from the scene of the disaster is to be looked for. The bulletins are surrounded by crowds eager for the least scrap of information. It was at first believed that over 300 people had gone down in the ill-fated train, and that not one survived. Later inquiries greatly reduce the number lost, and it is now believed that there were not more than 75 or 80 passengers on board, all of whom, with the engineer and other train hands, were drowned. The manager of the North British Railway telegraphed the following official account of the disaster from Leuchars at 4 o'clock this morning:

Several large girders, along with the last train from Edinburgh, were precipitated into the river last night. There were nearly 300 passengers, besides the company's servants, all of whom are believed to have perished.

It is impossible at present to get an exact statement of the number of passengers on the train at the time of the accident, but the estimates of the persons at the station when the train made its last stop before entering the bridge, leads to the hope that the number of persons lost will not greatly exceed the smaller number given above. The Press Association's dispatches estimate the number lost at 90, all told. Up to a late hour this afternoon only six bodies have been recovered, but the work of searching for the dead is going on steadily, and with less difficulty as the gale diminishes in force.

The train left Edinburgh at 4:15 in the afternoon. It consisted of four third-class cars, one first-class and one second-class and the brakesman's van. Dundee was reached a few minutes after 7 o'clock. A tremendous gale was raging at the time the train ran upon the long bridge, but there were no apprehension for its safety, as the structure was considered one of the strongest of its kind in the world. The bridge at its highest point is 92 feet above the water and 78 feet at the lowest point, and consists of immense iron girders, spanning piers from 145 to 220 feet apart. The gap created in the bridge, through which the train from Edinburgh was precipitated last night, is not less than half a mile in length. It includes eleven spans of 245 feet each and one 145 feet across the central and navigable portion of the river, which averages from forty to forty-five feet in depth. The train would fall about eighty-eight feet before reaching the water.

It is not known whether the bridge gave way while the train was crossing, or was swept away by the gale before it reached the spot. It was a bright moonlight night; but the wind was blowing a hurricane. Several men at the telegraph signal box, at the north end of the bridge, say that they saw the lights of the train enter on the bridge, and cross the lower spans into the high girders, then they saw a sudden shower of fire, which, with the lights of the train, seemed to descend with great velocity into the river, then perfect darkness followed. The train had been signaled to the operator from the south end of the bridge at 7:07 o'clock. Discovering no indications of the approach of the train, the alarmed signal man endeavored to telegraph to the south end of the bridge, but between fourteen and seventeen minutes communication ceased. The wires had been carried down with the broken bridge.

The news was conveyed to James Smith, master of the Tay Bridge station, and it spread like wildfire. Crowds from Dundee and the adjoining neighborhood thronged the north end of the bridge. To ascertain the real state of affairs, two men volunteered to venture out on the bridge to make a personal investigation. They were James Roberts, Locomotive Superintendent of the North British Railway, and Jas. Smith, who was in charge of the Tay Bridge station. As they advanced upon the bridge the gale seemed to increase in fury, and almost swept them off their feet. They persevered, however, and made their way forward slowly and with difficulty, clinging at times to the rails to prevent themselves from being carried away by the fierce storm and flung into the boiling waves of the Firth, ninety feet below.

At length, after infinite toil, their hands lacerated and bleeding they reached the brink of the awful abyss. The magnitude of the calamity was then revealed to their horror-stricken eyes. Roberts although stunned and dazed for a moment, determined to push his investigation still further. He crawled out to the point where the high gridders begin, and found that the whole twelve gridders had disappeared. Eleven of them were 245 feet in width, and weighed 250 tons each. They formed a sort of a tunnel in the middle of the bridge. The waves roared beneath, around the bare iron piers, and one-third of the whole structure had vanished, leaving thirteen stumps of piers in the Firth.

After daylight this morning, steps were taken as rapidly as possible to ascertain the exact location of the train under the water, for the purpose of removing the bodies. The Provost of Dundee and a party of citizens who accompanied him in a steamer to the scene of the disaster have returned. A search was made about the bridge in small boats, but no trace of any survivor could be found. Divers were sent down, but were at first unable to find a trace of the lost train. It was not known at what point of the vast ruin—nearly 3,000 feet in length—the cars went down, and many attempts to find it were made without success.

Several of the morning journals here animadvert in severe terms upon the calamity, and call the strictest possible examination into the character of the structure. It is held that the gale was no more violent than what the bridge was ostensibly calculated to resist without strain, even under the additional pressure of the passing train. A strict investigation will be made.

THE WRECKED BRIDGE.

When the Tay Bridge was opened for travel two years ago, its construction was looked upon as one of the greatest feats of modern engineering. It is the longest bridge in the world, being built over an arm of the sea about two miles wide, with a strong tide and powerful current. The bridge was begun in 1873, and was completed some four years afterward, the formal opening taking place on the 26th of September, 1877. The bridge was declared open with much ceremony, the occasion being a general holiday in the district, and over 200,000 persons were present. The bridge joins the counties of Fife on the south and Forfar on the north of the Frith of Tay, and the northern end touches the shore at a western suburb of Dundee. Its length is 10,612 feet. In height it ranges from 97 to 75 feet above the tide level, and consists of 89 spans, the widest being about 220 feet in extent, and these cover the channel up which the coasting vessels proceed to Perth, between twenty and thirty miles up the River Tay, which debouches into the Frith, some miles above Dundee. The bridge was constructed to prevent the necessity of disembarking freight and passengers at Tayport, on the Fifeshire shore, and transporting them by steamer over the ferry to Dundee, a task attended by considerable danger during the stormy winter months. The traffic over the North British Railway, of which the bridge is a part, is enormous.

The bridge was constructed from the first on a novel principle. This was to dispense with the staging and scaffolding which are generally used in bridge building. The piers and girders were to be erected on shore, and floated out to their destination. The consistency with which this principle was carried out would distinguish this bridge from all other structures of the same kind, even if its size and importance were less remarkable.

No matter of what material the parts were constructed, whether they were iron receptacles for concrete, huge lumps of brickwork weighing over 200 tons, or iron girders of 190 tons, they were all finished on shore and floated to their destination. A large part of the foreshore on the Fife side had been leveled and provided with a concrete floor, on which the piers could be built. For the smaller piers the whole lower part up to low water was built up there, an iron shell with brickwork in it leaving a hollow in the center. As every six hours the tide left the level floor, there was no difficulty in this. At a rising tide two barges were then brought alongside the pier and fastened to it, so that a further rise of the water must necessarily lift it off its resting place, and keep it suspended between the barges, in which state it was towed out to its destination and lowered by means of specially constructed hydraulic apparatus till it stood on the river bed, after which the connection between it and the barges were severed, so that the rising water could clear the latter and leave the pier standing on the river bottom. It had now to be sunk to the rock, and for this purpose the top was closed and air pumped in, which by exerting the pressure on the water inside, would force it out below till the pier was quite dry, so that workmen could descend in it and excavate the material at the bottom. The pier would of course sink of its own weight as the excavation proceeded, and when the rock was reached the working chamber at the bottom and the central shaft were filled with concrete, making the mass a solid piece of brickwork and concrete encased in iron and resting on the rock.

For the large piers, founded on gravel, a somewhat different process was adopted. For these it became expedient first to construct an artificial rock, capable of carrying the enormous weight of the pier, superstructure and train. A cylinder of 31 feet diameter, of malleable iron plates, was first built on the level floor of the foreshore. As far as it had to penetrate into the ground it was provided with a lining of brickwork. This height was generally about twenty feet. Above that point the cylinder consisted of iron only. Its purpose was simply to extend the pier to above the water line, and thereby to afford means to handle the mass, to protect the divers working in it during the sinking against the strong current, and to give those in charge of the work an opportunity of judging of its position. This part was only temporarily fixed to the lower or permanent part, and could be taken off and used again after having answered its purpose. When completely erected on shore the structure had a height of 40 or 44 feet, and a diameter of 31 feet, and resembled in appearance a huge gasholder. Its weight was about 200 tons. Two large barges, one on each side, were fastened to it, and as described for the smaller piers, the rising tide would lift it off its resting place, and it could then be towed out to its destination and lowered down on the river bed. It was a curious and interesting sight—this ponderous mass handled with as much ease and precision as if it were a small model instead of a gigantic cylinder of 700 square feet area, and more than 28,000 cubic feet contents. Securely fastened to the barges it could weather the strongest gales.

The Tay, at the site of the bridge, is about two miles broad. On both sides the bed is composed of trap rock, but in the centre the rock slopes down to too great a depth to be useful, and it covered by, first, a stratum of gravel, then sand, and lastly clay and boulders. The gravel is found at depths of about eighteen feet, and so solid as to be quite capable of supporting the weight of the piers. These are eighty-five in number, supporting spans at varying lengths. Those piers which are founded on the rock consist of two cylinders of nine feet six inches diameter, while those standing on gravel, and supporting spans of the same length, have the diameter of these two cylinders enlarged to fifteen feet, and their top weight is greatly reduced by substituting for the heavy brickwork above high water cast-iron columns, fixed together by horizontal and diagonal transverse bracing.

Thirteen of the spans over that part of the river which is generally used for navigation are 245 feet long, and the piers are so high that at the highest water there are 88 feet of clear waterway left, more than sufficient for the class of vessels plying from Dundee to the places above the bridge. The girders composing these spans are placed so wide apart that the trains can pass between them, the roadway being fixed at the bottom of the girders. In other parts of the river this great height is not required, and the piers have therefore been kept much lower, the top of the span in this part being level with the bottom of the large ones, and the rails being laid on cross sleepers resting on top of the girders. These high girders are the ones that toppled over in Sunday night's gale.

STEALING A TOMBSTONE.

(From the Virginia City (Nev.) Chronicle.)

William Boggs was arraigned before Justice Cary, of Carson, yesterday, charged with grand larceny, in stealing a tombstone from the cemetery. The tombstone was exhibited to the jury. It reads:

"Sacred to the memory of W. Boggstone. Died Jan. 3rd, 1856. A kind father, an indulgent husband, and a true man. *Requiescat in pace.*"

Boggs acknowledged frankly that he had taken the tombstone. The name on it was so near like his own that, by filling up the superfluous letters with plaster of paris, he could use it himself in case he died.

The Court—You have the appearance of being a pretty healthy man. Why do you expect to die.

Boggs—I'm going to Bodie to start in business, and—

The Court—Oh, I see. But even if you die, as I have no doubt you will, why do you steal another man's tombstone? Do you really think it's the correct thing?

Boggs—If a man has the use of a tombstone since 1856 it strikes me he's got his money's worth. Besides, this stone was a lie all over. Bill Boggstone wasn't a kind and indulgent father. He was a thieving three-card monte sharp, and had killed four men. A meaner scalawag never was born. When he first came out here in '49 he used to shave off the corners of $50 slugs and pay off his hands in old bills on the Farmers' Bank of New Haven.

"We know him," cried several of the jury; "he was the worst in the deck."

One of the jurors went on the stand and testified that he saw the man run out of Placerville in 1852 for robbing hen-roosts! He turned a widow out in a snow storm because she couldn't pay the house rent. Several old-timers in the court-room testified to the bad character of the dead man. One man swore that the brother of Boggstone put the tombstone up, and did it in the night. It was a monumental lie and a disgrace to the cemetery.

The jury acquitted, and Mr. Boggs left on the stage for Bodie with the tombstone.

DOING A FAVOR.

Early yesterday morning a poorly-dressed and seedy-looking person about fifty years old entered the Postoffice and proceeded to warm his hands at one of the registers. He made no inquiries about mail, and after he had been loafing around for two hours a policeman got his eye on him and asked:

"Say, old man, have you any business here?"

"Well, no," was the reply.

"Any work to do?"

"No. I kinder thought I'd lay off this winter."

"Any friends here?"

"No."

"I think you are a vagrant," continued the officer as he took another look at him.

"Mebbe I am," sighed the old man.

"And I think I'll take you down."

"Well, I'll go along."

The officer escorted him down to the station house, registered his name, and then proceeded to search his pockets. Each one panned out a "wad" of money, making a total of $1,600.

"Why didn't you tell me you had this money?" demanded the policeman.

"Why didn't you ask me?"

"Didn't I say I took you for a vagrant, and you didn't deny it, either!"

"Well, I didn't know anything about your city laws," quietly replied the old man. I've got two married daughters, and I came in to buy each of 'em a $600 piano for New Year's, but if it's ag'in any of your laws I'll take the next train for home. I'm gitting purty old, and I don't want no fuss with anybody."

"Well, you might have saved yourself all this trouble," said the officer as he escorted him to the street.

"Don't mention it," was the answer. "If I took any trouble on your account it's all right and you needn't thank me. I'm always willing to oblige anybody who can appreciate it. Purty cold day, isn't it?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

HOW TO CATCH CROWS, SKUNKS AND FOXES.

(From the Rod and Gun.)

Here is a bit of evolution study. Our friend, Mr. A. W. Hubbard, of Magog, P. Q., is in a muddle. We do not wonder at his soul's perplexity. Mr. Hubbard set his traps for foxes. He found them full of skunks. Urged on by the market quotations of skunk pelts he accepted the situation, removed the unsavory prey, and set the traps for more. Then came a new surprise. Set for foxes, the traps caught skunks; now set for skunks, they caught only crows. The baffled trapper could not eat crow; so accepting the belief that the traps were bewitched, he set them for the birds, and of course caught foxes!

—In the new prison at Milan, the prisoners at first made an incessant noise and uproar upon being separated from each other in their respective cells. The keeper ordered them to keep silence, and was very much surprised to find that his order was so well carried out that the building became as silent as a graveyard. At last he discovered that the prisoners had started telephone communication among themselves by speaking through the numerous tubes by which the building was heated.

—James Devilge asked the North Carolina Legislature to change his name, and that body told him to go to the devil-go. Then he changed his name to *Forno*, and got into the State Prison for so doing.

—Sweet potatoes are raised in Los Angeles county, Cal., weighing 20 pounds each.

HANGING THE AFGHANS.

Forty-nine Sepoys, Who Were in ab[illegible] when the Outbreak Occurred, Executed.

(From the London Daily News.)

CAMP CABUL, Nov. 12.—On the 6th seven men brought in by Gen. Gough's force from the Shuturgardan and intermediate villages were hanged, one being a havildar of a Herat regiment present at Cabul at the massacre. This was followed by an excursion into the Chardeh Valley, the villagers of which were known to be harboring disbanded sepoys. Taking the road through the northern suburbs of Cabul the troops passed through the gorge by which the river enters the city, and then turned sharply across the stream and followed the foot of the hills until near the village of Indikee.

The *mullicks*, or headmen, were summoned by Gen. Baker, who ordered them to bring out all Sepoys of the Afghan army. Five minutes grace was allowed, and within this time thirty men came forward. The General had a roll-call, showing the names of Sepoys known to live or be hidden in Indikee, and as many of these were missing the *mullicks* were asked to explain their absence. They admitted that twenty men were absent, but promised to bring them in when they returned. Indikee had distinguished itself particularly by firing at our cavalry patrols before Charasiah and by receiving within its walls the fugitives who fled from the attack of the Seventy-second Highlanders and Fifth Ghoorkas when the hills were stormed on the day of the fight. A fine of 1,500 maunds (120,000 pounds) of grain and 600 loads of bhoosa (chopped straw for forage) was levied and the whole population disarmed.

Gen. Baker then visited smaller villages near and captured 18 more Sepoys. There could be little doubt that most of them had been trained as soldiers. They fell into their places, shoulder to shoulder, when the order to start was given, and, keeping time to the quick step of the Sikhs, marched along in good order to our camp. Forty more Sepoys were brought in by the *mullicks* on the 9th and 10th, as well as also a fakir, who had been wounded. This made 89 in all, and they have been dealt with as follows:

		Hanged.	Released.
November	10	11	5
	11	28	13
	12	10	13
Pardoned, retained as informers.			2
Total		49	40

Any men who could show by fair evidence that they were absent from Cabul, lying sick in their villages or otherwise engaged when the mutiny and after events took place, were released. Many did not attempt to deny their presence in the Bala Hissar or at Charasiab. The stories invented by others were tested by the statements of the *mullicks*, who were all along kept separate from the Sepoys and examined independently. Confronted finally with their headmen and the falseness of their defence exposed, these prisoners did not take the trouble to invent further explanations.

The men executed belonged to the Herat regiments. They were either at Cabul when the outbreak occurred, or returned later to fight against us, the muster rolls now in our hands enabling us to identify them without much trouble. They did not attempt to give false names, and their *mullicks* were warned that they themselves might incur further punishment if they screened Sepoys belonging to their villages. Such as could not give a clear account of their movements were condemned to death, and they submitted to their fate with the usual quiet resignation of Mussulmans. Many were of the worst type of Afghans, and their callousness when waiting their turn at the foot of the scaffold (ten men were hanged at a time) was remarkable.

Their seeming carelessness as to their fate never varied, whether the sentence was death or acquittal. Their fanaticism is equal to all fortunes. Our great regret is that, while we are sending the rank and file to the gallows, the ringleaders are still at large. Such poor specimens of humanity as these marched daily to execution are of but little account in our sight, and will not be missed in a country like this; whereas the execution of leading men—as Kushdil Khan, Nek Mahomed, or Mahomed Jan—would have a wholesome effect on the whole tribe of intriguers who have brought Yakoob Khan so low. Unfortunately we have not these sirdars in our hands; they are still living and capable of further evil-doing.

AN OLD TRAGEDY BROUGHT TO MIND.

Strange Sequel to the Betterly-Bradley Shooting Affray of 1873.

(St. Thomas Times.)

Fanny Betterly was fined $20 or two months in jail at the Police Court yesterday on a charge of being the keeper of a house of ill-fame. Her arrest recalls the circumstances of a fatal tragedy enacted in Malahide, near the village of Orwell, on the 5th of July, 1873. About 12 o'clock on the night in question, three men named Albert Bradley, John Crosby and Alfred Ryckman, went to the house of Samuel Betterly and endeavored to gain admission, using obscene and threatening language to the inmates, and indulging in disparaging remarks as to the virtue of the daughter Fannie. Miss Betterly appeared at the window and told them to leave—that she would not permit any one to use such language to her, and that if they did not depart she would shoot them. Bradley dared her to do so, and she snatched from the hands of her brother William a gun loaded with slugs and fired through the window. The charge lodged in Bradley's abdomen. He was removed to a doctor's by his companions but died in a few hours. Fannie was arrested and tried on a charge of murder but the jury acquitted her, expressing their belief that the deceased's intention was to violate Miss Betterly's person and that the shot was fired in defence of her honor. The companions of Bradley had meantime fled to the United States, and the sympathies of the persons present at the trial of the accused were manifestly in her favor, as was all the evidence produced. A full report of the shooting affray was published in the *Times* when it occurred. Fannie Betterly was described as "between 18 and 19 years of age, has a slight, graceful form, and a pleasant and rather good-looking face." The last seven years of her life have not improved her appearance. Now she is not only homely and wholly unattractive in face and figure, but she is slovenly in her dress as well.

When arraigned before the Magistrate the girl pleaded guilty, and in default of payment of the imposed fine, was sent to jail for two months. A couple of young men, arrested as frequenters, were fined $2 each.

AN IMPORTANT LEGAL CASE.

The International Bridge Tolls in Dispute—What the Canada Southern Desires to Pay the Grand Trunk.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Jan. 1.—An important case in equity jurisprudence is pending before Judge Wallace, in the U. S. District Court here, which appears to have no precedent in the law books. The contention grew out of a controversy between the Canada Southern Railway Company and the Grand Trunk Railway Company over the International bridge across the Niagara River at Buffalo. The Canada Southern applies for a reduction of tolls, which the petitioners aver are exorbitant and unfair. The case involves a large amount, and has engaged the attention of distinguished counsel on both sides. The dispute between the two parties is of several years' duration. The difference between the amount claimed and the amount which the Canada Southern Railway considers it reasonable to pay is between $50,000 and $60,000. Every year the Company pays the Bridge Company between $125,000 and $140,000 and the business is rapidly growing. The International Bridge was constructed a number of years ago under the authority granted to two separate corporations, one Canadian, the other American, the charters being given by the Dominion Parliament and the Legislature of the State of New York, respectively. In 1869 the two corporations were merged into one, and assumed control of the bridge. Neither the Canadian Parliament nor the New York Legislature took the precaution to stipulate the rates of tolls to be collected for the use of the bridge, although it was explicitly set forth that all railroads desiring to run its cars over it should have equal rights with each other. The New York Legislature further empowered the Directors of the American corporation to fix the amount of tolls. It is now claimed, on the part of the Canada Southern Railway, that every dollar, except $200 of the stock of the International, its franchises, and rights, has been absorbed by the Grand Trunk Railway, the right to make this purchase having been granted by the Canadian Government without the concurrence or consent of the New York Legislature. The consideration was £20,000. The officers of the Bridge Company are the officers of the Grand Trunk Railway, and the two shares, of $100 each, not owned by the Railroad Company, are held in trust for it. The [illegible] collected is as follows: [illegible] over, $1; [illegible] cents; [illegible] Grand Trunk [illegible] revenue of $[illegible],000 more than the actual [illegible] of the bridge. The Canada Southern Railway, in view of these facts, petitions the court for a remedy. The prayer is for a lower and more equitable rate of tolls. The Act of Congress provides that, in case of a controversy between the Bridge Company and the railway companies using the bridge, the settlement to be effected in the United States District Court. The counsel opposing the petition maintain that the act referred to is unconstitutional, and that the District Court, or any other court, is without authority in the premises. A case involving many of the same points was recently argued in the Canadian Court of Chancery, and now awaits decision. The case before Judge Wallace has been argued at considerable length by the Hon. A. P. Laning, of Buffalo; Adam Crooks, Q. C., of Toronto; and Nicol Kingsmill, also of Toronto, for the Canada Southern Railway; and the Hon. E. C. Sprague and Mr. Milburn, of Buffalo, for the Bridge Company. The controversy is virtually a railroad war between the New York Central and Grand Trunk Railway. Judge Wallace will decide whether he has jurisdiction in the case before there are further proceedings. The counsel will submit their briefs next Tuesday. The question is a very serious one to the railroads interested in the controversy.

COLD WEATHER IN PARIS.

What the Frenchmen Think of it—Omnibuses and Cars Stopped by the Snow—Paris Without Milk—Barehanded Working Girls.

PARIS, Dec. 5.—We have cold weather in Paris now. The fountains are all frozen up, and the Seine is full of ice. This has been so for the last two or three weeks. People have been expecting the weather to change every day, but it does not change.

Everybody has something to say about it. The first remark one Parisian makes to another, as he gets in a car or omnibus, is, "This is not very warm weather," and "How cold it is!" is shuddered out as he draws his coat collar around his ears.

"It is a fine time for the rich," said an old woman, as she stopped to complain to a friend.

But this winter is particularly hard on the poor. Last summer it was very cold and wet and the crops all turned out badly. Bread has risen four cents on a loaf, and, worst of all for a Parisian, wine is scarce, owing to the grapes not having had enough sun to ripen. The allegorical wolf is at the imaginary door; the real wolf is looking for a warm place in the Forest of Fontainebleau.

One of the worst features of Paris is that there are no facilities for keeping warm in unusually cold weather. Many of the houses are built in a very rickety manner, with big holes under the doors and great cracks in the window sashes. Coal is very dear, and all the cafes and restaurants that are warm at all have the feeling of being heated by the breath of the customers and the gas jets.

The warmest people are the Americans, who go about saying: "Isn't it gay!" and "Doesn't it seem like home?" How that braces one up!

The coldest people are the omnibus drivers, who sit up high and catch all the cold winds coming around corners. They do themselves up in large hairy ulsters and comforters, smoke immense pipes, and yell their opinions of the weather at each other as they pass.

The cabmen are also pretty cold, and may be seen jumping and slapping their arms at the cabstands; they are also to be met with in wine shops. They put small pieces of carpet in their cabs, and hang large placards outside of the window with the words, "warm inside," deluding strangers into the idea that they have stoves and hot bricks with them.

But speaking of cold men, one must not forget the chestnut roasters, who stand in doorways and try to keep warm over their little charcoal stoves. It makes one envy the chestnut—so warm—while the poor roaster stands with tears running down his cheeks, alternately stamping his feet and punching himself in the ribs to keep warm.

The boulevards are quite deserted in the evening, except when you come to a square with a fountain in it, and there you see a crowd of people breaking up and fishing out the ice.

The great crowds that a short time ago were sitting with their hats off, drinking and smoking in front of the cafes, are gone. The policemen loaf in pairs out of the wind, and are so benumbed with cold that they would not arrest a patricide.

The cafes are flourishing. Every one goes to them. The motto is: "Anywhere, anywhere out of the cold."

Early in the morning the streets are full of people who are forced to get up and go to work. It is very strange to see a great many of the girls stick to the fashion of going bareheaded, notwithstanding the severe cold.

Most of the workmen are poorly clad, and look hungry. Now and then one sees an old Frenchman of the better class, with an immense curly-brimmed hat and his head done up in a thick shawl, muttering imprecations on the weather, and sarcastically asking the pardon of people who run against him.

Just at present we are favored with a rattling snow storm and a biting north wind. The snow began to fall yesterday, and is still falling. There is about six inches of it on a level—enough, here, to stop all the omnibuses except those which they have put six horses to.

Most of the horse cars also stopped running. Those that go at all may be seen slowly toiling along with the driver walking in front, encouraging the horses, and the conductor walking behind, encouraging the passengers, who push.

This morning the steam cars were all late, and there was no milk for the cafe au lait. The Parisians think that this is the coldest weather and the deepest snow that has ever been known, and won't believe it when you tell them that it is colder and snowier in America.

The way the weather has set in so early indicates a severe winter. But there is no shadow without its sunshine. The white bears in the Jardin des Plantes are just beginning to feel comfortable; the men who sell the hot drinks were never doing better, and it is hoped that the organ grinders will not survive the cold.

PERSONAL.

The tomb of Benjamin Disraeli, the grandfather of the Prime Minister, has recently been repaired and the inscription recut and repainted. It has not transpired, says the London correspondent of a Liverpool paper, at whose orders the tomb has been repaired, the instructions having come through an influential member of the congregation worshipping at Bevis Marks. But considering that some amount of mystery has been maintained concerning the real source of the instructions there can be little doubt that they have originated with Lord Beaconsfield. The burial place of these ancestors of the illustrious statesman is the Spanish and Portuguese Cemetery in the Mile-end road. The inscription on Benjamin Disraeli's tomb, which can now be read distinctly, is as follows:—"Sacred to the memory of Benjamin Disraeli, born 22nd September, 1730, died 28th November, 1816. He was an affectionate husband, father and friend."

Julia Jackson the eighteen-year-old daughter of Stonewall Jackson, was presented at Baltimore, on Christmas Eve, with a silver pitcher, inscribed, "To General Stonewall Jackson's daughter, from Confederate soldiers in Maryland, Christmas, 1879." The presentation was made in a quiet manner at Miss Cary's school, where Miss Jackson is a pupil.

Queen Victoria has presented an organ to the English Church on Pitcairn's Island.

The Queen of England is now the greatest Mohammedan Sovereign in the world, in respect of having more Mohammedan subjects than any other Power. These are found chiefly in India over which the Queen rules. There are not so many Mohammedans in Turkey as there are in the East Indian dominions of her Majesty.

Henry Kent, who died a short time ago in England, was the Wesleyan minister whom the Anglican Bishop of Lincoln years ago refused to deal with—the dispute at last leading to a suit at law against the Bishop to establish Mr. Kent's right to place the title "Rev." before his name on the tombstone of his daughter. Mr. Kent gained a decision in his favor, and the "Rev." was ordered to be placed on the stone. At his funeral the other day, when an attendant was about to let fall the usual handful of earth on the coffin, the vicar of the parish, who was present, stepped down and himself performed that little service.

—An increased sale of account among the colored people of the South is mentioned as an evidence that the blacks are advancing in civilization and are bound to jump.

—Out West you can get an oyster stew in a bottle and take it home to be drunk.

North Hastings Review.

JAS. A. ORR & BRO., Proprietors. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.50 per Annum in Advance.

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[illegible] HOUSE.

[illegible] as an Arab pitcher [illegible] only for [illegible] a place [illegible] we think, are not adding the goodliest [illegible] capable of their [illegible] to pervade it, as it were, with their influence, though for the time they may be absent indeed in the body; shedding, so to speak, an atmosphere of beauty and refinement about them which clings around the place when they are gone. 'Tis an old hackneyed quotation, though none the worse for that, about "The vase in which roses have once been distilled;" but it describes as poetically and as adequately as language can, the charm we all know so well, the spell that a loved and loving woman casts upon the threshold of her home.

Mary Cave possessed this faculty in a high degree. Any one who knew Mary intimately could tell at a glance on entering a room whether she was in the habit of stationing herself there; and the something that George recognized here in the London lodging, which he had learned to appreciate in his Oxford experiences, was but one of the many attractions belonging to that lady of which he had never made any account. Lover-like, he attributed it all to Grace, and looked round the apartment with a softening eye, believing that it was here she sat and worked and pondered, thinking perhaps sometimes, and not unkindly, of him.

Poor Grace! she was generally too restless now to sit still anywhere. When not occupied with the invalid, to whom both the women devoted themselves as only women can, she spent most of her time in wandering to and fro about the house, looking out of all the windows that commanded the street, and turning away from them as if she expected somebody who never came, varying this dreary amusement by long political discussions with her friend, in which she sought to prove the Parliament not so far in the wrong, shocking that Cavalier lady much by the [illegible] of her opinions, which seemed to incline daily more and more towards Puritanism, and as Mary told her, almost with indignation, "flat rebellion."

[illegible]

Poor Lord Vaux, sadly weakened and broken down, had listened courteously and with a well-pleased air to a man for whom in his heart he had always entertained a high respect, and to whose kind offices he had often of late owed his own welfare and security. He bowed his head feebly, and said "he was glad to hear it;" then looked wearily around as though to ask when his noonday draught would be ready, and when his visitor was going away. Mary alone remained obdurate and uncompromising.

"You have justified yourself," she said "of the Blessed Martyr's blood but you can never deny that you, and such as you, have been the unconscious instruments of this odious sacrilege. You are not of us, George Effingham, and you must not be with us. We are glad to have heard you in your defence; to have seen you once more; to thank you for your favors we have received at your hands; and to bid you farewell. We wish you no evil, we bear you no malice; but between us and you stands the scaffold at Whitehall. It is a barrier that can never be removed. I speak for Sir Giles Allonby's daughter as well as myself. Come, Grace, you and I have no business here!"

How could she say such hard, cruel words? What was this impulse that bade her to do violence to her own bitter feelings, and trample so ruthlessly on those of her friend? Her tone too, was unnaturally calm and constrained; and she pressed her hand upon her bosom, as if in physical pain.

He had bent his head down, down to his very sword-hilt while she was speaking, but he raised it more loftily than his wont when she had done, and Grace observed that he looked sterner than usual, and had turned very pale. Her woman's heart was rising rapidly; her woman-nature rebelled fiercely against this assumption of authority by her friend. She sat swelling with love, pride, anger, pity, a host of turbulent feelings. It wanted but little to create an outbreak.

He rose slowly, and bade Lord Vaux a courteous farewell. He bowed to the ground before Mary, who acknowledged his salutation with one of those miraculous courtesies which the dames of that period performed to such perfection. Then he turned to the door, and in doing so he must pass close by Grace's chair. How her heart beat. Once she thought he would pass without speaking. For more than a minute she had never taken her eyes off his face, and a sad, hopeless expression crossed it now that made her thrill with pain. He stopped before her chair, and took her by the hand. "Farewell," he said, "a long farewell, Grace!" There was a world of quiet sorrow in the tone with which he spoke that last word; a world of hopeless love in the deep eyes that looked down so reproachfully, yet so fondly, into hers. The girl's heart was full to suffocation. She could bear it no longer; the room seemed to swim before her eyes. The next moment she was sobbing on his breast like a child.

Effingham walked out of that London lodging perhaps the happiest man that day in England. He was no accepted suitor, no affianced lover, it is true; but for the first time he knew now beyond a doubt that the blessing for which he had pined so long was his own; that even if she might never be his, Grace Allonby loved him dearly in her heart; and the light which the poet affirms "never was on sea or shore," but without which both sea and shore are but dull and dreary wastes, began to shed its golden gleams on a life that only too joyfully accepted this one boon in lieu of everything else which it had lost.

Trembling, weeping, agitated, horribly ashamed, yet by no means repentant of what she had done, Grace retired to her chamber, whither, from the sheer force of habit, she was followed by her friend; and where, in broken sentences and frequent sobs, not unmingled with smiles, she told her how she had loved their enemy so long, ever so long, even before she had entreated him to save Boeville's life, only she was not quite sure he cared for her; and how she had nevertheless always believed it was for her sake Effingham had been so kind to the Royalists; and how proud she always was, though she knew it was very wrong, of his prowess and his successes; lastly, how she had feared she must never see him nor speak to him again; and how to-day was the happiest day in her life; "for, you see, Mary, he is not a rebel, after all—he says so himself—not a rebel at all; and even, if I never see him again, I shall always love him better than any one else in the world."

And Mary listened, and soothed her, and remonstrated, like a confirmed hypocrite as she was. (All good women are, far, far more so than the bad ones.) And even urged the claim of another, with a pale smiling face too, and dissuaded her in every way she could think of from what she termed "this wicked folly;" and Grace, cheering up rapidly, laughed at the latter argument, and said with a mocking voice, "If ever he turns up, you will have to marry him yourself, Mary. You have taken charge of him ever since we have known him. It is very careless of you to have lost him now!"

They reached home, those unconscious friendly stabs, dealt so innocently by a loving hand—home to the very quick, every one of them. Grace could not guess why her friend bent down to kiss her so assiduously at this moment, and talked on so volubly immediately afterwards; but the conversation was resumed again and again; the argument against marriage, so resolutely urged by the elder lady, becoming weaker and weaker at every fresh attack.

The contest ended as such contests usually do when the one side is thoroughly in earnest, the other fighting against its own convictions. Lord Vaux, an easy, good tempered man, devotedly fond of Grace, and in the intervals of his malady only too glad to make every one happy about him, was soon brought to think that George Effingham would be an extremely fit person to take charge of his dear Grace, provided always they would both come and live him in the old hall at Boughton. With much reluctance—so much indeed as to seem more feigned than sincere—Mary withdrew her opposition, and the spring, gloomy and disastrous as it proved to the Royalist party, smiled on at least one happy heart amongst the despondent and ruined Cavaliers.

CHAPTER XLIV.

"COMING HOME."

Master Dymocke sat basking in the beams of an early summer's sun on the terrace at Boughton. He had been left in trustworthy charge of that establishment for several months, as was indeed well known to the inferior domestics of the household, on whom his military strictness and somewhat peevish disposition, by no means improved after matrimony, had produced an impression the reverse of agreeable. The males held him in considerable awe; the females, excepting one or two of the prettiest, to whom he relaxed considerably, opined, and, womanlike, freely expressed their opinion that he was "a thankless old curmudgeon." Perhaps as he was now altogether out of the game, the single ladies may have regarded him with a peculiarly unfavorable eye.

He seemed, however, thoroughly satisfied with the current of his own reflections. The family were expected to return that very day, and although he was sufficiently habituated to his pretty wife's absence to bear it with conjugal composure, he had no objection on earth to see her smiling face again. Though firmly convinced in his own mind that he had paid too high a price for that treasure, Dymocke, we need scarcely repeat, was a philosopher, and the last man to be guilty of such an absurdity as that of undervaluing a purchase because it had cost him pretty dear. No, Faith belonged to him, and that was of itself a very considerable merit. It is only right to add that the little woman ruled him most thoroughly, and tyrannized over him as only such a little woman can.

The afternoon was rapidly verging towards evening, and the sun was already beginning to shed that golden haze athwart the distant valleys which makes our English scenery, dotted with timber, and clothed with copse and hedgerow, like a dream of fairyland, and yet they had not arrived. Well! It was three good days' journey from London to Northampton for a horse litter, and thankful they might be that my Lord was sufficiently recovered to come home at all, and a merry home-coming it would turn out, with Miss Grace's lover [illegible] and Mistress

Mary, whom the poor old folk for many a mile round had missed sadly during her absence, and his own little vixen's saucy smiles, and my Lord's calm weary approval of all that had been done whilst he was away. Dymocke had imperceptibly usurped the authority of every other functionary in the establishment, and had constituted himself butler, gardener, groom and steward, with a grave tenacity peculiarly his own. It was now most gratifying to reflect that the house was clean, the garden trim, the stable in order, and the very pigsties arranged with military method and precision; also to be convinced that he, Hugh Dymocke, was the only man in England who could so completely have set everything to rights.

Thus absorbed in his self-satisfied meditations, honest Hugh rose from the bench over which Mary's roses were already putting forth a thousand tiny buds, and strolled into the park to catch the first glimpse of the expected cavalcade.

Dazzled with the slanting sunbeams, he shaded his eyes with his hand as he perceived the figure of a man in the park apparently threading the old trees so as to avoid observation.

"Something wrong," thought Dymocke. "Some one here for mischief, I'll be sworn. 'Tis too tall for old Robin the mole-catcher, and "Forester Will" is away psalm-singing at Harborow, with a murrain to him! He'd better not come home drunk as he did the last time, a prick-eared knave! It must be some poaching scoundrel looking after the young fawns. I'll raddle his bones for him if I catch him, I'll warrant; and I can run a bit still for as old as I am, and wrestle too with here and there a one."

Thus soliloquizing, our veteran, in whom the pugnacious propensity was still strongly developed, hastened towards the intruder with long swift strides, craftily careful, however, to keep every advantage of ground in case his new acquaintance should take fright and make a run for it.

This, however, seemed to be the last thing in the stranger's mind. He leaned his back against a tree, with his eyes fixed on the ground, as though the young fern springing up beneath his feet were a study of absorbing interest and importance. If he were really a botanist, he seemed a most attentive one, and took not the slightest notice, as indeed he was probably quite unconscious, of the sturdy sergeant's approach.

That worthy's conduct was, to say the least of it, remarkable. On perceiving that the stranger's dress and exterior denoted a gentleman, he had halted at a distance of about a hundred yards and reconnoitred. Then, without further preliminary, he sent an excellent new beaver spinning high into the air, bounded three feet from the ground, as if he were shot, and with a howl of mingled triumph, affection and astonishment, ran the intervening distance at the very top of his speed, and seizing the stranger's hand with famished eagerness, mouthed and kissed it much as a dog would do a bone, while down his brown cheek and on to that hand, stole the first and only tear the stout sergeant is ever recorded to have shed.

"He's alive and well! he's alive and well!" gasped the old soldier as if a giant's fingers were griping his throat. "God bless thee, Master Humphrey—my dear young master!" and he burst out with a snatch of one of their their jolly Cavalier songs in a hoarse hysterical voice that would have tempted a bystander to laugh had he not indeed been more inclined to weep.

It was sad to see how little Humphrey responded to the sergeant's affectionate welcome. He pressed his hand indeed kindly, for it was not in Boeville's nature to hurt the feelings of a single soul, but his countenance never for an instant lost the expression of deep melancholy that had become habitual to it, and he looked so sadly in his servant's face that the latter's triumph soon turned to apprehension and dismay.

"What is it, Master Humphrey?" he asked eagerly, and using unconsciously the old familiar appellation of long ago; "you are safe here—quite safe; surely the bloodhounds are not after you now? Oh, Master Humphrey, d'ye mind how we gave them the slip, and what an example the sorrel made of them that blessed day? We've got his half-brother now; goes in my Lord's coach, and I've kept one of his hoofs. I went and cut it off myself when he lay dead down yonder by the waterside, and it's stood ever since over the corn-bin against you should come home!"

Humphrey smiled a forced, sad smile. "Thanks, Honest Hugh," he answered; "I have not many treasures left. I should like the sorrel's hoof, for your sake and that of the good old horse. Go and fetch it me now. I will wait here till you come back. I must be in the saddle again to-night, and in a few more hours I shall leave England for ever. Hugh, you're an old soldier; I can trust you. Do not let any of the family know you have seen me here to-day."

"Why, bless you, there isn't a soul of them at home," answered Dymocke, and his master's face fell visibly the while. "They're all expected back to-night. I was out looking for them just now, when I saw you. My Lord's getting quite hearty again, Heaven be praised! and you've heard the news? Our young lady's going to be married, and to our old Captain, too. Ah, Major, there wasn't as smart a troop in the King's army as ours. D'ye mind what the Prince said at Newbury when he bid the whole brigade take up a fresh alignement upon us? 'Dress,' says he, 'upon Captain Effingham's troop, and be d—d to ye!' He was a hearty free-spoken gentleman, was Prince Rupert; 'for they stand,' says he, 'like a brick wall,' says he; and so we did, and a pelting shower we got from Essex's culverins before they'd done with us; but we never broke our line! Well, well, it's a world of change; and I'm married, too, Major—married and settled and all. Oh, my dear Master Humphrey, don't ye be in too great a hurry! But that's neither here nor there; and you've heard doubtless of Mistress Mary's good luck, and the fortune that's fallen to her?"

He had, indeed. We must be more than estranged from those we love when we cease to hear of them if not from them, to make inquiries, needlessly disguised and indirect, about their welfare—to take an interest all the keener that we are ashamed to own it in the remotest trifles that can affect them. He had heard what was indeed true, that by the death of a relative Mary Cave had become possessed of broad lands away by the winding Avon, waving woods, and smiling farms and acres of goodly pasturage; nor, though he rejoiced in aught that was likely to benefit her, could he stifle a bitter and unworthy pang to feel that this succession was but another barrier raised between himself and the woman from whom he felt he was hopelessly separated. If he had been voluntarily discarded from her before, could he condescend to sue her now that she was a wealthy heiress? Not he. That at least was a folly he had done with for evermore, and when his softer nature got the better of him and he felt to keenly how sweet that folly was, he would fall to reading the letter once more that he still carried in his bosom, thin and almost illegible now from frequent perusals, yet perhaps scarcely so frayed and worn as the heart against which it lay. Had he known—had he only known! But such is life. Can we wonder at the bumps and knocks we receive when we think what a game at Blind-man's-buff the whole thing is!

And Mary's pleasure in her accession to this heritage was of a strangely sober nature. "Too late—too late!" was all that lady said when she heard of it. Too late, indeed! The cause was irretrievably lost that had been with one exception the thing nearest and dearest to her heart, and he for whom alone she feared she would have been capable of abandoning that cause itself, was parted from her for ever! She could not even gain tidings that he was alive now. No wonder Mary had grown so pale and haggard! No wonder she was so altered from the proud, careless, free-spoken Mary Cave who had asserted her independence so haughtily while she flew her hawk at Holmby with stout Sir Giles not so many years ago. The wheels of Old Time run smoothly enough, but they leave their marks as surely dinted on the hard sand as on the fresh green turf, alike impartial whether they grind weed and thistle into their beaten track, or bruise the wildflower to the earth never to lift its gentle head again.

It was with no small difficulty that Humphrey could impress upon his old servant the necessity of his remaining *incog.*; could persuade him it was really his wish that none of the family should be informed of his presence; or could make him believe that he was in sober earnest in the intention he had expressed of leaving England forthwith. Dymocke was even sorely tempted to throw up his own comfortable and lucrative situation in order to follow once more the fortunes of a master to whom he had been always attached, but the thought of his lately-married wife and his fresh ties stifled this new-born impulse even as it rose. Dymocke put it in this way—"If I should once get back to my bachelor habits, I should never be able to settle down again. Perhaps I'd best stay as I am. What's done can't be undone; and maybe it's easier to keep the barrow trundling, than to stop, once and again, for a fresh start!"

"Not a word more at present Hugh," said the Major, after a few further inquiries and observations about old times had been made; "I have good reason for wishing my visit here to remain a secret. See! they are arriving even now. Meet me to-night under the cedars when they are all gone to bed. Bring the old horse's hoof with you for a keepsake, and we will wish each other a last farewell."

As he spoke he disappeared amongst the old trees; and Dymocke, vainly endeavoring to settle his countenance into its habitual calmness, hurried back to receive his master at the hall.

It was indeed a happy party. The old lord, benefitted by the advice of his London physician, and no longer harassed by the share he had so long sustained in that unequal conflict, which for the present was terminated by unequivocal defeat, had regained somewhat of his former strength and spirits, was able to alight from his litter without assistance, and gladdened Master Dymocke's heart with an appropriate jest and a kindly smile as he trod once more the threshold of his home. Happy Grace, still young enough to possess that elasticity of temperament which makes light of past suffering as though it had never been, blushed and sparkled as she did at sixteen, pressing her lover's hand with shy affection as he assisted her from her horse, but already beginning to treat him with that playful tyranny which a young wife is apt to assume over a grave and superior husband in whom she has perfect confidence, and of whom in her heart of hearts she is immensely proud. George's dark face beamed with a light which had been a stranger to it for years. Happiness is a wonderful restorative, and already the lines were beginning to fade from his rugged brow, the harsh defiant expression was changing for one of deep grateful contentment; the dark eyes, no longer glittering with repressed feelings and feverish excitement, shone with the lustre of health and strength; while the swarthy glow upon his cheek accorded well with his bold, frank bearing, and square well-built frame. It was a manly, vigorous beauty still, thought Grace, and none the worse for the grizzled hair and beard. He looked joyous and light-hearted, although in the false position of a man "about to marry." The practice of humiliating the lords of creation, when thus disarmed and at the mercy of the natural enemies, is by no means peculiar to the present era. From time immemorial, ay, since Father Laban imposed so cruelly upon Jacob, the bridegroom expectant has ever been discomfitted as much as possible by the bride and her auxiliaries. It may be that this disheartening process is considered a solitary purgatory, such as shall enhance the paradise of the subsequent honeymoon, or it may be simply intended as a judicious foretaste of conjugal discipline hereafter; but that it has existed among all civilized nations as a great social institution, we take every Benedict to witness who has found, like George Effingham, that bodice and pinners are a match, and more than a match, for doublet and hose.

Dymocke's face as he lifted his pretty wife from her horse was worth a mine of gold. There were tenderness, self-restraint, a comical consciousness of shame, and a sly glance of humor, all depicted at once on his rugged features.

"Welcome home, lass!" he whispered, winding his arm round her trim waist, "welcome home! I can do well enough without thee; but it warms my heart like a tass of brandy to see thy bonny face again!"

This was a great deal from Hugh, and Faith stooped her pretty head and kissed him accordingly.

But "some must work while others sleep;" and although the majority of the party were basking merrily in the sunshine, one was drooping visibly in the shade. Kindly, gentle and forbearing—trying to forget her own grief in the joy of others—purified and softened by sorrow—there was yet on Mary Cave's brow a weight of care which it was sad to see in one still in the prime of life and the meridian of beauty. Her temperament, like that of many who possess abilities above the average, was impressionable enough on the surface, but hard as adamant beneath. In her younger days she was quite capable of enjoying and even reciprocating the empty and harmless gallantries which were the fashion of the Court; but though it was always easy enough to attract Mary Cave's attention, none save Falkland could boast that he had won her interest; and his attachment to an ideal, strong as it undoubtedly was, had in his very nature a false and morbid fascination which would too surely pass away. When it was gone it left her colder, haughtier, more inwardly reserved than ever. Then came the daily association with one possessed of many winning qualities; above all, of that which in the long run cannot fail to be appreciated—a faithful, loving heart; whom she had accustomed herself to consider her own peculiar property; whose affection she regarded as neither obtaining nor expecting to return; whom she had taught herself to look upon as a devotee, a slave—always unchanging, never to assume any other character. Little by little the unyielding disposition became saturated with the insidious and delighted sentiment. The wilful heart, so difficult to tame, found itself enclosed in meshes it had been weaving insensibly for its own subjection. In time it began to hint to her that she could ill afford to part with her secret treasure; at last it told her that it must break at once if she was to lose him altogether.

Then arose the fearful struggle out of [illegible] she came a victor indeed, but too surely conscious that such a victory was more crushing than any defeat. For Grace's sake, for the sake of every one—nay, for his own sake—she voluntarily gave him up; and while she did so she knew and felt she gave up all her hopes this side of eternity. Subsequent events added but little to her despondency. The one great fact was ever before her—that of her own free will she had discarded the man she loved; and Mary's love, once won, was no light matter. She would look at her hand—the shapely hand he used to admire and praise with a lover's childish folly, and wish it had withered to the bone ere it had penned that fatal letter. For, of course, he could never forgive her now. Even his kindly nature would be estranged by heartlessness such as hers. He would avoid her and forget her—nay, he had avoided and forgotten her. It was all over at last—he was lost to her for ever, and she had done it herself!

It was a mockery to see George and Grace so happy; to feel how utterly she had sacrificed her own future in vain. It was a mockery to hear the joyous girl prattling of her future household and her wedding dress, and to be asked for grave matronly advice, as though she herself were indeed without the pale of the loving and the hopeful. Above all, it was a bitter mockery to have inherited broad lands and wealth that was valueless to her now, since she might not share it with the ruined Cavalier.

It was cruel work. What could she do? There was but one resource—there never has been but one resource for human sorrow since the world began. When the burden became too heavy to bear, she knelt beneath it, and she rose again, if not hopeful, yet resigned; humbled but consoled as those alone rise who ask for comfort meekly on their knees. She was often in that position now; had she never known sorrow, she had never sought Heaven. Providence leads us like children through the wilderness, by many a devious track towards our Home. Joy brightens the path for one, and he walks on thankfully and happily in his rosy light. Grief takes another by the hand, and clutching him in his stern grip, points with wasted arm along the narrow way. What matter for so short a distance, how we reach the goal? Brother! help me from my knapsack the while I guide thy feebler steps, and share with thee the crumbs in my homely wallet. Let us assist rather than hinder one another. Yonder, where the lights are twinkling, is a welcome for us all. Dark is the night, and sore the weary feet, and rough the way. Cheer up!—toil on!—we shall get there at last.

CHAPTER XLV.

"LOST AND FOUND."

Dymocke was uneasy and full of care "There's something wrong," muttered the old trooper in his beard, as he went fidgeting about the house and offices, putting everybody out under the pretence of seeing things done correctly with his own eyes. A sumptuous supper was soon served in the great hall for the travellers, and Lord Vaux looked round him with an air of thorough comfort and enjoyment to be at home once more. The flush of sunset softening in the south to a pale transparent green, but edging the light clouds that roofed the meridian with flakes of fire, flooded the quaint old hall in crimson light richer than the very hues of the stained glass above the casements, opened wide to the fragrant evening air. A solitary star twinkled already in the pure clear depths of the infinity above, while the highest twigs and branches of the old trees, not yet clothed in their summer garments to their very tops, cut clear and marked against the pale, calm sky. The rooks were drowsily cawing out their evening song, and a young moon peeping shyly above the horizon afforded no more light to the outer world than did the needless lamps burning on the supper table to the domestic circle within. Lord Vaux was a quiet studious man of earnest temperament but of few words. He saw his fine old home preserved to him, his oaks uninjured, his fortune, though impaired, still amply sufficient for his wants; above all, his old retainers around him, and the two last of his kinsfolk left alive, sitting at his board. He stretched his hand across the table to Effingham,

"God help the Cavaliers!" said he in a broken voice; "George, I owe all this to you!"

It was the first time he had called him by his Christian name, and Grace thanked him with such a happy, grateful glance. Then she stole a look at her lover, proud, radiant, full of tenderness and trust. George blushed, stammered, looked down—and finally said nothing. It was all he had to say—would he not have given his heart's blood long ago for anyone connected, however remotely, with the name of Allonby, and never asked for thanks? There was nothing to be grateful for, he did but follow his nature. The three talked quietly, but cheerily, not laughing much, nor jesting, but in the soft, low tones of those who have a deep store of happiness within. For two indeed the cup was brim full, and running over.

Mary, too, joined in the conversation, but Dymocke, bringing in a tapering flask of Hippocras, could not but observe her absent manner and pale dejected looks.

"There's something wrong," muttered the old soldier once more, and he fell to reflecting on all the circumstances he could think of which bore in any way on that lady's case, for whom, like the rest of the household, he felt and professed a chivalrous devotion. He had obtained a few vague hints from Faith that Mistress Mary was "sadly changed—not herself, by any means—took the King's death much to heart," and "was over-anxious also about absent friends;" but Faith, besides holding the person of whom she spoke in considerable awe, was one of those women who are far more discreet in entrusting secrets to their husbands than to their own sex, and Dymocke's conjectures, whatever they might be, were but little assisted by the penetration of his wife. True to his profession, however, his ideas naturally reverted to the sorrel, as indeed they were apt to do whenever the old trooper fell into a despondent mood. He bethought him how, although the two ladies had both been in the habit of petting and fondling so good and handsome an animal, Mistress Mary's attentions to that chestnut favorite were paid much more secretly than her friend's—how, on going in and out of the stable at odd times he had come unexpectedly on the latter lady making her accustomed visit when the servants were at meals or otherwise engaged, and how upon one occasion, noiselessly descending a ladder from the hay-loft during the important hour of dinner, he had seen her with his own eyes lay her soft cheek against the horse's neck, and he could have sworn he heard her sob, though she walked away with a statelier step than ever when she found herself disturbed, and as the stout soldier confessed to himself, he dared not have looked in her face for a king's ransom. Then he remembered sundry little weaknesses of the Major's, which, being his personal attendant and valet, he had not failed to remark. How he had often been surprised at the value that careless young officer seemed to attach to the most insignificant trifles. What a fuss he made about a worn-out riding-glove, which had been unaccountably lost by one of the ladies on a journey to Oxford, and as unaccountably found with the thrust of a rapier right through the palm, a few hours after the duel with Goring; also how his master's usually sweet temper had been ruffled, and he had sworn great oaths totally unwarranted by the occasion, when Dymocke, in his regard for cleanliness and order, had emptied a vase of a few roses, which had been kept there in water till indeed by any other name they could scarcely have smelt less sweet. All these matters he revolved and pondered in his mind, till at last, having as he termed it, "put stock and barrel together," he came to his own conclusions, and resolved to act, soldier-like, on his own decision. It required, however, a good deal of courage to carry out his undertaking. The affection with which Mary inspired her subordinates, and indeed her equals, was tempered with awe. There are some natures with which no one presumes to take a liberty, some persons, often the most amiable and best-tempered of their kind, who, without the least effort or self assertion, inspire general respect. It required no little courage and effrontery even for an old soldier to go up and tell Mary Cave, if not in so many words, at least in substance, that she was over head in love with a ruined Cavalier, and that if she didn't go out to-night and meet him under the cedars, she would probably never set eyes on him again!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SHOULD COUSINS KISS?

Number three of a series of prize questions promulgated by the London *Whitehall Review*, is "Should adult cousins, male and female, be allowed to kiss each other?" Some of the answers received are as follows:

YES, BECAUSE

Jacob, after having personated Esau, kissed his cousin Rachel as soon as he saw her, and their parents approved.

Then they will care for it as little as grocers' boys do for sugar.

Shakespeare says, "Kiss me, sweet coz," and Tennyson says of himself and his Cousin Amy:—"And our spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips."

As a lady is concerned it must be considered a fair proceeding. If she is married it cannot be amiss.

Brothers and sisters kiss, and their children should follow their example.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world akin," a kiss being a touch of nature, they should kiss to make them still more akin.

Family affection is a tender and beautiful plant which cannot be too carefully nurtured

Capt. Burton, the great traveler, is writing a "History of the Sword." Such a work will be interesting, the author having inspected nearly every collection of swords in Europe.

Kossuth is again in extremity. He is obliged to make a living by writing for the press, and though in his seventy-eighth year is about to publish his "Memoirs."

It is said that Francis J. Dickens, a son of the late Charles Dickens, is an Inspector in the Northwest Mounted Police Force, and has been stationed for the past four years at Fort Walsh.

A new English monthly magazine, the *Minerva*, is to be started in Rome. It is announced to appear on the 20th of January.

"A Trip to Manitoba," by a lady, is announced soon to appear in England.

Mr. Jenkins, our "ambassador" of old, has decided to give readings of his own works, after the fashion of Charles Dickens. We have no doubt it would be a treat to hear him read "Ginx's Baby," yet we doubt if he would take like the great novelist, either in England or America.

We knew George M. Bull, the veteran journalist, but not intimately, having met him casually, and been in his company for a few days some years since. He was known as the Albany—that is the legislative—correspondent of the Buffalo *Commercial*, and perhaps no man living, if we except Mr. Thurlow Weed, knew so much of the public men and public affairs in the State of New York. The occasion of our meeting him was a joyous one. A number of journalists, American and Canadian, had accepted our invitation to spend a short time in New York, and there they assembled, spending their time in visiting the sights and enjoying the hospitality of the New York Central Railway Company. It was at the time of the war between the North and the South, and we shall not soon forget how bitterly Mr. Bull railed against the "Copperheads," as the party of opposition were called. Passing down to the ocean, Fort Lafayette was pointed out to the party as the spot where contumacious were incarcerated and among them a writer for the *World*. Mr. Bull felt so keenly on the subject that he denounced the newsboy who offered him a copy of that paper and no man could have been a more thorough giving Unionist. He spent forty-five winters in attendance in the Assembly at Albany, and a short time since met with an accident by falling from a train, which though considered trifling at first caused his death, which event occurred in Albany on the 26th of last month. Thus closed the career of an able and faithful journalist in the seventieth year of his age.

Another bright and shining literary light has gone out, in the death of Mr. Hepworth Dixon, an English author of great celebrity, who visited America, and had seen other lands in order that he might be better prepared to write the works he has produced. He was first known as the editor of the *Athenæum*, the leading critical journal in England, and afterwards wrote several books, the best of which is "Her Majesty's Tower." He was unexcelled as a public speaker, and did his share of lecturing. We believe his last work was on Cyprus, which he visited only a short time since. He was a successful writer, and his pleasing style found many admirers.

The famous Pepeys, whose remarkable diary has recently been reprinted, makes reference to some strange occurrences. Among them one in which Sir Charles Sedley, the wit, courtier and poet of George the First's time, figured somewhat disgracefully. Pepeys says:

"Pierce do tell me, among other news, the late frolick and debauchery of Sir Charles Sedley and Buckhurst running up and down all the night, almost naked, through the streets; and at last fighting, and being beat by the watch and clapped up all night; and how the King takes their parts; and my Lord Chief-Justice Keeling hath laid the constable by the heels to answer it next Sessions, which is a horrid shame."

Speaking of the performance of Sedley's play he says:

"It being almost 12 o'clock, or little more, to the King's play-house, where the doors were not then open, but presently they did open, and we in, and find many people already come in by private ways into the pit, it being the first day of Sir Charles Sedley's new play, so long expected, 'The Mulberry Garden;' of whom, being so reputed a wit, all the world do expect great matters. I having sat here awhile and having eat nothing to-day, did slip out, getting a boy to keep my place; and to the Rose Tavern, and there got half a breast of mutton off the spit and dined all alone. And so to the play again, where the King and Queen by and by come, and all Court; and the house infinitely full. But the play, when it come, though there was here and there a pretty saying, and that not very many either, yet the whole of the play had nothing very extraordinary in it at all, neither of language nor design; insomuch that the King I did not see laugh nor pleased from the beginning to the end, nor the company; insomuch that I have not been less pleased at a new play in my life, I think."

To show the importance the late Mr. Delane, of the London *Times*, attached to politics, the *Athenæum* relates the following:

A critic in the *Times*, noticing a performance at Covent Garden, complained bitterly of an oboe player whose shortcomings had, he said, been conspicuous. The oboe player wrote to complain, and Mr. Delane sent for Mr. Oxenford—in those days music was subordinated to the drama in the *Times's* arrangements—and addressed him in a style which may remind our readers of a well-known scene in "Rabelais:" "I have no doubt your assistant has been perfectly correct in what he says, but such and such events are happening"—mentioning political occurances in various quarters of the globe—"and all these the *Times* has to settle. We cannot have our attention called off at such a crisis to the complaints of an oboe player. I beg, therefore, that nothing of this kind may occur again."

Here is the latest conceit of Austin Dobson, the English poet. It is a sonnet in dialogue:

FRANK, (*on the Lawn.*)
Come to the Terrace, May—the sun is low.
MAY, (*in the House.*)
Thanks! I prefer my Browning here instead.
FRANK.
There are two peaches by the strawberry-bed.
MAY.
They will be riper if we let them grow.
FRANK.
Then, the Park-aloe is in bloom, you know.
MAY.
Also, Her Majesty Queen Anne is dead.
FRANK.
But surely, May, your pony must be fed.
MAY.
And was, and is. I fed him hours ago.
'Tis useless, Frank,—you see I shall not stir
FRANK.
Still, I had something you would like to hear.
MAY.
No doubt some new frivolity of men.
FRANK.
Nay, 'tis a thing the gentler sex deplores.
Chiefly, I think—
MAY, (*coming to the Window.*)
—What is the secret, then?
FRANK, (*imperturbably.*)
There are no eyes more beautiful than yours

SWEETHEARTING.

"There's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream."

Truly! and what a shock it is to a man, when he is growing old, to think that he will never more be the object of a pretty girl's admiration; that sweet-scented billets, and stolen interviews, and the warm pressure of dainty little fingers are no more for him!

I see a great deal of love-making going on every day; and I have this remark to make with regard to it generally—that it must be a great happiness to be young and eligible at a time when the girls are so remarkably pretty. In this generation we seem to have cultivated varieties of pretty girls as industriously as we have cultivated flowers.

I don't want to be sentimental over this subject, but as one who has duly slightly declined into the vale of tears, it is very provoking to think that I am considered too old for sweethearting. Why is the line to be drawn and the warning-off board to be hoisted just at that time of life when a man begins to know how to make love? Why are awkward, unappreciative boys to have the monopoly of the most exquisite pleasures of existence? Look at yonder down-lipped boy making love to the girl in the corner. You or I could not tolerate his conversation for a moment. If a poem, or a picture, or a work of art were in question, we should never think of asking his opinion upon it. And yet, by virtue of his very greenness and incapability of appreciating true beauty, we must yield to him a nobler, richer, more beautiful thing than any work of art—that young, pretty girl. O! those years, those years, leading us to bloom and yet dragging us away from it!—*Club Papers.*

—A young man in St. Louis winked at a woman in a street car. The girl worth half a million to whom he was engaged saw the wink and severed the silver cord right away. Don't wink when there is anything to lose.

EDUCATION.

Mr. M. Fenwick, B. A., is engaged as assistant master of the Welland High School; salary, $600 per annum.

The following problem was given at the last examination for admission to High Schools and Collegiate Institutes:

"The forewheel of a waggon is 10½ feet in circumference, and turns 440 times more than the hind wheel, which is 11½ feet in circumference; find the distance travelled over in feet."

When it is considered that the average age of candidates for this examination is about 12 years, and that it is for pupils attending the public schools only, it seems almost the height of absurdity to expect such pupils to understand thoroughly the principles involved in the solution of a problem like the one given above. Taking the examination as a whole it has been an easy one, but this fact will afford no justification for giving problems that are beyond the comprehension of young pupils, and that moreover afford no test of the work done in a class. The defence always set up for the absurd questions which characterize some of the examination papers prepared by the Central Board is that there is on every paper a sufficient number of easy questions to "pass" the candidate. Plausible as this defence appears, it is, nevertheless, a poor one; for a candidate at one of these examinations may puzzle over a question for nearly the whole time allotted to the subject, and leave but a few minutes for answering the question that afford the real test of the work they have gone over, and of the training to which they have been subjected. Moreover, the import of the questions set is frequently so much disguised by misty verbiage, that time is lost in the vain attempt to comprehend the meaning of the examiners. A glance at the questions for teachers' examinations reveals a strange collection of questions some easy and difficult, others pretentious and absurd.

The attempt to centralize all power in educational affairs in the hands of the Central Committee is, we are glad to see, meeting with opposition. The opinion is held by the majority of educationists in Ontario that a change is demanded in the *personnel* of the Central Board of Examiners. For several years past this Committee has prepared all the questions for teachers' examinations, and for High Schools and Collegiate Institutes, and, as these examiners not only test the work already done in the schools, but actually give direction and character to subsequent educational effort, a change seems necessary. It is very undesirable that the minds of all the youth attending our schools should be cast in the one mold, even though the model be an ample one. In 1877, after five years of experience of the working of this Central Board, it transpired that many teachers professed to understand so well the idiosyncrasies of the different examiners that they could at any time forecast enough of the examination papers to pass their pupils. If it was possible then for such a state of things to exist, surely in the interest of education the relations subsisting between the teachers and the examiners it should have been dissolved. It seems almost incredible that, in the face of the admission then made, that no change has yet been affected, and that the same men are retained as examiners year after year in the subjects in which certain teachers declared themselves able to foretell from 60 to 70 per cent. of the very questions likely to be set at examinations. It is not to be expected that a teacher, whose main object is the passing of his pupils will do honest work when the compilation of 20 or 30 questions on the subject of examination is sure to cover the ground, and when all his work may be compassed by drilling his students on these questions instead of teaching the subject.

The practice of Inspectors to recommend masters and teachers for positions in schools seems to prevail to far too great an extent. At this time of the year, when vacancies are most numerous, it not unfrequently happens that school boards virtually leave the appointment to vacancies in their schools to Inspectors. Were it not for the fact that the recommender is, in a degree, responsible for the success of his man, no fault could be found with this exercise of patronage. But when we consider that the office of an Inspector is a judicial one, that he is expected to bring the work of masters and teachers to a uniform and, above all, to an impartial scrutiny, we are justified, we submit, in condemning the practice. An Inspector is not likely to bring the work of his nominee to the critical test indispensible in thorough inspection; and, when we consider this subject in its relation to High Schools and Collegiate Institutes, it becomes utterly indefensible; so long as "Payment by Results" is the principle guiding the distribution of the Legislative grant, we cannot afford to allow this abuse of power and influence to go unchallenged. It is clearly the duty of the Minister of Education to bring to an end a practice incompatible with the proper discharge of inspectoral duties.

It is of the highest importance in teaching to exercise and develop the faculty of observation in pupils. Most great discoveries have been the result of diligent and long-continued observation; yet if all the faculties of the mind this is the most persistently neglected in ordinary schemes of education. Pupils are told what *other* people have observed, but they are not taught to observe for themselves. In the teaching of science this ought not to be; and students ought to be shown what to look for and required to make their own observations. Objects are better than books to study. The points to be noted should be few at a time, and very clearly indicated. The pupils must know for what they are to look. Questions should be simply, always such as a pupil can answer, yet in no way indicating the answer. The questions should be frequently repeated in different words, at different times and approaching the subject from different sides. No one can be taught to think correctly without extensive and judicious questioning. Much of the vagueness of modern adult thought is directly traceable to either the inefficiency or laziness of the teacher, who must be master of every point he intends to bring before the pupil. An unintellectual home atmosphere, too much memorizing in the school, the absence of mental tension while the mind is ostensibly occupied, and inattention to the surrounding world are the causes of the lack both of possession of facts and the power of reasoning on the part of older pupils.

THE CIVILIZED CETYWAYO.

(*London Truth.*)

Nothing has yet transpired as to the final arrangements to be made with regard to the ex-Zulu King Cetywayo. He is still an involuntary occupant of Cape Town Castle. The other day he thought himself too old to learn, and declined an offer to be taught; but he has since altered his mind, and takes some writing lessons, and now manages with pencil and slate to make tolerable copy lines of the words "Queen Victoria." Recent portraits of him show a marked change in his external appearance. When his likeness was first taken, after the arrival by the transport Natal, he was presented in all the nakedness of primitive Zulu costume; but in the latest photographs he appears metamorphosed into a very pleasant-looking colored gentleman, dressed after European fashion in a tweed suit, with white handkerchief protruding from his breast pocket, and gloves and cane in hand. The transition from barbarism to civilization is so sudden and decided as almost to suggest a doubt whether this can be the person who perpetrated the acts of savagery ascribed to the late Monarch of Zululand. The ex-King himself, however, soon satisfied the anxious upon this point. He makes little or no reservation as to the sacrifice of human life, which was part of the system of his Government, and which he justifies on the plea that there was no other way of enforcing his authority among his people.

Most of the reported facts as to the massacre of the Zulu girls who would not conform to the national marriage laws are confirmed by him. At the feast of the first fruits, it appears, he had given his sanction to one or two of his regiments to put on head-rings, indicating that they had attained to independent manhood, and at the same time issued a command that the young women of the various kraals were to marry those soldiers. The women showed no inclination to comply with this command, and, when called to account, gave as a reason that the regiments permitted to marry were not good enough for them. Cetywayo then promoted another regiment to the dignity of "head-rings," and again declared that the girls of marriageable age were to marry at once. Still they refused to comply, and various devices were again resorted to to evade the order, some young women even washing off the red dust on their hair which marked them as marriageable. The King's anger was then aroused, and in a fury he directed the Umcityu Regiment, 3,000 strong, to march to the several kraals throughout the country and kill every person who had disobeyed him. Numbers of girls and others connected with them were slaughtered. The bodies of some were placed at the cross-roads as an example of the King's displeasure, and when the parents of the individuals so killed went to bury the bodies, they brought Cetywayo's wrath upon themselves, and they and the whole of their families in some instances were destroyed. Several women, however, saved themselves by seeking shelter and hiding with friends; and those who survived lost no time in complying with the King's orders and marrying into the regiments appointed to them. Mr. Longcast, the interpreter now with Cetywayo, was in Zululand at the time, and was himself instrumental in saving the lives of five young persons, whom he hid away.

This was not the only occasion, however, when the King sanctioned such slaughter of his people. Shortly before, some of the soldiers who were summoned to assemble at Nodwengo made the excuse that sickness prevented them from attending. He remarked that he would save the doctors the trouble of looking after the sick, and "impis" of his favorite regiment, the umCityu, were promptly sent in every direction to kill the offenders against his Royal command. In some instances the delinquents escaped from the fury of these impis; and, by the law and custom of the country, such as thus escaped were exempted from being again punished in any way. But for that law, says Cetywayo, there would have been much more killing in Zululand.

WHAT IS A "BLIZZARD?"

"The papers want to know what a 'blizzard' is, and they turn up their noses at the world, but them as has been thar' can't see where the joke comes in. I've shook hands with one or two blizzards, and here's the affidavies to prove it!"

He drew off his boots. Three toes were missing from the right foot, and the big toe alone remained on the left. The fingers were gone from the left hand, one ear shriveled out of shape, and his nose seemed to have no life in it. He was a rough-looking old chap, and he was warming his heels on the steam-pipe in the cabin of a ferry boat along with several other passengers.

"Well, what is a blizzard?" asked one of the crowd as the old man pulled on his boots.

"What's the weather here to-day?"

"Two below."

"Well, you add five or six degrees of cold to it, take off your clothes and walk around for three hours and you'll have a slight comparison. A blizzard hain't 'zactly a two edged sword nor a bullet, but it lives next door to 'em. You'd better twice over be catched in a tornado. I'd take the chances of outrunning a prairie fire quicker'n living through a January blizzard."

"Tell us about 'em"

"The fust one I ever seed," said the old man as he held up the stumps of his missing fingers, "was down in Nebraska, close to the west line. I had a ranche and was well fixed. The livin' room fur me and three herders was about twenty feet squar', with a big stove in the middle. On the 4th day of January, 1859, there wasn't a flake of snow on the ground, and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon it was warm enough to go in my shirt sleeves. Half an hour before the sun went down the sky was clear and blue. I stood looking off at a herd of horses, feelin' as if I wanted to go bar'fut, when all to once a shiver climbed over me. It was as if ice-water had been poured down my back. Thar was a moanin', roarin' sound away to the westward, another shiver, and next minit it was dark and the blizzard had come. Quicker than I can tell you the sky turned black, night set in, and mountains of snow come howlin' along before a gale blowing eighty miles an hour!"

"Well?" said some one as the old man paused.

"Well, there she was. That blizzard was born in the Rockies. She'd whirled 'round and 'round, gittin' stronger every minit, liftin' herself out of some awful canyon, tore along the crags and peaks, and finally tumbled down on the level and started eastward, and as a grizzly and powerful as a million runaway horses! Them three herders weren't half a mile away, and all mounted, but yet only one reached the cabin. The other two were struck as dumb and numb as if hit with cannon balls, and they weren't out of their saddles a minit before they were covered with six inches of snow."

"Must have been cold?"

"Cold! Mebbe it wasn't! I didn't have no thermometer to look at, but I didn't want one. Our jug of whiskey froze solid and split the jug in ten minits. Frost settled on the tallow candle within an inch of the light. Every board in the ranch cracked and popped with cold. We had a big stove, but the fuel was mostly under a shed fifty feet away. I thought to go after a load, but as I opened the door I fell back as if ten thousand needles had been fired into my face. That one breath of the blizzard froze my nose and ear."

"And you were out of fuel?"

"Yes, in half an hour I burned up stools, benches, table and all else that would burn, but after midnight the fire went out. Then I lost my toes—frost-bitten even when I was dancing over the floor. Ours was a tight cabin and yet there was a foot of snow on the floor before daylight. The awful wind drove it through every crevice. Did you ever hear the gale which goes with a blizzard? Well, you'll face a cannon sooner than hear it a second time. The wind screamed louder than a locomotive whistle. It raged and roared like a giant in chains, and it struck down every livin' thing it came to. All at once it would stop blowin' for half a minit, and the stillness would be awful. Then I'd hear a sighin' and groanin' afar off, as if poor lost children were cryin' for home. Then the groanin' would change to a screech—the screech to a wild shriek, and the gale would whirl 'round and 'round the cabin as if bound to lift it from the earth in its teeth. That gale knocked over trees a hundred years old, and rolled rocks weighing a thousand tons down upon the level!"

"And about your stock?"

"When that blizzard struck my ranch I had 500 cattle, 2,000 sheep, and about 500 horses, all alive and kickin'. It died away about daylight, and after an hour's work we got out out of the cabin and through the snow. Far as the eye could reach all was a dead level. Gulches, ravines and dips had been filled up with from five to thirty feet of snow. Every horse, sheep and steer had gone down in his tracks to die and be coffined in white, and we too, frostbitten and frozen, were fifty miles from any white man. Don't sneer at a blizzard! You'd better meet a thousand she tigers!"

U. S. WHEAT AND FLOUR EXPORTS.

The following are the quantities of both wheat and flour exported from the United States from 1869 to 1879, for fiscal years ending June 30:

	Wheat, Bushels.	Wheat Flour, Barrels.
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
1879 (3 m'ts to Sept. 30)	[illegible]	[illegible]

The values have increased more rapidly than the quantities, the total for both wheat and flour having been $43,197,124 in 1869, $130,679,364 in 1874, the highest in both quantities and values up to that time; $121,967,737 in 1878, and $150,269,783 in 1879. In the first nine months of 1879 the values were $140,408,661, to which the remaining three months will probably add $40,000,000 more. The value of wheat flour exported has never exceeded $30,000,000. It was $29,258,094 in 1874, and $29,567,713 in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1879. The value of wheat reached the maximum in the same year, $130,701,079; the highest previous year being $101,421,459 in 1874. Twenty per cent. would be added to these values of grain by converting the wheat into flour before exportation, if that were possible.

—A woman at Ulysses, Neb., wrapped her baby into a sheet and left it in the warm ashes by the fireplace while she went to visit a neighbor, and when she returned the infant was burned to a crisp.

—At the Cattle Show: Young Person—"Are you fond of beasts, Miss [illegible]" [illegible]

[illegible], P.L.S. & C.E.,
INSPECTOR OF COLONIZATION ROADS.
Madoc.

GEO. D. DICKSON,
BARRISTER, &c., Belleville. Money to loan at low rates.

MR. HENDERSON
HAS removed his law office to the rooms over the store of Sydmer Ross & Co.—Entrance—Side door.

G. D. RAWE,
CLERK OF THE SIXTH DIVISION Court, County of Hastings, Commissioner in B. R., &c., &c., Madoc, Ont.

W. A. DAFOE, M. D., &c.,
TORONTO.
L. R. C. P. AND L. R. C. S., EDINBURGH.
Victoria Block, Madoc.

J. F. TAYLOR,
SURGEON DENTIST, CAMPBELLFORD, Will visit Madoc, every Saturday.
ROOMS IN MADOC HOUSE, DURHAM ST.

CHARLES GREAM,
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, NOTARY, Attorney, Conveyancer, &c., Madoc.
OFFICE IN VICTORIA BLOCK.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,
BARRISTERS, BELLEVILLE. MONEY to loan on farm property at very low rates.
A. R. DOUGALL. N. B. FALKINER.

P. G. DUNCAN,
AGENT for Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines of all kinds. Also solicits subscriptions for the NORTH HASTINGS REVIEW. 85.

DENMARK & NORTHRUP,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.
GEO. DENMARK. W. S. NORTHRUP, M. A.

S. L. NASH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Graduate of the University of Michigan, U. S., and University of Victoria College, Canada.
BRIDGEWATER, ONT.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly.
RESIDENCE, - STIRLING, ONT.

HENRY BLEECKER,
BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Office,—Bridge Street, Belleville, over Custom House.
Mr. Titus, from Mr. Bleecker's office, will attend at each Division Court held at Madoc.

GEO. W. WALKER,
SURGEON DENTIST, Front St, Belleville, still continues his visits to Madoc village, strictly on the first Monday and Tuesday of every month. Rooms in Mrs. Moon's Hotel. Belleville Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel. 53

PETERSON & PETERSON,
BARRISTERS, Attorneys-at-law, Solicitors in Chancery, &c., &c.
Private and Company moneys to loan at except rates.
Madoc Office, O'Flynn's Block.
Belleville Office, Cor. Front & Bridge sts.
A. M. PETERSON, B.A. C. W. PETERSON, B.A.

EVANS & BOLGER,
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYORS, Civil Engineers and Architects, Belleville.
J. D. EVANS, T. O. BOLGER,
P. L. S. P. L. S., C. E. & A.
N. B.—Orders for Surveying may be left at Moon's Hotel, Madoc, and will be promptly attended to. 53

JOHN G. DEANS,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK !
MADOC.

A. F. WOOD,
LAND, LOAN,
—AND—
Commission Agency.
OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall.
Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.
Madoc, January 27th, 1879. 94

MONEY TO LOAN
—ON—
REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
The Canada Permanent
Loan and Savings Co'y
TORONTO, ONT.
Mortgages and Debentures Purchased.
Apply to
S. D. ROSS, MADOC.
AGENT FOR THE
Lancashire Insurance Comp'y.
All Losses Promptly Settled.
Office at the Store of Sydmer Ross & Co.
Madoc, April 15th, 1879. 107

Banking House!
—OF—
E. D. O'FLYNN,
"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.
Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.
Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted
DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD
Money received on deposit, at 4 and 6 per cent., subject to withdrawal without notice.
Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

MONEY! MONEY!
TO FARMERS
Desirous of buying or of improving their farms, or removing
Burdensome Mortgage Encumbrances,
the undersigned offer
EXCEPTIONAL ADVANTAGES.
Rate of interest on straight loans from 7½ per cent. On the Endowment plan most advantageous terms. Terms and times of payment conveniently arranged. Payments can be made in any month of the year. No commission, utmost expedition and privacy.
PETERSON & PETERSON,
Solicitors, &c.,
"O'Flynn Block," Madoc.
Head Office, corner Front and Bridge streets, Belleville.
Agents for several Stock Fire and Life Insurance Companies. 132

North Hastings Review

MADOC, JANUARY 22, 1880.

THE REGISTRY OFFICE.

A correspondent this week, in a serio-joking letter, calls attention to this matter, and we may say at the commencement that we have been thinking of this question a good deal of late and cogitating upon what would be the best course to pursue in order to secure a Registry Office for this section of the County. As we have stated in former articles on this subject, there can be no question as to locality—Madoc village being by long odds the most favorably situated—but there are jealousies that no doubt have seriously prevented our making the progress we should in this matter, but they are not insurmountable. No one would think of locating it at Stirling; Marmora does not expect it; Bridgewater is out of the question. Then, why not at Madoc? We believe there can be no reasonable objection made to it, and if the parties in this village who are interested will put their shoulders to the wheel, we may expect to see it accomplished. We fully understand how such matters are delayed. What is everybody's business is nobody's business. That difficulty can be overcome by the Reeve calling a public meeting to consider the question, and not that question alone, but the question of a division of the County, and a new County Town. We can say in advance that Belleville won't like this. Lawyers and hotel keepers of that city have been collecting tribute from us far too long to give it up without a struggle. It will not be good for the pockets of the Sheriff and Deputy-Sheriff; the Registrar and Deputy-Registrar; the County Attorney, and the rest of the officers of the Court. A Junior Judge will not be required any longer. Of course these little matters will be rather inconvenient to the few, but what about the people of North Hastings? It will be a great boon to them. We have had to travel the long distance of twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, aye, and even a hundred miles, to reach the Courts, and the Registry Office, and the County Council, long enough. There must be a change. As matters are now it is absurd. It is wrong. A remedy can and should be applied without delay. We need not wait like Micawber "for something to turn." If we do, we may wait. If the Reeve does not call a meeting, get up a requisition to him. Have the meeting discuss the question—appoint committees to consider and report—and when all the necessary information has been obtained, then go ahead and get what we want, for there is no reason why we should not. There is a larger population in North Hastings than when Victoria County separated from the County of Peterborough—or there was in Hastings when they separated from the old Midland District; or when Lennox and Addington separated from Frontenac. What we want is action, and we can say to "Memo," and others like him, who want the Registry Office,—get the separation,—get the County Town,—and you will not only get the Registry Office, but the Courts, and the County Council, and all they bring with them.

SOME important changes have recently been made in the Cabinet at Ottawa. Hon. Mr. Masson, whose health has been bad for a long time, surrendered his portfolio as Minister of Militia and has been appointed President of the Council. Sir Alexander Campbell becomes Head of the Militia Department in his stead, and the Hon. John O'Connor, late President of the Council, has been installed as Postmaster-General.

H. R. H. the Princess Louise sails from Liverpool to-day for Canada. His Excellency the Governor-General will meet her at Halifax.

In the township of Earldy one family numbering ten are all down with the small-pox.

The Department of Militia officials say there is no truth in the rumour that a regiment will shortly sail for Canada.

The First Lord of the Admiralty in England says the country may expect a general election within a twelvemonth.

A reward of $200 is offered by the Department of the Interior for the arrest of the murderer of Greyburn, the mounted policeman, of the North-West.

Mrs. Mary Rayan, mother of the Reeve of Biddulph, was buried on Saturday afternoon. She had reached the ripe old age of one hundred years and twenty-one days.

Mrs. Clark Brown, the wife of the Winchester murderer, accompanied by her brother and her brother-in-law, left last week for Philadelphia, where she intends to reside.

In consequence of an accident with which Hon. R. D. Wilmot, speaker of the senate, met some time ago, it is doubtful if the hon. gentleman will be able to resume his Parliamentary duties at the approaching session.

The carefully compiled statistics of failures contained in the annual circular of Dun, Wiman, & Co., show that both the number of failures and the amount of liabilities have largely decreased in the United States during the past year, while in Canada the number of failures and the amount of liabilities have both largely increased. Last year has been the worst that Canada has experienced in the whole period of commercial depression.—*Globe.*

Mr. Moylan, Inspector of Penitentiaries, says there are at present confined in the penitentiaries no less than 1,300 convicts, a considerable increase over last year. Of these 760 are incarcerated in the Kingston penitentiary, 340 in the St. Vincent de Paul, 80 in the Dorchester, 80 in the Halifax, and the remaining 40 distributed between the British Columbia and Manitoba penitentiaries. Of the total number there are only 32 females. These statistics compare most favourably with those of New York State, there being in the State Prison alone over 1,500 convicts.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

In view of the large number of strangers in our village would it not be well to have some extra force on Saturday nights in order to keep the peace. The "Chief" seemed almost helpless last Saturday night in the crowd of roughs. There is an impression that liquor can be obtained at some places in the village on Saturday night as easily as any other night. Where is the License Inspector.

Q.

Madoc Jan. 19th, 1880.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

SIR,—What has become of the interest manifested some time ago about a Registry Office in this village? Is there any less desire to have it or any less necessity for it? If I am to judge from what I see and hear the necessity for it has increased to a great extent. Can't you do something to stir up public interest? You have two correspondents who appear to know, or in other words would evidently like to have it appear that they know, about everything that is of interest or benefit to this part of Her Majesty's Dominions—I mean "Publicola" and Hon. B. Flint. Couldn't they give us a turn in this matter. They could find fault if nothing else—both are good at that; and besides the Hon. Bills thinks he can supply a remedy for all the ills of life from governing the Dominion down to changing the names of post offices. There is one trouble in the way. He might want us to go to "Bancroft" or "Halifax," possibly the latter, for he never was over fond of us at the best times. "Publicola" might call up the spirit of St. Patrick,—sigh for "a Parkhill," or, turning his face to the setting sun, evoke the interest of the "member for London," for whom he has such *profound* regard. I'm afraid after all they would not work well together. "Publicola" don't like the Hon. Bills, so he says, and the Hon. Bills calls all miners "Yankee Speculators," except he has introduced them via Bridgewater and "Bancroft." But, seriously, Mr. Editor, what about the Registry Office? Surely there are patriots enough among the supporters of the present Ontario Government in this region who are willing to sacrifice themselves in order to serve the country by accepting the Registrarship. Anyway get us the office and we will take the chance of the man.

Yours truly,

MEMO.

Madoc, January 17th, 1880.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—On Wednesday last, the 14th inst., I took a trip into the township of Wollaston, found the Ridge Road as bad as ever, although, I am happy to say that the face of the country in many parts is otherwise much improved. About four years ago I was over the same ground, and stopped for a few minutes some two miles at or below the foot of the "Ridge." I then thought, as I crossed the narrow bridge above the rapids, what a fine mill site it would make, and mentioned this to the inhabitants. You may judge my delight when I crossed the bridge again last Wednesday to find the poles or bars which had guarded the narrow entrance over the bridge, between two hills, gone, and instead, piles of splendid pine logs, some sawed boards, and the "mill," yes the mill, there, and a fine one too. A few minutes brought me to a nice clearing,—another,—and still another, with fences, barns, homes, and all the usual signs of life and happiness. Further on, new roads diverging to right and left, I ascended the Ridge, and went to the house of the present "Reeve," Mr. James McGregor, where I and the ladies who accompanied me, met with the usual warm and hospitable reception. Continued on again over the Ridge through the Scottish Settlement; noticed signs of improvements on every side. A new building is being put up by Mr. James Henderson. Having passed the Presbyterian Church about three-quarters of a mile, saw a fine large dwelling house in course of erection for the minister, Mr. Miller, of Eldorado, who is, I understand, to become a resident at the Ridge. Having passed through the woods, skirting the minister's house, went down to the left to Eagle Lake, crossed on the ice, and passed still to the left up the "narrow," and from thence landed on the other side; then up a steep; then another acclivity; and on gaining the level table land, saw a splendid looking country spreading out to the left and front as far as the eye could reach, stretching off to the Burleigh Road and Peterborough on the one side, and Hastings Road with its traffic and numerous settlements on the other. Every farm on this large "plateau" had its neat house and well fenced fields, trim looking in appearance, besides outbuildings, &c., all of which speak well for the thriftiness of the class of people there, especially as five years ago this tract of land, which is now called "Nugentville," was quite a wilderness. I stopped for the night at the house of Mr. D. Gunter, an old friend, and visited other places next morning, by kindly invitations. Was invited to visit the school, which is situated near the house of Mr. Charles Gunter, and in the centre of the settlement. I may say here that this visit gave me more real satisfaction than any other. I was pleasurably astonished to hear children of from 8 to 10 years old answer the questions put to them well and promptly, which I have known children in cities of from 12 to 13, scarcely able to answer. The school master, Mr. Brown, told me that he had between forty and fifty children on his register roll, but there were only twenty-six present on this occasion, by reason of the bad roads and other inconveniences. I was given to understand that there are twenty-eight different families within a radius of two miles, and some of those have grown up families. There is one very great draw-back to this section of country, one which our patriotic and liberal Government can soon remedy with very little expense. I mean the want of a post office, their nearest P.O. being quite 15 miles off, at Thanet. I came on back to Millbridge by the Thanet road out by the Finegan mine, which road runs past and strikes the one going towards the mine, and which would take you up again to the Ridge by, or past, the "Redan," which is an elevation exactly like the "Redan" of celebrated memory; thence on again to the Lakes. I noticed as I came past between Thanet and the "Corners," a very neat looking frame building, seemingly quite finished, which is intended for a Presbyterian Church, and has been put up this past summer. There is little or no lumbering in the above section of country this year; but they are prosperous, having raised a good average crop. The land seems to be good, and the people all speak of the contemplated railroad, which they say is to pass some few miles from there. With apology for my long intrusion, I remain

Yours truly,

A. NORMAN.

Millbridge, January 19th, 1880.

The Dominion Government have granted the memorial of the Belleville City Council for the establishment of a gas inspection office in connection with the weights and measures office.

We regret to learn that Mr. J. B. Ewing, of Percy, met with a severe accident on Tuesday last, while engaged attending a threshing machine. By some means his arm was caught in the machinery and was so badly injured that the doctors, Messrs. McRae and Richard, found it necessary to amputate three of his fingers. When last heard from, he was as well as could be expected after the painful operation.—*Hastings Star.*

Last week Mr. R. J. Craig, of Stirling, had a very painful and peculiar operation performed on his right foot. Some years before it had suffered some slight injury, by a weight falling on the foot just above the little toe; the abrasure never healed, and at times became exceedingly painful. At last he called a surgeon, and had an incision cut in the side of the foot, the little toe removed, as well as an inch of the bone above the joint. This removed entirely the seat of the difficulty, and when the wounds once heal no more trouble is anticipated.—*News-Argus.*

Elzivir and Grimsthorpe Council.

BRIDGEWATER, Dec. 22, 1879.

Council met pursuant to adjournment. Present—the Reeve, Messrs. Breeze, Burns, and Kells.

Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

A statement received from the Clerk of the hay scale was handed in, showing there was a balance of $17.60 on 30th September last to hand in to the Treasurer, which was ordered to be received; and an account for repairing scale, was ordered to be paid.

A by-law to repeal by-law No. 76, to borrow money on non-resident land taxes, to meet the municipal indebtedness to the County, was read three times, numbered 77, and passed, other arrangements having been made with the County Council.

The Reeve read the Returning Officer's report—that the result of the poll for passing a By-law for $12,000 bonus to the Toronto & Ottawa Railway, was in favor of its being passed. The By-law was read a third time, passed and numbered 78.

On motion the following accounts were ordered to be paid:

J. Tuttle, sundry goods, $1.51; A. Robertson, iron work, 75c.; F. Empey, satchel for collector, $5.

James McNamara applied for time to pay his back taxes, when it was moved by Mr. Breeze, seconded by Mr. Burns, that he give a due bill for the amount, payable in twelve months.—Carried.

Mr. McIlroy came in.

On motion W. Fortaines' taxes were remitted.

On motion the following amounts collected for the different School Sections were ordered to be paid:—S. S. No. 1, $600; No. 2, $149.23; No. 3, $240.39; No. 4, $255; No. 5, $176; No. 6, $184.88; No. 7, $150.

Council adjourned one hour, and resumed with all members present.

A By-law to grant road allowance between lot 7, in 3rd con. and lot 7, in 4th con. to A. Lapam, in lieu of road running through his land, was read three times, passed and numbered 79.

The Road Commissioner presented his report—that he had examined road to Thomas Hawkins' place, and found F. Des' Islets fence on road allowance, and by removing it the hill could be fixed, and good road made for $25; ordered to be received.

On motion the $25 granted to make side-walks in Queensboro was increased to $30.

On motion the following accounts were ordered to be paid:—W. Leslie, (salary) $32; J. Tuttle, (Reeve) $20; P. McIlroy, $26; J. Burns, $22; J. D. Breeze, $22; R. Kells, $24, for services as Councilmen. R. Barry, $26, J. Hailstone, $26, for services as Assessors. L. Tait, (Auditor), $4. E. James, for salary, stationery, postage, messages, &c., $141.47. Taking vote for bonus for T. & O. Railway, $8. Repair of sidewalk near Bridgewater Horse, 50 cts.

On motion $10 were granted to Mrs. Plew for support of Alexis Auger, a helpless old man.

Moved by Mr. Burns, seconded by Mr. Kells, that John Hailstone receive the sum of $19.36, in full of all demands, for salary, as Collector, to date.—Carried.

On motion Council adjourned *sine die.*

The *News-Argus* says:—"Mr. A. G. Scott, of the Stirling House, unwittingly destroyed three porkers on Tuesday last. He had some blue-stone on hand, which had been used to kill potato bugs, and also some condition powders. He put some of the blue-stone in the pig feed, in mistake for condition powders, which had a fatal effect. A valuable mare came very near being dosed in the same way."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

HOUSEKEEPER WANTED.
WANTED, a middle-aged woman to keep house. Only two in the family. Work light and easy. Apply at the "REVIEW" OFFICE, Madoc.
147-2t

NOTICE.
E. B. FRALECK, Barrister, &c., having dissolved partnership with Hugh Blair, will continue his general practice in his present office, No. 17, Ridley's Building, opposite the Opera House, Belleville. Plenty of private funds to loan on first-class mortgage security, at low rates of interest and reasonable charges.
If borrowers desire it, Company money loaned at five and one quarter per cent. interest.
E. B. FRALECK.
Belleville, Jan'y 20th, 1880. 147-4t

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.
TAKE NOTICE that the Council of the Corporation of the County of Hastings will meet at the Shire Hall, in Belleville, on
Tuesday, the 27th of January, inst.,
at the hour of 2 o'clock, p. m.
For organization and the despatch of general business.
All parties having accounts against the Corporation are requested to hand them in not later than the second morning of the Session.
By order,
J. T. BELL,
Co. Clerk, C. H.
Shire Hall, Belleville, Jan. 16th, 1880.

County Orange Lodge.
THE Annual Meeting of the North Hastings County Orange Lodge, will be held at the village of Stirling, on Tuesday, February 3rd, 1880, at the hour of two o'clock, p. m. A full attendance is requested.
JAS. A. ORR, M. BRISTOL,
County Secretary. County Master.

E. L. WEISS,
Watchmaker
AND
Jeweler,
MADOC, ONT.
A GOOD STOCK OF
WATCHES,
CLOCKS, and
JEWELRY,
ALWAYS ON HAND,
CHEAP FOR CASH.

$20,000 TO LOAN.
AT THE LOWEST RATES OF INTEREST. Apply to
GEO. A. SKINNER,
140 Solicitor, &c., Stirling.

MISS M. A. CUMMINGS,
GRADUATE of St. Mary of the Lake Convent, Kingston, is prepared to receive Music Pupils in Madoc and immediate vicinity.
TERMS MODERATE.
All information required may be had by calling at the residence of Rev. Father Davis.

Private Boarding House
PRIVATE BOARD and comfortable rooms can be obtained by applying to the undersigned, on Elgin Street, leading to the Model School.
MRS. J. HULIN.
Madoc, May 27th, 1879. 113

Land for Sale.
WEST half of Lot 10, in 7th concession of Marmora, (near the Gatling mine,) containing 100 acres, partly cleared. Price moderate and terms liberal. Apply to
S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL,
27-2m 467 St. Paul St. Montreal

TIES! TIES!
I AM now prepared to make contracts for any quantity of HEMLOCK, TAMARAC, OAK, or ROCK ELM TIES, delivered along the B. & N. H. Railway.
A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, Nov. 22nd, 1879. 127

LOST!
ON Thursday, 18th inst., between Bannockburn and Madoc Village, a Carpet Bag, containing a Lady's Dress, Coat, and some children's wearing apparel. The finder will be suitably rewarded by returning it to W. H. Brown, Bannockburn, or to this office,
December 22nd 1879.

FOR SALE!
LOT 11, in the 15th Concession, Township of Wollaston. Over 30 acres cleared. Good log barn, also logs hewed for a large barn. Soil deep and free of stone. Good springs close to the barn. Terms easy. For particulars apply to
MRS. KATE ELLIOTT,
146. Tweed P. O., Ont.

TO BE LET.
LOTS 56 and 57, east side Hastings Road, Township of Tudor; also Lot 58, west side (part of the Cameron Mining Lot) comprising 100 acres or upwards. About 40 acres cleared, the rest well wooded, with water accommodation. The above would be well suited to the wants of a grown up family. A lease can be given on very moderate terms.
Apply to CAPT. NORMAN,
or to Millbridge,
Chas. Gream, Esq., Madoc. 130

FARM FOR SALE.
THE subscriber offers for sale his farm of 100 acres, being composed of Lots Nos. 1 and 2, 1st con., township of Herschel. On the premises are erected a good log house, new frame barn, and other outbuildings. A never failing-spring of water close to the house.—Terms easy, and title indisputable. Apply to the proprietor on the premises, or by letter to
GODFREY GEBAL,
104 York River P. O.

FARM FOR SALE.
LOT No. 6, 3rd Concession, Thurlow, containing forty-five acres. There is on the premises a good frame barn, and frame house containing five rooms; a good well of water at the door. The land is in a good state of cultivation, within half a mile of Canifton. The gravel road leading from Canifton to Ross's corners runs across the lot. For particulars apply on the premises to
GEORGE DUNCAN.
Thurlow, March 13th, 1878. 51

HARNESS!
HARNESS!
P. SINCLAIR
HAS REMOVED HIS HARNESS SHOP TO
DALE'S BLOCK!

GRAIN, GRAIN!
MR. A. F. WOOD
WOULD take this means of announcing to the farmers in this vicinity, that as soon as he can get the Storehouse, which he has secured from Mr. Thos. Cross, fitted up, he will be in the market as a buyer of all kinds of grain, for which, as heretofore, he will be prepared to pay the highest prices.
December 23rd, 1879.

TENDERS.
TENDERS will be received up to the 27th inst. for forty cords of green hard wood for the Model School. It is to be delivered properly piled in the basement of the School-house before the end of March. It must be sound, straight body wood, four feet long. Tenders must be in writing, and may be left at Mr. Ross's store, or addressed to the Secretary. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.
FRED. E. SEYMOUR,
Secretary Madoc Model School Board.

NOTICE FOR TENDERS.
TENDERS will be received up to Monday, the 16th day of February, 1880, for the erection and building of a Board Fence around the School House, School Section No. 13, in the Township of Madoc, composing half an acre of ground, and out-buildings. Tenders to be addressed to either of the undersigned Trustees. Plans and specifications may be seen on enquiry of the Trustees of said School Section.
THOS. H. TUMELTY,
GEORGE MULLETT, } *Trustees.*
RICHARD FARRELL,
Madoc, Jan. 15th, 1880. 146-4t

PORK and BACON
200 Bbls. of Pork
Heavy New Canadian Mess.
—ALSO—
10,000 lbs. Long Clear Bacon,
FOR SALE BY
W. R. McRAE,
146-3m BELLEVILLE.

$300 A MONTH guaranteed. $12 a day at home made by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys, and girls make money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as anyone can go right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their address at once and see for themselves. Costly Outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

FOR SALE OR TO LET.
A GOOD Frame House and Lot, situated on St. Lawrence street, nearly opposite the residence of Mr. Orrin Dunn, in the flourishing village of Madoc. The house is in good repair, and there is also on the premises a good stable and never-failing well of water. For particulars apply to
WILLIAM MULLETT,
140-3m Proprietor, Madoc.

Gold and Iron.
West half of Lot 25, 4th Con., Madoc.
THIS lot, upon which the Fraser Gold Mining Company's claim is situated, contains an unlimited amount of GOLD BEARING QUARTZ with several of the largest and best defined Quartz veins in the Township, upon which two or three SHAFTS have been sunk. It is also supposed to contain a splendid bed of RED HEMATITE IRON. Capitalists and miners are requested to examine the lot.
A. KEEFER,
Department of Justice.
Ottawa, 20th December, 1879.

Notice is Hereby Given
THAT an application will be made at the next session of the Legislature of Ontario for a charter for a Railway Company to construct a Railway to be called the
Toronto and Nipissing Eastern Extension Railway,
from some point on the line of the Toronto and Nipissing Railway, through the Counties of Victoria, Peterborough, and Hastings, thence easterly to the River Ottawa, or to connect with existing lines, and with power to build the same in sections.
JOHN LEYS,
Solicitor for applicants.
Toronto, Dec. 5th, 1879. 142-tf

HOUSE AND LOT
FOR SALE OR TO LET,
Situated or corner of Church and Elgin sts., in the
VILLAGE OF MADOC.
ALSO
A Small Shop to Let,
Opposite Harper's Block.
WM. MOORE.

Lumber For Sale!
HAVING purchased all the manufactured Lumber at the Bannockburn Mills, I am now prepared to offer for sale 216,000 feet of all kinds of Dry Lumber at Low Prices.
I purpose bringing a large quantity of the above to Madoc Village, and storing it at the Planing Mill. I will be here every Saturday to attend to the wants of customers. During the rest of the week the proprietors of the Planing Mill have kindly consented to attend to the sale of it. From Monday to Friday I will be at Bannockburn to wait on customers there.
CHARLES FOX.
Madoc, Dec. 8th, 1879. 141-3m

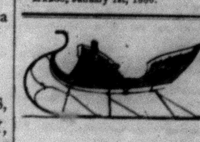
MADOC BAKERY
James Latimer
BEGS to inform the inhabitants of Madoc and surrounding country that he has commenced business as
BAKER AND CONFECTIONER
and will do his utmost to supply his patrons with first-class
Bread & Graham Bread,
DELIVERED DAILY.
Furnishings for Socials and Tea Meetings got up on the shortest notice.
BUNS,
PASTRY,
PIES,
AND CHEWING CANDY,
All of my own make.
Remember the Place—Corner of the Hastings Road.

MONEY. MONEY. MONEY.
MAY BE SAVED
BY PURCHASING
BOOTS,
SHOES,
GROCERIES,
—AND—
Fancy Holiday Gifts!
—AT—
REDUCED PRICES,
FROM
N. D. PETERS,
O'FLYNN BLOCK,
MADOC.

1879 and 1880.
FRESH
X'Mas Groceries
Gray & McGregor,
Victoria Block, Madoc,
HAVE RECEIVED
FRESH LAYER RAISINS,
VALENTIA RAISINS,
SULTANA RAISINS,
NEW CURRANTS,
NEW FIGS,
DRIED APPLES,
CITRON, ORANGE, LEMON PEEL,
VALENTIA ORANGES,
VALENTIA LEMONS,
CANNED PEACHES,
do PEARS,
do CORN,
do GREEN PEAS,
do LOBSTERS,
do SALMON,
do COOKED CORN BEEF
do LUNCH TONGUE,
ORANGE MARMALADE,
PRESERVED GINGER,
POTTED MEATS,
The Celebrated Diamond Brand Oysters
FINNAN HADDIES,
BLOATERS, CODFISH,
LABRADOR HERRINGS,
—ALSO—
A CHOICE STOCK OF
CONFECTIONERY.
Madoc, Dec. 17th, 1879.

JUST RECEIVED,
150 PIECES GRAY COTTONS,
50 " STEAMLOOMS,
All of which we intend to sell at the old prices.
Now is the time to Secure Bargains.
O'FLYNN & O'HARA,
POST OFFICE BLOCK.
Madoc, Jan. 21st, 1880.

WRIGHT'S
Grocery, Provision,
WINE & LIQUOR STORE,
(Established by the late Andrew Wright, in 1858,)
NOW CARRIED ON BY MRS. WRIGHT,
On the premises, in Wright's Block, Durham Street, Madoc,
WHO KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A FULL ASSORTMENT OF FIRST-CLASS
Groceries, Confectionery, and Biscuits,
(A SPECIALITY.)
FRUITS IN SEASON.
WINE, BRANDY, GIN, SPIRITS, ALES
AND PORTERS,
of the best brands imported direct from the manufacturers.
—ALSO—
CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE,
FLOUR AND FEED, &c., &c.,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL AT THE LOWEST CASH PRICE.
JANE WRIGHT.
Madoc, January 1st, 1880.



CUTTERS,
CUTTERS,
CUTTERS.
LOTS OF CUTTERS FOR SALE AT
BRISTOL'S.
First-Class Timber, and Well Ironed, With Steel Shoes.
SOME AS LOW IN PRICE AS $25.
—ALSO—
FIRST-CLASS SLEIGHS FOR SALE CHEAP.
Madoc, January 1st, 1880.

FISH! FISH!
FISH!!
JUST RECEIVED,
WHITE FISH,
FRESH WATER HERRING,
SALT WATER HERRING.
Wholesale and Retail.
—ALSO—
CROCKERY
AND
GLASSWARE.
Sets, - $2.00 and $2.50.
A LARGE STOCK OF
Groceries & Provisions
constantly kept on hand.
The highest price paid for all kinds of Farm Produce.
J. HARPER,
Madoc, December 17th, 1879.

Holiday Goods!!
A full and complete stock of
WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
JEWELRY,
AND
FANCY GOODS,
Also a choice assortment of
Children's Toys,
and other articles suitable for the present
HOLIDAY SEASON,
will be found at
RAWE'S,
IN THE WILSON BLOCK,
Madoc, December 11th, 1879.

[illegible]CK'S Floral Guide

[illegible] 100 Pages, One Colored Flower Plate, a[illegible] Illustrations, with Descriptions of the [illegible] and Vegetables, with price of seeds [illegible] how to grow them. All for a FIVE CENT STAMP. In English or German.

VICK'S SEEDS are the best in the world. FIVE CENTS for postage will buy the FLORAL GUIDE, telling how to get them.

The Flower and Vegetable Garden, 175 Pages, Six Colored Plates, and many hundred Engravings. For 50 cents in paper covers; $1.00 in elegant cloth. In German or English.

Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine—32 Pages, a Colored Plate in every number and many fine Engravings. Price $1.25 a year; Five Copies for $5.00. Specimen Numbers sent for 10 cents; 3 trial copies for 25 cents. Address,

JAMES VICK,
Rochester, N. Y.

Land For Sale.

TWENTY-ONE (21) Building Lots for sale in the Village of Madoc, laid out on Park Lots 3 and 4, and known as "Norman's Hill."

Enquire of Captain Norman, Millbridge, or the undersigned,

CHARLES GREAM.

Madoc, September, 1879. 131

LOTS FOR SALE!

In the Northern part of the Village of Madoc, (Russel Estate.)

AT MODERATE PRICES. Terms—one quarter cash, balance in three equal annual payments, 7 per cent interest on unpaid balance. Expenses of conveyancing to be paid by purchasers to vendor's solicitor, (Morgan Jellett, Esq., Belleville.)

Apply to S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL, Montreal. 11

Stoves & Tinware.

If you want good

COOKING, BOX, OR PARLOR STOVES

CALL AT GEO. CHOWN'S,

Division Street, Reed's Block,

Where you will find a good assortment, together with all kinds of Tinware, on hand or made to order. Furnaces, Eavetrough, and all kinds of job work attended to. Remember the place, opposite Orr's blacksmith shop.

22 GEORGE CHOWN.

MONEY TO LOAN!

THE CANADA

LANDED CREDIT COMPANY,

TORONTO, ONT.

To Farmers of Madoc and Vicinity:

Do you want to pay off a Mortgage?
To build a new House or Barn?
To make improvements by fencing or clearing?
Or for any other purpose?

APPLY TO

The Canada Landed Credit Company.

EIGHT PER CENT. INTEREST

and ample time given, with privilege of paying as soon as you please.

For further particulars apply to

A. F. WOOD,
MADOC.

Madoc April 2nd, 1877. 1

Loans made outside the Company if required, at long or short dates.

A. F. WOOD.

BUSINESS NOTICE!

The Boot and Shoe business formerly carried on by

MR. LOUIS WEISS, SEN.,

will be in the future conducted by his son,

E. L. WEISS,

with whom all outstanding accounts must be settled

Within Sixty Days,

and all business transacted in the future.

Boots and Shoes

MADE OF

FIRST-CLASS STOCK,

and a fit guaranteed.

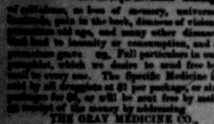
THE READY PAY SYSTEM

Will be strictly adhered to in the future.

E. L. WEISS.

Madoc, July 30th, 1879. 122

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.



The great English remedy. An unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhea, Impotency, and all diseases that follow as a sequence of self-abuse, as loss of memory, universal lassitude, pain in the back, dimness of vision, premature old age, and many other diseases that lead to insanity or consumption, and a premature grave. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at $1 per package, or six packages for $5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO.,
Toronto, Ont., Canada.

Sold in Madoc and everywhere in Canada and the United States, by all wholesale and retail druggists.

N. B.—The demands of our business have [illegible] our removing to Toronto, to [illegible] please address all future communications.

$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. $5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ORANGE LODGES.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
O. RUPORT, Sec'y, Madoc P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Tuesday in each month.
C. DONALDSON, Sec'y, Millbridge.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
HENRY BENTLEY, Sec'y, York River P.O.

DOWNEY'S L. O. LODGE, No. 425,
Held on the first Tuesday in each month.
FRANK H. GAUEN, Sec'y, Ivanhoe P. O.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
W. J. WIGGINS, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

MADOC LODGE, No. 321.
Meets the first Wednesday in each month.
W. BRISTOL, Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every second Monday in each month.
R. S. ALLEN, Secretary, Cooper P. O.

HAZZARD'S CORNERS LODGE, No. 1133.
Meets first Friday in each month.
R. KEENE, Secretary, Madoc P. O.

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. SOLMES, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

NORTH HASTINGS CO. ORANGE LODGE.
M. BRISTOL, Co. Master, Madoc P. O.
JAS. A. ORR, Co. Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

Hearts of Oak Lodge,

No. 139, O. Y. B.

A REGULAR meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Lodge-room, Madoc, **On Thursday Evening, February 5th,** at 7.30 o'clock. A full attendance requested.

FRED. B. TABER, Secretary.

MADOC LODGE

No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on

Monday Evening, Feb. 2nd,

At 8 o'clock.

J. MOUNCEY, Rec. Secretary.

MADOC LODGE, NO. 48

A. F. & A. M.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Masonic Hall,

On Tuesday, Jan. 27th,

at the hour of 7:30 p. m. A general attendance of members is requested. Visitors are cordially invited. By order,

JAMES O'HARA, Jr., Secretary.

B. & N. H. RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

On and after Monday, November 3rd, trains will run as follows:

Going South—Train leaves Madoc at 8 a.m., arriving in Belleville at 10.

Going North—Leaves Belleville at 3 p. m., arriving at Madoc at 5.05.

Belleville time.

R. LUTTRELL,
General Superintendent.

Too Late.

Our Marmora correspondence was received too late for this issue.

New Goods.

A fresh arrival of new goods at O'Flynn & O'Hara's. See their advt.

Dissolved.

The firm of Fraleck & Blair, Barristers, of Belleville, has been dissolved, Mr. E. B. Fraleck continuing the business in the old premises. See notice in another column.

More Gold.

Mr. Henry Bull showed us a day or two ago a specimen of gold quartz discovered on his property in this village, in which a large piece of the precious metal was plainly visible to the naked eye.

Our Member.

We notice the name of the member for North Hastings, G. H. Boulter, Esq., on three of the most important Committees in the House now in Session at Toronto, viz. Railways, Standing Orders, and Printing.

School Attendance.

The Model School in this village commenced the year with a pretty full attendance in the different departments. The number of pupils registered so far is as follows; Miss Wootton's department, 80; Miss Chouquette's 49; Miss Riddell's, 54; Mr. Kirk's 48. Total, 231.

Special Services.

Revival meetings are now being held every night in the Methodist Church of Canada in this village, having commenced last week. A good deal of interest is being manifested and the services are well attended nightly. There is a wide field for a work of this kind in Madoc at the present time, and we trust the efforts of the pastor and leaders of the church may be successful in accomplishing much good.

Personal.

Mr. T. G. Hall, of Hall & Felton's Smelting and Refining Works, Buffalo, N. Y., has been in this village for several days past. Mr. Hall is inventor and owner of the distillation process for extracting gold and silver from refractory ores. He has secured samples and specimens from a large number of the mines in this locality, and will give them a thorough test at the firm's works in Buffalo. He expresses himself as pleased so far with the appearance of the ores in this section.

Wrong.

An exchange says:—"We cannot but smile when a man says he cannot afford to take his local paper because he wants to take a city paper. He might just as well say he cannot afford bread because he intends having sponge cake. Meanwhile he has to ask his neighbor about the local news and notices, and the local paper goes on building up his place and business, and serving his convenience without support. This is not manly, and we say without hesitation that there is something out of joint with the man who does not support his local paper.

The New Elevator.

We are glad to learn that the contract for the erection of a new Elevator in place of the one burned down has been given out by Messrs. Wood & Ross. The building is to be 34x75, three stories high, having an increased capacity for storing grain with increased facilities for shipping. The want of this building has been made felt since the fire. The contractors are Frank Thompson and L.D. Clother of Queensboro. Sub-contracts for the timber have already been let, and work will commence as early as the weather will permit. We are informed that in addition to other improvements to be carried out in the construction, there are to be four large hopper bins in the second story. The bins of the second story are to be carried up to the plate, giving them a depth of not less than 14 feet. The capacity of the new building will be about 30,000 bushels.

Magistrates' Court.

BEFORE A. F. WOOD.

John Hazzard vs. Richard Franklin and Wm. Franklin. Charge,—unlawful detention of sheep. After partially hearing the case the parties settled, Franklin paying costs and damages, which amounted to $14.50.

Dorland Clapp vs. James Dilanth. Charge,—removing complainant's goods. This was also settled by defendant paying costs. There seemed to be a misunderstanding arising out of a claim for wages by the defendant against P. Clapp, who is on a prolonged visit out of the country.

B. C. Sills, Constable, vs. Joseph Declare and Lewis Brunson, jr. Charge,—drunk and disorderly. Defendants plead guilty to having taken a little too much, but had never done anything like this before. Declare "wasn't disorderly; it was his stomach that was disorderly, and it made him sick, and when a man or boy was sick surely he had a right to sit down and make himself easy, even if he was on the street." The magistrate didn't see the point, but in consideration of its being the first offence, discharged them on paying costs.

Daniel Ross vs. John Ault. Charge,—abusive and threatening language. Defendant acknowledged the charge, but plead he was enraged by what he considered was unjust treatment and an attempt to injure him. Fine, $1 and costs.

Wm. Arthurs appeared before the magistrate to have his wife committed to the lunatic asylum. She had had occasional spells of insanity during the last five years, but within the last two it had assumed violent symptoms, and he was afraid for the safety of his children and himself. This was confirmed by the evidence of Dr. Sutton, who was his family physician. A commitment was made out for the poor woman's removal.

That Bogus Money.

Mr. Welch, the party referred to in our last issue as supposed to have passed the counterfeit silver in giving change, called in at this office last week and gave an emphatic denial to the charge. The change for the ten dollar bill was given in genuine money of the realm, passed through another man's hands before reaching the farmer referred to, which it could hardly do without being detected. It is evident therefore it came into the latter's possession through some other source. Mr. Welch has since informed us that while selling on the street on Saturday last a five cent piece of the same material was passed on him.

A New Health Almanac.

We have just received from the publishers the Illustrated Annual of Phrenology and Health Almanac for 1880, 72 octavo pages, price 10 cents. This publication has become a necessity in many well-regulated families, and well it should, for it is filled with reading matter containing valuable information relating to Phrenology, Physiognomy, Health, Hygiene, Diet, etc. The number before us, in addition to the usual astronomical notes, monthly calendars, etc., contains a Monthly Sanitarium, with special hints for each month in the year; the Principles of Phrenology, with illustrations, showing the location of the organs, together with the definition of the mental faculties; Phrenology vs. Bumpology sets to right some erroneous opinions; Phrenology in Scotland, as seen in the Edinburgh museum; Tree Ferns, illustrated; The portraits with sketch of Mrs. Lydia F. Fowler and Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes; How to Teach, illustrated; Fat and Lean people; Instruction in Phrenology; Natural Teachers; Plurality of Faculties, and a great amount of information in small paragraphs, with notices of recent publications, and a full and complete catalogue of Phrenological works published by this house, and all sent by mail for only 10 cents. It is handsomely published, and will have a large circulation. We will say to our readers, send 10 cents in stamps at once to the publishers, S. R. WELLS & Co., 737 Broadway, New York.

Election of Officers.

The following are the Officers for L. O. L. No. 1111, Maynooth, for the year 1880:—D. Carswell, W. M.; H. Lawson, D. M.; Alexander Creighton, Chaplain; Thomas Armstrong, Secretary; T. Carswell, Treasurer; James Armstrong, D. of C.; John Armstrong, Robert Belt, A. Downey, John Carswell, Henry George, Committee.

The following were the Officers elected for L. O. L. No. 1376, Boulter, for the year 1880:—William Young, W. M.; William Wadsworth, D. M.; William Hynes, Chaplain; Alexander Graham, Secretary; James Sutherland, Treasurer; John McAlister, D. of C.; G. McAlister, W. Mackinall, D. Kennedy, W. Whyte, and Joseph Stringer, Committee.

The following are the Officers for Monteagle L. O. L. No. 180, for the year 1880:—Archie Kernighan, W. M.; Robert McNab, D. M.; Jonas Grant, Chaplain; Thompson Lebo, Secretary; J. A. Grant, Treasurer; John Hoover, D. of C.; William Lebo, James Robinson, William Fisa, John Grant, and Flander Twa, Committee.

At the Annual District Meeting of L. O. District Lodge No. 5, North Hastings, held at Bancroft, the following Officers were unanimously elected for the ensuing year:—Archie Kernighan, No. 180, W. D. M.; William Young, No. 1376, D. D. M.; J. R. Tait, No. 1183, D. Chaplain, re-elected; Thomas Armstrong, No. 1111, District Secretary, re-elected; James B. Cleak, No. 1183, District Treasurer; Alexander Creighton, No. 1111, D. D. of C.; James B. Cleak, No. 1183, Past D. M. It was agreed that there should be no district celebration this year. The semi-annual District Meeting will be held at Monteagle and the next Annual Meeting at Maynooth.

County Council.

The New Council of the County of Hastings will meet at Belleville on Tuesday next, 27th inst., for organization and general business. It is generally predicted that Mr. H. Ashley, Reeve of Thurlow, will be elected Warden, probably without opposition. The following is a list of the gentlemen composing the Council for the year 1880:—

SIDNEY.—S. T. Wilmot, Reeve; B. H. Vandervoort, First Deputy; Henry Bleecker, Second Deputy.

THURLOW.—H. Ashley, Reeve; W. C. Farley, First Deputy; J. McCreadie, Second Deputy.

TYENDINAGA.—N. S. Appleby, Reeve; D. Anderson, First Deputy; M. Lally, Second Deputy.

TRENTON.—G. H. Gordon, Reeve; G. W. Ostrom, Deputy.

MILL POINT.—W. R. Aylsworth, Reeve.

HUNGERFORD.—Robt. Gordon, Reeve; P. Murphy, Deputy.

HUNTINGDON.—T. Emo, Reeve; M. Robinson, Deputy.

RAWDON.—T. Walker, Reeve; S. S. Vandervoort, Deputy.

STIRLING.—Dr. Faulkner, Reeve.

MARMORA AND LAKE.—T. P. Pearce, Reeve.

MADOC.—P. Vankleek, Reeve; J. Caskey, Deputy.

MADOC VILLAGE.—E. D. O'Flynn, Reeve.

ELZEVIR AND GRIMSTHORPE.—Jas. Tuttle, Reeve.

TUDOR, et al.—J. McGregor, Reeve.

DUNGANNON AND FARADAY.—D. Kavanagh, Reeve.

MONTEAGLE AND HERSCHEL.—J. Fitzgerald, Reeve.

CARLOW AND MAYO.—W. D. Parkhurst, Reeve.

BANGOR, WICKLOW AND McCLURE.—C. McDevitt, Reeve.

Village Council.

The new Council of the village of Madoc for the year 1880 met in the Town Hall, at 11 o'clock a. m., on Monday. There were present E. D. O'Flynn, Reeve, and Messrs. Henry Dingman, S. D. Ross, and Wareham Tuller, Councillors. The members having signed the necessary declaration of qualification and office, the Reeve declared the Council open for the transaction of business.

Minutes of last meeting of the previous Council were read and approved.

The bond required from the Toronto and Ottawa Railway Company, for the faithful performance of the provisions in the bonus by-law, was received and ordered to be fyled.

A memorial to the Ontario Legislature, setting forth the advantages to be derived by this section from the T. & O. Railway, if built, and praying for liberal aid from the Government, to that undertaking, was read and the Reeve instructed to sign the same and forward it at once to the House.

Dr. Sutton came in and took his seat.

Petitions to the Legislature and to the Lieut.-Governor were also read, stating that a by-law had been carried in this village, and asking for an act to legalize the same. Mr. Tuller moved, seconded by Dr. Sutton, that before taking action on these petitions a copy of the Bill as presented to the House be received.—Carried.

The petition of John Dale and others, asking that B. C. Sills be re-engaged as Constable and Fire Inspector for another year, and his salary raised to $100, was received, and on motion laid over to the next regular meeting.

A petition was received from John Craige and others, asking for a remission of their poll tax for the past year. After considerable discussion Dr. Sutton moved, seconded by Mr. Ross, that the petitioners be allowed to work for the amount at any time it was convenient. Moved in amendment by Mr. Tuller, seconded by Mr. Dingman, that the taxes be collected. The amendment was put and the Council divided as follows:—Yeas—Messrs. Tuller and Dingman. Nays—Messrs. Sutton and Ross. The Reeve decided in favor of the amendment.

Mr. Daniel McDonald offered his services as Constable and Fire Inspector for the current year for the sum of $50. Laid over to the next meeting.

Messrs. T. S. Agar and James A. Orr were appointed auditors, the former by the Council and the latter by the Reeve.

Mr. Dingman said there was a matter he wished to bring up which demanded the attention of the Council. There was a motion passed by the previous Council at their last meeting, charging the Township Council $50 for the use of the Town Hall for the year, which he believed in the interest of the village they should rescind, as he considered the amount too large. Rather than pay that amount the township Council would probably hold their meetings in the township, and he thought it was desirable that they should continue to meet in the village as formerly.

The Reeve said that after considering the matter he was of the same opinion that he was before, that $50 was not too much for the Hall. The township Council used it every week regular and on all other occasions when they required it, fuel was provided, and he did not think they could have any objections to paying that sum.

Mr. Tuller said he did not think it would be showing due courtesy to the old Council to meddle with their actions, but he would like to see the township Council continue to occupy the Hall.

The matter dropped.

Moved by Dr. Sutton, seconded by Mr. Dingman, that in future all accounts presented to the Council be verified by affidavit as to correctness and that no part thereof has been paid.—Carried.

The Council will henceforth meet at 7.30 o'clock in the evening, sharp, on the first Monday in each Month.

The rules governing the Council were read over for the benefit of the new members.

On motion the Council adjourned.

A sad affair occured about eight o'clock last Saturday evening at the residence of Samuel Hayes, Napanee. Mrs. Hayes' clothes caught fire in some way, when she rushed out of the house on the street, screaming. Meeting a young man named Holder he succeeded in cutting her clothes from her body, but not before she was fatally burned. She died the next morning at six o'clock.

December Examinations, 1879.

ADMISSION TO HIGH SCHOOLS.—FOURTH BOOK AND SPELLING PAPER.—TIME: TWO HOURS.

(VALUES—No. 1, 13; No. 2, 28½; No. 3, 19½; No. 4, 12.)

1. Tell what you know about the founding of English colonies in North America in the seventeenth century.

2. "They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus with feelings of self-condemnation mingled with reverence. They implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had created him so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of his well-concerted plan; and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced the man whom they had so lately reviled and threatened to be a person inspired by Heaven with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conception of all former ages."—ROBERTSON—*The Discovery of America.*

(i.) In what year was America discovered by Columbus? In whose service was he at the time; and how many vessels did he have with him?

(ii.) What part of America did he first discover?

(iii.) Explain the meaning in which 'implored', 'incredulity', 'prosecution', 'well-concerted', 'reviled', 'inspired', 'Heaven', 'sagacity', 'fortitude', 'conception', 'ages', are used in the passage.

(iv.) *Created him so much unnecessary disquiet.* To what does this refer? What was 'his well-concerted plan'?

(v.) *From one extreme to another*—What were the two extremes?

(vi.) *More than human.*—What is understood after 'human'?

3. "The Red Man came,
The roaming hunter tribes, warlike and fierce,
And the Mound-builders vanished from the earth.
The solitude of centuries untold
Has settled where they dwelt. The prairie-wolf
Hunts in their meadows, and his fresh-dug den
Yawns by my path. The gopher mines the ground
Where stood their swarming cities. All is gone;
All,—save the piles of earth that hold their bones,
The platforms where they worshipped unknown gods,
The barriers which they builded from the soil
To keep the foe at bay, till o'er the walls
The wild beleaguerers broke, and, one by one,
The strongholds of the plain were forced, and heaped with corpses."—BRYANT—*The Prairies.*

(i.) *The solitude of centuries untold.*—Explain the meaning of *untold*. Parse it.

(ii.) Explain the meaning in which 'yawn', 'swarming', 'beleaguerers', and 'forced', are used in this passage.

(iii.) What is meant by 'keep the foe at bay' and 'the strongholds of the plain'? Who, according to Bryant, were the foe?

(iv.) What is the gopher?

(v.) Point out the silent letters in—
"The roaming hunter tribes, warlike and fierce";
And in—
"The platforms where they worshipped unknown gods." What final letter in the latter of these lines has a sound different from that which it usually has?

4. What is the difference in meaning between
pine, the noun, and pine, the verb?
rue, " , and rue, "
crew, " , and crew, "
mean, " , and mean, "
fare, " , and fare, "
row, " , and row, "
rail, " , and rail, "
hail, " , and hail, "
ward, " , and ward, "
blow, " , and blow, "
mow, " , and mow, "
peer, " , and peer, "

Mr. George Beagley, who was thrown from a hand-car and severely injured, between Stirling and Campbellford, some time ago, is the victim of another accident. A few weeks ago he joined a party of men here, and went to the shanty in the woods of Belmont, for the purpose of getting out timber. On Saturday morning last, while he was chopping down a tree, his axe glanced and cut a severe gash in his left foot. The wound bled profusely for a time, and for five hours during the time of his conveyance home, he suffered from the loss of blood. His injury will render him a cripple for some time.—*Campbellford Herald.*

The Tay bridge, the scene of the recent disaster, is to be rebuilt twenty feet lower than before.

General Roberts is strongly fortifying Cabul and the posts surrounding it. A son of Dost Mahommed, one of the former Ameers of Afghanistan, has been appointed Governor of the city.

BIRTH.

GORDON.—On Thursday, January 18th, the wife of Robert Gordon, Hungerford, of a daughter.

CAVERLY.—On the 18th inst, in this village, the wife of Mr. Jefferson Caverly, of twins, daughters.

MARRIED.

MOFFAT—DARRAH.—On the 17th inst., at the Methodist Parsonage, Madoc, by the Rev. Jas. Macfarlane, Mr. Samuel Moffat, to Miss Sarah Darrah, both of the township of Marmora.

BENTLEY—ROBLIN.—At the residence of the bride's father, Ivy Roblin, Esq., on Wednesday, January 21st, by the Rev. T. McAmmond, Lafayette Bentley, to Miss Charlotte Roblin, of Hungerford.

DIED.

HAMILTON.—In this village, on the 13th inst., James Hamilton, aged 66 years.

Madoc Markets

Flour, per brl	$6 00 to $0 00
Wheat, per bushel	1 25 to 0 30
Rye, "	0 65 to 0 00
Oats, "	0 40 to 0 00
Barley, "	0 50 to 0 00
Peas, "	0 65 to 0 00
Potatoes, "	0 30 to 0 00
Eggs, per doz	0 14 to 0 00
Butter, per lb	0 15 to 0 00
Hides, per cwt	6 50 to 0 00

Belleville Markets.

Wheat	$1 25 to $1 30
Barley	0 50 to 0 60
Rye	0 70 to 0 75
Oats	0 35 to 0 40
Peas	0 60 to 0 65
Butter	0 16 to 0 22
Eggs	0 15 to 0 20
Potatoes, per bush	0 45 to 0 50
Flour, per bbl	6 50 to 0 00
Sheepskins	1 50 to 1 60
Hides	7 50 to 8 00

FARM FOR SALE.

THE East halves of Lots Nos. 25 and 26, in the Eighth concession of Madoc, will be sold cheap. Apply to the publishers of the REVIEW, Madoc, or to

H. HOLDEN,
Shannonville.

95-6m

ESTRAY STEER.

LOST, about the middle of May last, a three-year-old Steer, dark red color, with scar on one flank. Any person giving information leading to its recovery will be suitably rewarded.

THOS. McNAMARA,
Lot No. 3, 10th con., Madoc.

January 1st, 1880. 144-tf

Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

HOME-MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

—AT—

MORRICE'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS

in all the different styles and sizes.

☞ CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.

MADOC

Flour & Feed Store

I BEG to announce to the citizens of Madoc and the public generally, that I have opened out in the

VICTORIA BLOCK

a first-class Grocery, Flour and Feed Store, and am now fully prepared to attend to the wants of customers.

CHOICE FAMILY FLOUR,
CORNMEAL,
OATMEAL,
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR,
BRAN, SHORTS,
AND
CRACKED FEED

of every description, kept constantly on hand.

PRIME MESS PORK,

By the Barrel or pound.

GROCERIES,

CONSISTING OF

Teas, Sugars, Raisins, Currants,
SPICES, TOBACCOS, &c., &c.

Highest Cash Price Paid

FOR ALL KINDS OF GRAIN.

All goods purchased from me will be delivered free to any part of the village.

TERMS CASH.

ROBERT ROLLINS.

Madoc, December 10th, 1879.

Boots!! Boots!!

TO THE PUBLIC:

THE undersigned wishes to inform his friends and the public generally that he has lately opened a Boot and Shoe Shop in the Village of Madoc, and is prepared to execute all orders in the above line in a first-class manner and at low rates. Particular attention given to repairing and all kinds of custom work. Give me a call.

M. RAE.

Shop—Directly opposite Bristol's Carriage Works. 141

FINAL NOTICE!!

I have fully made up my mind to change my Credit business to the Ready Pay System, by Cash or Produce taken in exchange for goods, considering it better for both myself and customers.

I close my Books on the 15th day of November, inst., and all parties indebted to me are requested to call and settle at once, or costs will be made.

G. M. BROOKS.

Madoc, Nov. 5th, 1879.

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

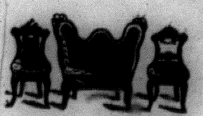
PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.



U CAN GET

BETTER

FURNITURE,

AND

MORE OF IT,

For Less Money

—AT—

M. MAYBEE'S,

than at any shop in the County.

CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

UNDERTAKING

ALL SIZES OF

Coffins & Caskets

KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Robes, Shrouds,

AND

FUNERAL FURNISHINGS.

M. MAYBEE.

Madoc, April 22nd, 1879.

MADOC PLANING MILL.

The undersigned having removed their Planing Mills from Bridgewater to the Village of Madoc, and fitted up a

Planing Mill, Door, Sash and Blind Factory,

are now prepared to do all work in our line with promptness and despatch.

CUSTOM PLANING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

KERRS & WALTON.

Madoc, June 29th, 1879.

NEW GOODS!

Our stock of Fall and Winter Goods is now complete in every Department.

PRICES VERY LOW!

Sydmer Ross & Co.

Madoc, September 9th, 1879.

NEW GOODS,

at Low Prices

AT

JOHN ROBERTSON'S.

This Great Household Medicine Ranks among the leading necessaries of life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on

The Liver, Stomach, Kidneys,

and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the world.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts,

Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers,

it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even Asthma. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

GOUT, RHEUMATISM,

And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured only at

533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON,

And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered in Ottawa; hence, any one throughout the British possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

CALL FOR THE GREAT

SIERRA NEVADA SMOKING!

At C. G. Wilson's Drug Store, one of the most delicious aromas ever smoked. Cures colds, catarrh, asthma, and all bronchial complaints. Singers and speakers use it successfully. M. L. SMITH, Arkona, Ont.

FOUND!

—AT—

C. G. WILSON'S

Drug Store.

THE FINEST LOT OF

XMAS CARDS

AND

SCENT SATCHETS

IN TOWN. ALSO ALL SIZES OF

Autograph Albums,
Purses, Brushes,
Perfumery, &c.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

$1500 TO $6,000 A YEAR, or $5 to $20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Any one can do the work. You can make from 50 cts. to $2 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth $5 also free; you can then make up your mind for yourself. Address GEO. STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

ST. CATHARINES NURSERIES.

A full assortment of splendid

FRUIT & ORNAMENTAL TREES.

ORDERS BY MAIL receive careful and prompt attention.

AGENTS WANTED!

To take Orders in every part of the country. PAY LIBERAL.

DEALERS!

Should call and see the Stock—it is unsurpassed. Prices as low as in the States, thereby saving the duty of twenty per cent.

Address,

D. W. BEADLE,
St. Catharines.

149-6m

A WINTER'S TALE.

The Terrible Experience of a Minnesota Man in the Late Blizzard.

(Fergus Falls Journal.)

Last week we gave a hasty and imperfect account of the wanderings of Mr. H. U. Stordock of Wilkin county. Further information enables us to state that on Saturday, the 15th inst., Mr. Stordock left his place of business in Breckenridge at the usual hour in the evening to go home, about a mile across the flat, [illegible] carrying, as was his custom, a lantern. On the way his cap blew off, and in looking for his cap the lantern went out. In his efforts to relight the lantern he lost one glove, and in his search for these needed garments became confused, and eventually lost [illegible]. Hatless and with one bare hand, therefore, this [illegible] man commenced one of the bravest struggles with the elements of which we have any record.

Mr. Stordock's first impulse, and one which seemed not foreign to him in all his wanderings, was to take a course which would lead him to the railroad line, by following which he could regain the [illegible] station or some other. Sometimes he thought he had reached the track, and would waste his strength in digging in the snow for the rails. Wearied at last with his vain efforts the sufferer laid down and burrowed in the snow, making the best possible protection of his buffalo overcoat, without which he soon would have perished. We are not fully informed in regard to his efforts, his hopes, and his sufferings, during that long and blizzardly Sunday, but we believe that when daylight came to Mr. Stordock he dared not again burrow in the snow, being fully aware that he would not rally. He had on his person $2,300 in currency, which money, belonging to Pillsbury & Co., and Stordock has since said that money saved his life, for as he struggled and stumbled on in the drifted snow and treacherous footing, he would occasionally fall and lie for a time, feeling tolerably comfortable; but when he thought of his wife and children, and also of the money in his care, the thought would come to him that if he should perish and his body not be discovered, it might be suspected that he had skipped the country with the money. Summoning his energies, therefore, he would rise and go on again. How long these hours must have seemed—those long cold nights!

Monday at last came, and with less wind blowing. Stordock kept moving, in hopes soon to find a house or some person to assist him. Badly frozen in feet, hands, face and ears, his progress was painful and slow. He at last saw a man with a team, who comes so near him that he calls to him. The man is taking a load of flour from Elizabeth to Breckinridge, and is about half way between these points. Stordock tells him that he has been lost since Saturday, and is frozen and hungry, and asks him to take him home, or to the nearest house. The stranger, like the "priest and Levite," declined, as we are told, with some remark about the urgency of his trip to Breckinridge, but offered to convey him to his place—twelve miles away. Stordock knew he would die before he could ride half that distance, and, very properly, declined the proffered ride. The teamster left the frozen wanderer by merely pointing him to a house about two miles away, and advising him to make his way there!

Rev. A. C. Schmidt, pastor of the German Methodist Church, of Elizabeth, was the good Samaritan in this case. On his way from Elizabeth to Breckinridge on Monday, when he reached the house of William Linsey, ten miles from the former and fourteen from the latter place, he saw a man out on the level prairie, half a mile away, whose movements attracted his attention. The man seemed to be stumbling about and making but little progress. Mr. Schmidt thought it of sufficient importance to make inquiry at Linsey's house. The family knew nothing of any man out there, and, turning to look, the person had disappeared. This convinced Mr. Schmidt, whose sympathetic feelings were quick to be aroused, that the man whom he had seen but a minute before had now fallen in the snow. So, taking with him Mr. Linsey, they went out in search of the wanderer, wherever he might be. Half a mile distant they found Mr. Stordock lying on the snow, able to speak when spoken to, but nothing more. They carried him to the house in their arms as quickly as possible and cared for him as the doctor says, in the very best possible manner. As described by Mr. Schmidt, Stordock presented a sadly suffering appearance. His nose was swollen with frost and [illegible]. His moustache and whiskers carried a mass of solid ice, weighing at least three pounds, which prevented him from drinking water, for the want of which he was suffering. His face and ears were badly frozen, but worst of all, his feet were solidly frozen to the ankles, and his hands nearly to the wrists. Removing his boots by cutting with a knife, his feet and hands were at once placed in snow and kept in that condition until thawed. It took fourteen hours time to fully extract the frost from his feet.

"THE FALCON."

Mr. Tennyson's New Drama.

(From the Daily News.)

Mr. Tennyson's little drama, founded upon a story in the "Decameron," which under the name of "The Falcon" has more than once furnished old poets with a pretty theme for a legend in verse, was produced last night at St. James' Theatre. It was received with [illegible] sympathetic than an enthusiastic welcome. That the performance awakened any [illegible] feeling of disappointment can hardly be [illegible], for the defects of the piece as an acting play were easily to be foreseen; and the tenderness with which the old tale is presented, the [illegible] with which its difficulties are softened or avoided, and the beautiful imagery with which its verse is enriched without sacrifice of the passionate force of the dialogue, [illegible] to be expected from the author's genius. A more idyllic trifle, a scene out of a play rather than the play itself, was all that could by possibility be made of the quaint [illegible] story, and such indeed is the play of "The Falcon" which occupies in performance barely forty minutes. The story, so far as it has been modified or extended, is [illegible] for the dramatist's purpose. The beautiful widow lady, Giovanna [illegible], is here an exemplary person who has [illegible] and driven to despair the noble youth Federigo, mainly for the reason that there is a blood feud between her family and his, and because love in such circumstances is prone to have violent ends. As she says:

My grandsire struck my grandsire in a brawl
At Florence, and my grandsire struck him dead.

It is not suggested why this lovely lady yet accepts from him costly presents, even to the youth's undoing, but we are left to suppose that there was a time when she had hesitated between inclination and prudence—between the feeling of the moment and the [illegible] future. One day at a [illegible] he had made her a wreath and crowned her with it; then the rupture came, and for [illegible] of her he went away to the wars, was wounded, taken prisoner and confined in a dungeon, where he made a song in memory of his lost love, and set it to a simple tune, [illegible] with his left hand because his right was wounded; and this wreath, now withered, he guards still in the old form, with its [illegible], through which the daylight may be seen, and [illegible] open to the winds. All [illegible] to the poetry and pathos of the situation; and when the lady comes to ask a boon for the sake of her sick child, the wreath, the scroll of music, the [illegible] melody sung with the [illegible] accompaniment of the lute, play an important part in the development of the spirit of the story, and one that is not only new, but [illegible] to softening its ignoble elements. The falcon, we need hardly say, is not [illegible], for he is not only the justification of the title, but the very keystone of the tale. He is, on the contrary, though a dumb member of the dramatis personæ, still a very prominent one, the management having been fortunate enough to secure a live bird of [illegible] docility, and [illegible]. But it is almost needless [illegible]. There is a kind of [illegible]

with her earnest entreaties that he will give her the bird to gratify the whim of her sick child, who may die if thwarted, offers him exchange of presents, and produces the necklace of jewels which he had given her in the old days. When affairs have reached this point the climax is felt to be not far removed. The truth is finally wrung from the Count, and the lady, no longer able to restrain her long-pent feeling, drops at his feet, confessing his love.

Mrs. Kendal, who appears colored in a silk of a rich russet red tint, and otherwise attired after the fashion of ancient portraits of the Venetian school, presents a comely and noble aspect in the part of Giovanna. Her performance cannot be said to touch any very deep note of pathos; and indeed this lady is generally most successful in parts in which womanly tenderness is largely combined with sprightliness and wit. Oppressed by her domestic sorrows, and haunted by the remembrance of a love rejected against the dictates of her heart, the noble Tuscan lady is necessarily a somewhat serious personage. Mr. Kendal, as the Count, errs, we think, in manufacturing a tone of plaintive sorrow with scarcely any break of relief, though praise is certainly due to him for his musical and impassioned delivery of many noble passages. It would be unjust, however, to deny that the partial failure of the story to lay hold of the sympathies of the audience lies in causes beyond the power of the actors. The careful examination which these matters demand, however, is not possible at so late an hour. The part of the nurse, sustained by Mrs. Gaston Murray, is one of little importance; Mr. Denny represents the serving man, Filippe rather too energetically, but still with humor. A call for the author at the fall of the curtain produced no result but that of bringing upon the stage Mr. Hare, who explained that though Mr. Tennyson was unfortunately not in the house, his son, Mr. Hallam Tennyson, who has been present at the performance, had promised to convey to his father the news of the favorable reception which had been accorded to his play.

IMPROVED LIVE STOCK CAR.

A New Invention for the Humane Transportation of Live Stock.

(Halifax Herald.)

Mr. Thomas Clarke, of Truro, attended a meeting of the members of the S. P. C. A., and other gentlemen interested in the transportation of cattle, to explain his improved Live Stock Car. From drawings and photographs shown all very much impressed with the practicability of the invention. The efforts of inventors have been stimulated by the offers of a bonus of $5,000 by the American Humane Society and $4,000 by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals of England, for a car that will prevent the atrocities that are now perpetrated upon live stock in transportation.

A brief description of the car is as follows: The food for five days and water for three days is carried in such a manner that the conveniences for conveying the same to the animals are so complete, that one man could with ease attend to the feeding and watering of a train of at least twenty cars. The car can be washed out or cooled in a few minutes without disturbing the cattle, and the floor is so arranged that the spillings from one animal does not annoy those on either side. The animals are so systematically arranged that fourteen large animals can be carried in one of our ordinary 28 x 8 feet cars, and every animal separated one from the other. Another consideration is that the cost of changing and equipping an ordinary cattle car will not exceed $200, and if the saving of time is considered, this sum will be saved in less than three months, not to mention the great saving of expense to the shippers and the comfort of the animals.

The Executive Committee of the Nova Scotia Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals thought it best to wait for a few days until Mr. Clarke received the model of the car from New York before expressing an opinion on the invention, although much impressed with its utility as far as could be ascertained from the drawing and description exhibited.

COMFORT FOR THE SEDENTARY.

The Pocket Blow-Pipe Described by Wm. Blaikie, the Athletic Expert.

(From Harper's Young People.)

Stand erect, with the chin turned a little up. Draw through the nose all the air you can, till your chest is brimful. Now place in the mouth a piece of clay pipe stem, say an inch long, and blow through it as long and hard as you can, as if you were trying to blow out a flame.

Well, what does this do? Try a few whiffs and see. If not used to it, at first it may make you feel dull, perhaps dizzy. But this soon wears off, and you find that a few minutes of this lung filling now and then through the day is working wonders. The chest seems to be actually growing larger; and it really is, for you are stretching out every corner of it. But the heart and stomach—indeed, about all the vital organs—feel the new pressure, and better digestion, brisker circulation, and a warmer and very comfortable feeling over the whole body are among the results. M——, an oil-broker in New York, says that at thirty-six he had a weak voice, stood slouched over and inerect, was troubled with catarrh, and knew too well what it was to have the stomach and bowels work imperfectly. Most people can not inflate the chest so as to increase its girth over two inches. By steady practice at his little pipe, he in about a year got so that he could inflate five whole inches. But now his chest is noticeably round and full, and he is as straight a man as any in a dozen. His weak voice has gone; indeed, he says he has the strongest voice of any in a choir in which he now sings. The catarrh has left, while his stomach is simply doing nobly. The fuller veins in his hands and the swifter reaction when he bathes tell that his circulation is also stronger and quicker than formerly while he has a general health and buoyancy to which he had long been a stranger. Those are surely wonderful changes in a man of his age, and in that brief time, and each change is plainly for the better. Not only do his friends remark it, and he delights in telling all who will listen. A lady friend following his example, found her singular shoulders and indifferent chest fast improving in a way most gratifying. A friend, at our suggestion—one of the fastest half-mile runners in America, by-the-way—tried the pipe. In five weeks of faithful practice he so enlarged his chest that when his lungs were full he could scarcely button his vest. He says that in severe running he finds his throat and bronchial tubes do not tire so easily as before, but are tough and equal to their work, and so help him to a more substantial effort.

Though all the results of the deep breathing are not known, it could hardly fail to bring great good to many of us in-door people who most of the day never half fill our lungs, and at all events it is very easy to try. An ivory worker will for a dime turn out a pipe of bone or ivory an inch long, three-eighths thick, and a hole through it a sixteenth of an inch in diameter, with the sides fluted so that your teeth may hold it, and prevent you from swallowing it. This, too, can be readily carried in the pocket. Try it.

"ACKNOWLEDGE THE CORN."

The phrase "acknowledge the corn" is variously accounted for but the following is a true history of its origin: In 1828, Andrew Stewart, M. C., said in a speech that Ohio, Kentucky and Indiana sent their hay stacks, corn fields and fodder to New York and Philadelphia for sale. Wickliffe, of Kentucky, called him to order, declaring those States did not send hay stacks or corn fields to New York for sale. "Well, what do you send?" asked Stewart. "Why, horses, mules, cattle and hogs." "Well, what makes your horses, mules, cattle and hogs? You feed $100 worth of hay to a horse; you just animate and get upon the top of your hay stack and ride off to market. How is it with your cattle? You make one of them carry $50 worth of hay and grass to the Eastern market; How much corn does it take at thirty-three cents a bushel to fatten a hog?" "Why, thirty bushels." "Then you put that thirty bushels into the shape of a hog and make it walk off to the Eastern market." Then Mr. Wickliffe jumped up and said: "Mr. Speaker, I acknowledge the corn."
—St. Louis Paper.

—Young man to photographer: "Are my pictures done?" Artist: "Let's see [illegible] scanning the young man's face and then the photograph he holds in his hand; what's the name?" Young man (in astonishment): "Jones, sir." Artist (having discovered the name on them): "Oh, yes; these are yours."

—The population of our globe, estimated at about thirteen hundred millions, is ruled to 12 emperors, 35 kings, 47 princes, 17 sultans, 12 khans, 6 grand dukes, 5 dukes, 1 vice-king, 1 nizam, 1 radja, 1 imaum, 1 [illegible] and 23 presidents, besides a large number of chiefs of wild tribes. Of the republics [illegible]

McCARTHY, THE ADVENTURER.

History of the Man Who Eloped With Gen. Sickles' Daughter—His Swindling Operations in Chicago—How He Tried to Deceive Wm. M. Evarts, and Afterwards "Did" London and Paris.

(From a New York Paper.)

"William Fitzcharles McCarthy, whose name is just now familiar to everybody from his elopement with Gen. Sickles' daughter, passed a portion of his infamous career in Chicago. The history of his deeds in this city has just come to light through the story told by another of the many women who have been allured by his powers of fascination and grievously suffered through his treachery and perfidy—the greatest wrong that a woman can endure. If half the statements that are made in this revelation are true, William Fitzcharles McCarthy deserves a long, long search in Joliet Penitentiary. In 1874 William Fitzcharles McCarthy was engaged in the real estate and loan business in Chicago. In connection with this he represented a swindling concern known as the American Bureau of Mines, in which gullible fools were induced to place their funds, only to find after a little while that their money had been swallowed up beyond recovery. McCarthy lived at a boarding house kept by a Mrs. Hess. Her daughter, a lovely and accomplished girl, was captivated by the flatteries and attentions of the handsome real estate agent, and yielding to his honeyed words, bewitched by the flattering prospects he held out before her, she yielded him her heart and hand. They were betrothed, and after an engagement of a very brief period the twain were married. The wedding ceremony was performed in the presence of a few invited guests at All Saints' church, one bitter cold evening a little more than five years ago. The following is a copy of the marriage certificate:

This is to certify that on the first day of December, in the year of our Lord 1879, in the city of Chicago, in the county of Cook, in the diocese of Illinois, I joined together in holy matrimony, William Fitzcharles McCarthy and Clara Agnes Hess, according to the rites of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, and in conformity with the laws of the State of Illinois. In witness hereof I have hereunto signed my name, etc.

(Signed) HENRY G. PERRY, A.M.,
Pastor of All Saints' Church, Chicago, Ill.

"They removed to New York. McCarthy pretended that he was about to engage in the real estate business, but his wife soon discovered his true character. The honeymoon saw her joy turned to grief and bitter disappointment. Their mode of life was extremely precarious. At times they were entirely without money, and the young wife went without food sometimes for thirty-six hours at a time. Again money would flow in upon them when McCarthy succeeded in plucking a dupe, or worming himself in the confidence of good and substantial business men to such an extent as to borrow money from them. In flush times he was reckless and extravagant. Money gone, he ran remorselessly into debt whenever and wherever he could. When these failed he would take his wife out and compel her to pawn her jewelry and fine wearing apparel. He would accompany her to the door of the pawn shop, waiting outside to receive the money.

During the period when the Government was likely to get into difficulty with the Spanish Government on account of the Cuban insurgents, Mr. William Fitzcharles McCarthy succeeded in selling to so cute a lawyer and business man as Hon. William M. Evarts letters purporting to be written by them. This is a well known fact. He proposed, it seems, to act as a kind of go-between and save the Government any trouble. His game indeed was always a high one. His manners, dress and address were those of an accomplished gentleman. His wife's suspicions as to the nature of her husband's character and business were first aroused during the time when he was negotiating with Mr. Evarts for the supposed letters. At that time she told her husband that she believed he had no such letters, or that, if he had them, he forged them. In return for this he knocked her down, at the same time assuring her that if he was guilty she would be liable as an accomplice. This so alarmed the poor woman that she was in terror at every sound. However, about the time the letters were sold to Mr. Evarts they had money, and with it they went to London. Here he again opened an office and pretended to be interested in American wines. Very soon the money failed, and again the pawnbroker was applied to. She secured his release from imprisonment for debt by pawning her clothes. With the proceeds of a "raise" he went to New York, where he was arrested for complicity in a diamond robbery, but was acquitted when brought to trial. After victimizing London, they proceeded to Paris, where McCarty again struck the upper ranks of society in the American quarter. It was while they were here that Mrs. McCarthy had her suspicions aroused by a newspaper item that McCarthy had been married previously. Finally, through a correspondence with Judge H. H. Chambers, of Hernando, Miss., she learned that such was indeed the fact. McCarthy had deserted his former wife in Mississippi, and she had only obtained a divorce two years after the subsequent marriage in Chicago.

The story of his first wife, as given in evidence, reads like a romance, and is touching in the extreme. Her faithfulness too him, her patience under numerous desertions, her efforts to support herself by teaching, by sewing, by manual toil, by ironing in a laundry, are all told with a straightforward simplicity that carries conviction of its truth. Once after he had deserted her for six months he appointed a meeting at Madison square, New York, and there brazenly told her she must get a divorce, as he loved his present mistress, Mme. Leontine, who was therefore, his wife before God. The poor wife refused to give up her claim to her husband, and begged and implored him to return to her and forsake his evil ways, giving as a reason for imploring so earnestly her own impending maternity. After he had heartlessly left her entirely unattended, she gave birth to a child. It died, as had four others before it, and when finally his place was discovered, and word was sent him of the condition of his wife he sent a physician but did not come himself. Afterward he told his wife that dead children were no tie, and that his care and affection would be given and were due to the child of his mistress.

"The present Mrs. McCarthy has a photograph of Mme. Leontine, which she found among his things, and also the photograph of a beautiful, sad-faced woman which she supposes to be that of his deserted wife in Mississippi, although he had told her this was the photograph of one of his mistresses. Such are a few of the facts of which there is documentary proof in the city of Chicago."

PETER THE GREAT'S LETTERS.

The London Globe of December 2nd has the following in relation to the letters of Peter the Great, which may be of special interest in connection with the announcement of the papers on Peter the Great by Eugene Schuyler, to begin in the next issue of Scribner's Monthly, the midwinter number. It will be found, we suspect, that Mr. Schuyler has not overlooked any such material.

"It will be with a large amount of satisfaction that persons interested in epistolary lore will learn that the letters of Peter the Great are at length to be given to the public. For many years past the correspondence of the greatest of Russia's heroes has been lying uninvestigated in a room in the St. Petersburg Public Library. To edit the letters, which numbers 6,600, a special commission has been appointed by the Emperor, and it is expected that, including the explanatory notes, the work will fill nearly fifteen volumes. It would be interesting to know if Mr. Schuyler, who is said to be writing a biography of Peter the Great, has referred to any of these letters; otherwise, he might fail to render adequate justice to some points in his hero's character. Abundant compilations suitable for a biography of the great reformer exist in the literature of Russia, and histories have been written about him that would stock a tolerably large library. Adulation of the Czars has ever been a prominent characteristic of the people. Although remembrances are treasured up of the Dmitri Donskoi, who first refused tribute to the Tartars; of Ivan the Great, who laid the foundation of the modern Russian Empire; and of the versatile genius, scathingly alluded to by Byron—Catharine the Great—there is none whose name is so popular as that of Emperor Peter. Wherever he traveled, people collected relics of the ruthless reformer; a cap here, a stick there, a bag of forged iron—forged by himself—at a third place; while, in the city which he established and christened after his patron saint, the innumerable objects of his workmanship that one meets at [illegible] various museums—the boats he built, the cabinets he carved, the clocks he made, the books he wrote and printed, the clothes and boots and furniture he manufactured—all draw from the admiring masses expressions of feeling that verge closely upon those employed in the worship accorded to the Deity and the saints. It would add immensely to the value of Peter's correspondence [illegible] work with the whole of the portraits of the Sovereign that exist in the Imperial Public Library. These consist of over 400 specimens collected from every country in Europe, the place of honor in the gallery being accorded to an ancient swinging signboard from a London tavern, containing an excellent likeness of the monarch, with the inscription, 'Ye Czar of Muscovy.'"

WILL BEET SUGAR PRODUCTION PAY?

Letter From Mr. Dustan, of Halifax.

The following letter from Mr. George Gordon Dustan, of Halifax, appears in the Montreal *Gazette* of a recent date:

SIR,—I have lately received a number of letters from farmers and others in various parts of the Dominion, asking if the production of beet-root sugar will pay. As there is much interest felt in the subject in the Province of Quebec perhaps you will kindly give space to a few remarks on this important question.

There is no doubt but the soil and climate of a great part of these united Provinces are admirably adapted for the cultivation of sugar-beets, and it has been conclusively proved, by the able, practical and accomplished Director of Agriculture (Quebec) Mr. E. A. Barnard, that the roots grown in your Province are rich in sugar—equal to, even surpassing that of the sugar beet grown on the Continent of Europe, and it is a well-known fact that few crops are more beneficial to the soil than the beet, as it is not a scourging crop, and stock are fed on the tops and pumace of the pressed roots, thus returning the crop largely to the soil. The sugar factories must also necessarily be in the heart of the beet growing neighborhood, as the roots are too bulky and tender to transport profitably or safely for any great distance, and this would give a small manufacturing population in each district suitable for the growth of the beets.

The production of beet-root sugar in Continental Europe was only about 140,000 tons in 1852.

In 1869 the production had increased to about 315,000 tons.

In the last season (1868-69) the production had increased to the enormous quantity of 1,555,000 tons.

But, notwithstanding all these facts before me, I have come to the conclusion that the production of sugar from beets has not yet reached a natural production by our farmers, and clearly the idea that beet sugar is easily and cheaply produced is quite a mistake, and is one that will most certainly sink a large amount of capital in Canada.

The success of the enterprise would depend not only on the skill brought to bear on the manufacture, but on the good will of the Government and farmers. Nothing ought, therefore, to be done in the matter till a clear and proper understanding is come to with the Government and farmers.

The enterprise must be exempted from excise for a very long period. The term of ten years formerly fixed by the Dominion Government expires in 1883. A renewal of this Act for at least ten years from the date of commencing is a *sine qua non* before any expenditure could be safely incurred.

The farmers would have to enter into binding contracts with the sugar manufacturers to deliver at the factories, each season, a fixed and sufficient quantity of well-grown beets at a stated price, taking back for their cattle the compressed pulp.

The chief difficulty will be with the farmers, but they can be assured that nothing does so much to improve the agriculture of a country as beet growing, and that it will pay them to do their all important part well; but they might at the same time be told that nothing but hard work will raise suitable beets for the manufacture of sugar. It demands much more attention during its growth than is commonly given to the "Mangle Wurzel," as it must be kept well freed of weeds and well earthed up, that the root may not appear above the surface, for the heat of the sun is very detrimental to the formation of sugar in the beet.

In conclusion I would say it is very important that the bonus offered by the Quebec Government should only be given to those who had both the technical knowledge and the pecuniary means to ensure a fair trial.

Meanwhile, yours very truly,
GEORGE GORDON DUSTAN.

CONCERNING SEA-SICKNESS.

Good-bye, England! The bell rings for lunch and there is at once an immense demand for chicken broth, than which there is supposed to be not a finer antidote to the *mal de mer*. Some experts recommend dry champagne; others pin their faith to bottled beer. Yet another section of suggesters boldly proclaim their belief in brandy and soda. There is, on the other hand, a set of sea-quietists who assure you that all you have to do is to prostrate yourself flat on your face on the sofa in your cabin and remain there until the voyage is at an end. But how is an individual to remain prone on his bosom for eleven mortal days? "Nonsense," cry another division of doctrinaires; "hard biscuits and an occasional nip of green Chartreuse are the only real panacea." Meanwhile, among the ladies, there are dark and distant rumors of chloral. And all this while the sea is like a millpond. My own belief concerning sea-sickness is that the best way to deal with it is not to think anything about it. If you are going to be sick, you will be sick, and very often the sickness will prove a benefit instead of an evil, and after two or three days' suffering bring you up in the saloon again smiling and with a prodigious appetite. But the very worst thing which, according to my thinking, a lady or gentlemen can do is to worry him or herself at the commencement of the voyage about what is going to happen, either in the direction of sea-sickness or otherwise. All kinds of things may happen. You may be sea-sick or you may be shipwrecked; you may "pig" right into the middle of an iceberg, as the Arizona did; or you may see—or fancy that you see—the great sea serpent. The best thing, I take it, that you can do is to take all things quietly and cheerfully, and to be thankful for all things, especially for the blessing of being in a place where neither newspapers, letters nor telegrams can reach you.—*Sala's Letter to London Telegraph.*

HOW CELLULOID IS MADE.

Dr. W. H. Wahl tells in the *Journal of Commerce* what celluloid is and how it is made. Briefly defined, celluloid, he says, is a species of solidified collodion, produced by dissolving gun-cotton (pyroxlyn) in camphor with the aid of heat and pressure. The gun-cotton is ground in water to a fine pulp in a medicine similar to that used in grinding paper pulp. The pulp is then subjected to powerful pressure in a perforated vessel to extract the bulk of the moisture, but still leaving it slightly moist for the next operation. This consists in thoroughly incorporating finely comminuted gum camphor with the moist gun-cotton pulp. The proportions employed are said to be one part by weight of camphor to two parts by weight of the pulp. With this mixture any coloring matters required can be incorporated. The next step is to subject the mass to powerful pressure in order to expel from it the remaining traces of moisture and incidentally to effect also the more intimate contact of the camphor with the pulp. The dried and compressed mass is next placed in a mold, open at the top, into which fits a solid plunger. A heavy hydraulic pressure is brought to bear upon the plunger, and at the same time the mixture is heated by means of a steam jacket surrounding the vessel to a temperature of about 300 deg. Fahr. When the mass is taken out of the press it hardens and acquires the extraordinary toughness and elasticity which are the distinguishing characteristics of this remarkable product. Celluloid is very largely used as a substitute for ivory, which is imitated with great success. Tortoise shell, malachite, mother of pearl, coral, and other costly and elegant materials, are also so successively imitated that an expert can hardly detect the original from the copy. Celluloid is also used as a substitute for porcelain in the manufacture of dolls, which will stand a good deal of rough usage without breaking. Quite recently, too, it has been combined with linen, and used for shirt-bosoms, cuffs and collars.

—There is a story of a nobleman who, when his purse was demanded, said to the highwayman all right, but who's that fellow looking over your shoulder, and straightway shot the fellow dead as he turned to see. Mr. Thrupp, now superintending an Anglo-Italian railroad contract near Naples, is a chip of this block apparently. When brigands stopped him the other night he pretended to put his hand on a revolver, though he had none, and when told to remove it, or he would be shot, continued to parley with his assailants, until the opportune arrival of the diligence put them to flight.

—One of the lady teachers in a Reno public school a few days since was [illegible] with an urchin on the science of [illegible]. This is what came of it: [illegible]

AROUND THE WORLD.

—A number of Strasburg shopkeepers have been fined ten marks each for placing French emblems on their goods.

—A widow at Galveston, Tex., after marrying very quietly, was serenaded by a large number of tinpanoliets of her own sex. They had to be dispersed by the police.

—The native churches of Southern Africa gathered from the Bechuans, Hottentot and Kaffir races, have now enrolled about 50,000 men and women who have professed faith in Christ.

—Bishop Chatard, of Indiana, deposed Father Fitzpatrick, of Evansville, in consequence of a quarrel between the priest and the congregation. Father Fitzpatrick has now sued the Bishop for $35,000 damages.

—A story of a sea serpent that makes a loud, whistling noise may be expected from the Pacific. An automatic buoy, which is made by the action of the waves to give out such a sound, has gone adrift from the mouth of San Francisco harbor.

—A German farmer at Meadville, Pa., was caught by his wife in a flirtation with a widow neighbor. She thereupon made his home too hot for him, and when he sought consolation from the widow, the latter brought a suit for slander. Thus discarded by both women the distracted man hanged himself.

—London *Truth*:—"A clergyman who wishes to attract attention to himself must either carry absurdity of dress, doctrine or church ornamentation to an excessive degree—for most that can be done in this walk of notoriety has already been done so often that little surprises—or he must strike out some new path."

—A tramp asked for a meal at a residence in Columbus, Ohio. The head of the family said, "Get along, or I'll set the dog on you." Then the tramp bet that within five minutes he would be invited to eat of the best that the house afforded. He won, too, because he proved that he was a wandering son returned.

—The Lower Po in Italy is covered with floating ice, and is expected to be frozen over as in 1827 and 1857. The Venice lagunes are frozen. In Southern Italy, on the Benevento and Foggia railway, the trains have been delayed by snow, and by the last advices a train which started from Foggia had to turn back.

—The Star Club of Boston has been broken up by the police, and thirteen of the members fined $4 each. The offence was playing poker on Sunday; but they probably would not have been molested if they had been wealthy men, instead of poor, young fellows, whose club was so humble that the rent of its room was only 60 cents a week, and the dues five cents per member.

—The lowest point to which wages have yet fallen is five cents an hour, and the places where this has occurred are Hartford, Conn., and Providence, R. I., two of the wealthiest cities in the country. When the poor of those cities apply to the authorities for relief they are required to earn it by chopping kindling in the municipal wood yards at 50c. a day, and a workingman's day down east is ten hours.

—Count Adolphe de Circourt, a French nobleman of many accomplishments, has just died. His latter years were passed in classifying and preparing for publication the letters of his wife, who was a Russian lady of singular fascination. She was the most intimate friend and constant correspondent and mentor of Cavour, and kept for him a vigilant watch on Thiers, Guizot, the Bourse, and Cardinal Antonelli's agents.

—The "Chinese Encyclopædia" has just been published to meet a long-felt want in the Flowery Kingdom. It deals with every subject and treats of every clime. In point of completeness it may be said to rival the labors of literary men in any age. It comprises 5,020 volumes, which can be had for $7,500, and is authoritatively said to be very cheap at that price. Of course everybody will buy such a handy and inexpensive little work.

—According to the Governor of Virginia the agile bartenders who jingle the chimes in the bell-punch apparatus have discovered a method of falsifying its registry. He thinks that it corrupts the morals of the people who throng the bars in quest of beverages, and makes worse men of those who serve the thirsty Virginians. He urges that the system of taxation be abolished and some other substituted. If the bell-punch has failed in Virginia it is not for want of practical trial.

—A school girl at Bellefontaine, Ohio, offended her boy lover, and he refused to speak to her. She passed a note to him asking forgiveness, but he refused. She wrote to him again, saying that she would kill herself if he would not make up, and he replied that he would be glad to go to her funeral. She then began her suicidal efforts by drinking a bottle of black ink, which only made her sick. A bottle of red ink had no deadlier effect. Finally she cut her throat with a pocket knife, but not fatally though she made a deep and dangerous gash.

—Pegram, the negro pedestrian, who came out fourth in the recent foot race at Madison Square Garden, is described by the Boston *Herald* as a pious Baptist of that city. He ascribes his success to prayer. "I prayed for strength," he says. "I thought of that verse in the fortieth chapter of Isaiah and the last verse, which says: 'But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not be faint.' That's the words that kept ringing in my ears all the time. If I hadn't been a good man I would not have got where I did."

—Prince Milan of Servia, who entertains, as is well known, the most extravagant notions about the divine right of kings, became recently greatly excited at a reunion at his palace, while advocating the unlimited prerogatives of his order, and addressing his Prime Minister, Dr. Ristick, who ventured to differ with him, exclaimed with much heat of manner: "Ristick, if I order you to jump into the sea, you will certainly plunge in head foremost." Dr. Ristick bowed respectfully, and moved towards the door: "Whither are you going, Ristick?" inquired his Highness, bending his brows in displeasure. "Your Highness will pardon me," replied the astute statesman, "I am going to learn to swim."

—M. Claude Etienne Minie, the inventor of the carbine known by that name, who died a few days ago, was born in Paris in 1804. He entered the army as a private, but rose to the captaincy of a company of chasseurs. It was then that he conceived the idea of improving the weapon used by this corps. He refused to make money out of his inventions by patenting them, or to quit France for superior service in Russia. He was, in 1849, appointed instructor in firing at the Ecole Normale, at Vincennes, and retired from active life in 1858; but he had all along been occupying himself with the improvement of firearms, and his last achievement, a rifle lighter than the chassepot, and carrying one thousand metres further, was exhibited at the Universal Exhibition of 1878.

—Two murderers were lynched at Golden, Colorado. The pair had cruelly murdered and robbed a popular man. One was a white man named Woodruff, who had long been regarded as a sneaking, cowardly thief, and the other was an Indian called Seminole, to whom remarkable courage had been attributed. But their behavior when taken out of the jail by a mob belied their reputations. Woodruff proved to be stoic, for he argued his case calmly with his captors, and, failing to convince them that he ought not to be hanged, said that he did not much mind hanging, after all, if they did it neatly and quickly. The Indian, however, showed no pluck, but abjectly pleaded for his life, and tried to put all the guilt on his companion. He prayed to heaven for mercy after the rope had been placed around his neck; but Woodruff said he guessed he had "no influence up there" and would "take the chances just as they stood."

—One night, at the close of last month, 200 ex-convicts met at a mission chapel in a mean street of a low district in London for the third annual supper of an association devoted to the aid of discharged prisoners. A member of this mission attends every morning at one of the chief city prisons and invites discharged prisoners to breakfast, after which the question of what can be done to help them is considered. During the past year, 5,502 breakfasts have been given, 172 men were placed at work, 50 sent to sea, 18 to various "refuges," 45 had their railroad fare paid to their homes, 25 are in the home of the association, and 13 have been expelled or have absconded from it. In this city there is a similar association, but, unfortunately, it does not seem very effective, to judge by the statements which are made by prisoners, who declare that they are almost driven back to evil courses by inability to find work. One great difficulty lies in the repugnance of employees to work with ex-prisoners. But a little tact and decision might often surmount this. Some years ago an old English gentleman took into his service a young footman, who had, under very hard circumstances, been for a brief time imprisoned. One day the housekeeper came, with flustered face, to announce the awful fact that she "couldn't remain in the house with a man whom she heard had been in jail." Sir Charles looked up from his book and merely said, "Well, then, you'd better go." Almost [illegible] with indignation, Mrs. Marmalade gasped out, "But Corker (the butler) says he can't a bear it, either, Sir Charles." But to this clincher, as she supposed, Sir Charles merely replied, "Well, then, he'd better go, too—now, that will do." Both remained, and the young footman was left in peace.

FASHION SPRAYS.

—Raw silk stockings, hand embroidered, cost as high as $70.

—After iridescent glass iridescent silver comes and very ugly it is.

—Horseshoe ornaments now have a bunch of four-leaf clover attached.

—Stylish table covers are in Turkish designs, into which much tinsel is woven.

—Gilt champagne baskets are used to hold the bouquets placed beside dinner plates.

—Book-marks of Russia and English leather are pretty for library editions of choice books.

—Horseshoes of gray lichens and the bright berries of the bittersweet decorate parlor walls.

—The new striped tea rose, American Banner, is worth its weight in gold, on account of its rarity.

—Pastelle burners in the shape laboratory furnaces with crystal alembics are new and pretty.

—Two pence-pipes and a match, tied together with a blue ribbon, were among the presents at a recent wedding.

—Among the designs for China decoration is a cupid standing on wet grasses and brushing the dust from a daisy.

—Mrs. Plimpton has on exhibition in Cincinnati vases of red clay, decorated with wreaths of flowers and leaves in white clay.

—The latest hanging hat-racks are in the shape of an immense horseshoe, and are of ebony, with huge steel nails to form the hooks.

—Beautiful curtains have bands of chintz stitched upon them, and the design carried to the foundation material in embroidery.

—Woolen collars and cuffs have appeared in England. They are bound with red ribbon and decorated with a group of painted flowers.

—Photograph albums are now made with the successive pages fitted for promenade pictures, cabinet pictures and groups of two cards and a vignette.

—Bottles representing the busts of famous men are novelties for holding perfumeries. Shakespeare, Goesthe and Schillier are favorite subjects.

—At a recent dinner given by a New York gentleman, each guest was presented with a menu card so aristically elaborate that the cost of each was $100.

—Cream white porcelain buttons are considered stylish. They are hand painted, each with a different device, such as a bird, a bee, a butterfly, a flower, etc.

—The new Vienna thermometers come mounted in all sorts of odd ways. Some brace themselves against silver keys, others curve around a horseshoe, others are imbedded in the side of vases.

—Among the new designs for table covers is a pattern of wild white clematis and barberries, changing woodbine, brambles, wild grapes and milkweed pods, no leaf or flower being repeated.

—Rustic nut baskets are of silver, colored to look like hammered copper, and decorated with the bronzed leaves of the blackberry vine. A little bronze squirrel is perched on one side of the basket.

—Utrecht is a new and handsome velvet used for making the embroidered and applique mantel, table and bracket covers that are so fashionable at present, and is a material that best repays the work put upon it.

—A blue satin banner illuminated with gold and resting on a gold easel, placed in a box of Turkey morocco mounted with gold, is an invitation that was sent a distinguished guest by the Chicago Academy of Design.

—A new silk ball fringe has been patented, called from the variety of its tints, "Thames Valley Fringe;" it will be found very useful for edging 5 o'clock tea cloths, valances and brackets, in crewel and silk embroidery.

—All manner of odd and beautiful things are manufactured for the German, some very expensive. Lovely fans, tiny tambourines of silk and kid, diaphanous scarfs, flageolets, castanets and fancy brass dog whistles are among the most popular.

"PAY UP."

One would imagine that the office of the Water Board would be a good place to secure variety, but such is far from being the case. Outside of the people who pay rates when due and have no words about it, there is only one other class. The man who has waited until notified that the water will be shut off if he doesn't come to time walk into the office with a look of awful dignity on his brow and says:

"Going to shut my water off, eh?"

Silence on the part of the clerk.

"I'd like to see you try it on, I would! If this Water Board imagines that it runs the whole city it will find itself grandly mistaken!"

More silence from the clerk.

"If the water had been shut off I'd have given this board such a tilt as it never had before! It can brow-beat some men, but it mustn't try any Cæsarism on me!"

The clerk looks out of the window.

"I now refuse to pay the rates, and you shut the water off if you dare! I'll make a test case of it and carry it to the Supreme Court!"

The clerk shifts his weight to the other leg.

"Yes, I'll carry it to the Supreme Court if it costs me $10,000. I have never allowed any one to trample on me, and it's too late to begin now."

The clerk softly whistles, and the indignant citizen starts for the door, halts, returns slowly and says:

"No, you can't brow-beat me."

The clerk begins making out his receipt.

"I know my rights as an American citizen, and I will maintain them—how much is it?"

"Six dollars."

"We have no Czar in this country, and—take it out of this ten."

"Fine day," remarks the clerk as he hands over the change.

"Yes, purty fair. This Board mustn't try to bull-doze me. I'm not the man to submit to any sort of tyranny. Looks like snow, don't it? Is that clock right? Lots of pipes frozen up, I 'spose. Well, good-day."

HOW A FARMER RECOGNIZED HIS DOG.

(Forest and Stream.)

Some years ago a farmer in Washington recognized a fine setter that had been given to him when a pup, in the street. He seized his lost dog, and was assailed by the person who had got possession of him.

"This is my dog, gentleman, and you don't take him from me unless you take my life at the same time."

Finally the parties were taken before a magistrate.

"Judge, this is my dog, and I can prove it to you." So he stopped, pinched up the skin of the chest below the fore leg, made a straight incision with a knife, and took out a bird-shot which he showed to the Judge, and which had certain knife marks or crosses on it.

"Judge, this pup was given to me three years ago by Gus T——, and Mr. ——, the grocer on L street, at the corner, can tell you that as soon as I got the dog I took him to a store, marked a shot, and put it under his skin, first making three crosses with my knife on the lead."

After this the oaths of the other party that he had raised the dog from a pup were of no avail. The farmer took his dog.

CUSTOMS DIFFER.

One could see that he had a grievance as he walked up and down the postoffice corridor, and pretty soon he met a friend and began:

"I'll be 'enged if I know what to make of this blarsted country!"

"What's the matter with our great and glorious America?" asked the other.

"His Hingland, God bless her, my grocer sends me 'alf a barrel of wine or a box of tea or ten pounds of coffee at the hend of the year as a present."

"Yes."

"While hover 'ere in this frozen-up country my grocer drinks the wine himself, blast his heyes! and sends me a statement showing that I'm howing 'im a balance of thirteen dollars hon account. What sort of a way his that to hincourage me run up a bill there hin 1880?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

—She wore her brother's winter cap,
Her father's ulster coat;
She had her uncle's neck-tie on,
And met a billy goat.
No answer had she wished at him—
'Twas quicker done than said—
He lifted her about ten feet,
And stood her on her head.
The goat walked off as it [illegible]
"I guess that young man's [illegible]."

—If you would have a clear vision never put your "eye" in your [illegible].

COMIC BUDGET.

—Hope is such a bait, it covers any hook.

—A turkey is considered well dressed when it is undressed.

—It is easy enough to swear off on coffee if you like tea and chocolate.

—The "best boy in school" occasionally hankers to throw a paper wad.

—There's always room for one Moore in a compendium of English poetry.

—The toper's maxim: If man can have but little here below he wants that little strong.

—The planet Venus is very beautiful between five and six o'clock in the morning.

—English literary men who smoke, including Carlyle and Tennyson, like clay pipes.

—A great many laymen talk in their sleep, and an equal number of clergymen sleep in their talk.

—One evil deed will spoil a whole life, as one drop of ink will change the color of a goblet of water.

—Fried oysters are declared unhealthy and dangerous, but lots of folks will go on risking the chances.

—Those prophets who predicted "one of the coldest winters for twenty years," are now stuck in the mud.

—An Irishman says he can see no earthly reason why women should not be allowed to become medical men.

—This is the time of the year for brilliant sunrises and sunsets, and when pale green tints come into the sky.

—"No! Algernon, dear, I say that the boy shall not be brought up on the bottle. Look at his grandpa's nose!"

—A man arrested for firing a barn, where by its contents were destroyed, said he did not know it was loaded.

—Youth will never live to age unless they keep themselves in breath with exercise and in heart with joyfulness.

—Promise to treat a man and he will walk a mile to get a five cent glass of beer. Something in the word just touches him.

—A physiognomist says that large ears denote generosity, which is probably the reason why a mule squanders his hind legs.

—Japan has iron coins worth about the one-hundredth of one cent. They are alleged to be chiefly used for alms and as offerings to gods.

—Life is made up of little things, in which smiles and kindnesses given habitually are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.

—From the number of receipts published in newspapers it might be supposed that no one had yet produced any tolerable work on cooking.

—The Tay bridge was regarded as the greatest engineering feat ever attempted in Great Britain. Nobody will ever attempt to out do it.

—It is said that Edison's light will burn under water as well as above it, and there is no longer any need of feeling around in the dark for fish.

—There are no dentists in Turkey. The village barber has a fish-line with which to pull teeth, and a hammer and wooden plugs to fill cavities.

—Tight lacing should be encouraged in every possible way. It kills off the foolish girls and leaves the sensible ones. No healthy girl ever laces.

—The English in Cabul do not go to the trouble of telling that a few Afghans are to be hanged. They mention the matter after the hanging is done.

—It is leap year, of course, but after all it doesn't look very well for a young lady to go home alone at 2 o'clock in the morning after sparking her beau.

—Garcelon's breakfast is said to consist of cartridges on toast, stewed constitution, gunpowder tea, petitions fricasseed. To be eaten with fixed bayonets.

—If you have a strong desire to convert the heathen, you needn't go out of your own street, perhaps not out of your own house, for a good opportunity.

—The only child who hung up his stocking in Maine this year got his ears boxed for thinking of such a thing during the excitement of a great rebellion.

—Kansas is determined to take the lead of all other States in securing fancy names for flour sacks and barrels. Old "XXXX" has been nowhere for the last ten years.

—When we hear a man bragging that he is a self-made man, we often wonder why he did not ask a wise man to help him pick out better timber, before he began to build.

—The introduction of American anthracite into Switzerland has directed the attention of the Swiss to their own coal fields, which they believe may be made to supply their wants.

—In the third quarter of 1878, 174,893 people passed to France via Dover and Calais. In the corresponding quarter of 1879, 70,669—showing what expositions do for railroad companies.

—Mrs. General Grant says that the prettiest girl she saw in all her travels was from Bodie, Cal. The General, with his usual discretion, refuses to express any opinion on this subject.

—A colored church in Louisiana raised $60 to purchase a bell and the committee bought a dinner-horn and squandered the rest of the money in two big American flags to fly from the roof.

—Tommy—"What does it mean, Sissy, laying up something for a rainy day." Sissy—"Don't know, Tommy; 'spect it means borrowing a friend's umbrella and never returning it."

—The Bruce *Herald* ought to shoot its weather prophet. He said there would be no thaw in January. Perhaps, however, it was on the assumption that there would be no freeze to thaw.

Twelve sporting men in Cincinnati have this year purchased an aggregate of $48,000 of diamonds. It may pay in the long run to be a good, square man, but one can't help but feel blue now and then.

—According to Henry Ward Beecher the man who pays half a dollar to see an opera is classed among common folks. Those who pay a dollar are respectable people. You pays your money and takes your choice.

—A young lady went from Alabama to Rome to marry an Italian count with whom she had corresponded, but the count's wife raised so many objections that the marriage didn't take place.

—A French paper says that no true count or lord is ever found playing a hand-organ on the streets of America. This will be a sad disappointment to American girls in search of a titled husband.

—A telegram from Winnipeg brings the news of the execution of an Indian who had the nerve not only to kill, but to eat his mother, wife and seven children. A clear case of living on his relations.

—In Eastern Siberia it is not an uncommon thing for the ground to freeze to the depth of 800 feet in winter, and there is no danger of a fat girl breaking through the side of a hill in climbing up it.

—In Spain, in 1790, the girls from the Foundlings' Home, when marriageable, were conducted in processions through the streets, and any young man was at liberty to choose one for a wife. O, for those good old times.

—An irreverent Englishman asserts that whatever theological differences of opinion there may be between his brethren and sisters north of the Tweed, they are united on the broad basis of eating peppermints during divine service.

—Hamburg *Independent*: "The Hamilton SPECTATOR is one of our best exchanges. If you want a well conducted city paper subscribe for it. It's always rich, rare and racy." Thanks, old fellow. Glad to see your head's level.

—Mr. Ernest Hart, the advocate of kitchen economy, gave in London a dinner of which each plate cost 2c. He had a clear soup, roasted herrings with mustard sauce, curried eggs, scalloped lobster, haricot beans, turnips with gravy sauce, mince pie and an ice. The whole dinner, which was excellent, cost for each person 16c.

—A negro in Columbus, Ga., was put on trial for a murder of which he was innocent; but to clear himself, it was necessary for him to confess that, at the time of the crime he was elsewhere stealing a horse. He kept silent until it became evident that he was to be convicted, and then he proved the alibi, and went to State prison for ten years.

—Mary made a little pie;
The upper crust was tough;
But Mary's brother chewed away,
And couldn't get enough.

She tried a piece herself one night,
And, strange as it may seem,
That simple chunk of pie
Became the fabric of a dream.

—Baron A. W. Steffle, of Odessa, Russia, has been arrested in Denver for burglary. This ought to add tone to the craft of cracksmen. It is a profession that the first families of Europe have hitherto shunned, and any accession of nobility to the ranks ought to make every burglar in the country hold his head a little higher—as if a rope under the chin was elevating it.

—Dr. Richardson says the [illegible] in its best physical condition [illegible] for thirty years after the [illegible] become more perfect; [illegible] should begin and last for [illegible] from eighty-five to one hun[illegible] be ripe old age, without [illegible] marked by a general subsi[illegible] functions. This is his ideal [illegible] where nature has its undisturbed course.

—When a country lad first comes to the city he uses the very profane expression, "Gosl darn it," with reckless ease. As the refinement of metropolitanism begins to take hold of his speech, he mildly says, "By durn," and when he reaches the lavender trousers, drab overcoat and eye-glass stage of culture he twirls his little wisp of a cane in his fingers and murmurs, "Aw! dem it."

—A young mother was giving to her son, aged 5 years, a touching description of the misery into which the prodigal son had fallen. "Far away from home, and his kind father, obliged to take care of swine, with nothing to eat but the husks of corn left by them, etc." "Then, why didn't he eat the pig?" was the practical reply.

—Never break the table with your knuckles and do not talk much when you are playing the very quiet game of whist, is a rule which most good players even of the railway game generally observe. To be constantly calling out what you are doing, or what somebody else is doing or ought to do, is like dictating your style of game to others or assuming that you know more than they do.

—An English girl wants to know how long girls should be courted?—*Exchange.* Our opinion may not be worth much in such matters, but we think a long girl should be courted in the same manner as short girls are courted—with operas, carriage rides, confections, sitting up nights, and so forth. If a young man can't court a long girl without carrying a step ladder when he goes to see her, he should resign in favor of some one else who can.

BEFORE.

Gayly the candidate
Seeketh the bar,
Where thirsty citizens
Throng from afar,
Singing "In search of thee
Hither we come;
Candidate, candidate,
Set up the rum."

AFTER.

Hark, 'tis the candidate
Hastening home;
Vainly the citizens
Seeking him, roam.
"Light is my pocketbook,
Lighter my vote;
Citizens, so you don't,
Not if I know't."

—A sleeping tournament, in which every one snores as he pleases, has been in progress in San Francisco. It was conducted in one of the saloons of the Mission, and the man who demonstrated his ability to sleep the greatest number of hours during the month reserved, instead of the usual belt or medal, the more appropriate prize of a richly illustrate edition of "Rip Van Winkle," a beautiful copy of the old story of "The Seven Sleepers," a big bolster a pair of pillows, a spring mattress and a handsome bedstead. The sleeping was done in the saloon under the eyes of the snorers.

—"S. O." writes to the *Pall Mall Gazette* as follows: "I have been much interested in a short paragraph acquainting your readers with the discovery of an instrument for the alleviation of deafness, called the 'audiphone.' My wife suffers from the infirmity of deafness. While I sing she accompanies me on the piano, but she cannot do it without [illegible] getting a large ivory paper-knife, one end of which she places against the centre of the piano, the other end against her teeth. With this aid she never plays a false note; without it many. I look upon the audiphone discovery at Chicago simply as an amplification of the ivory paper-knife. It is essentially the same principle."

—The glamour of romance which has enshrouded poets for generations is being rapidly dissipated. Mr. W. W. Story has a poem in the last *Atlantic* which gives him away completely. It is all about a sleigh-ride that he had with a girl some years since. Passing over the highfalutin part of the effort, which relates to the walls being "o'ersurfed with snow," we extract the business portion of the idyl, which reads as follows, and shows that, although a poet, Mr. Story was also one of the boys:

And closely you nestle against me,
While around your waist my arm
I have slipped—'tis so bitter, bitter cold—
It is only to keep us warm.

We talk, and then we are silent;
And suddenly—you know why—
I stooped—could I help it?—you lifted your face
We kissed—there was nobody nigh.

Many an old man, as he reads these verses this morning, will feel as if he was a boy again—and then take measures to prevent his daughters going sleigh-riding with any young fellows.

THE BEET SUGAR COMPANY.

Capital $600,000—Prospects of Early Commencing Operations.

(Montreal Gazette.)

This company, which was incorporated in 1879, stands to-day in a fair position to achieve success under the efforts of its promoters and provisional directors. The authorized capital of the company is $600,000, divided into 6,000 shares of $100 each. The shareholders are divided into two classes, those who pay for their shares in cash according to the by-laws, and those who will pay for their shares in beet roots, which they must cultivate on a certain area of land according to the number of shares for which they subscribe. For every share of the latter category the subscriber must undertake to cultivate one acre of his own land with beets solely during ten years, and give the crop each year to the company, which in return will allow him $25 for his crop. Thus in four years the share will be paid up. The object of the company in this arrangement is to encourage the careful and intelligent cultivation of the beet root, as the farmer, having an interest in the manufacture of the sugar, will look more carefully to the quality as well as quantity of his produce than he otherwise would.

CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED.

When the number of subscribed shares payable in cash shall amount to $150,000, and the number payable in beet roots to $100,000, the subscription books will be closed. Of the latter class of shares $70,000 have been subscribed, and of the former $50,000. Two companies, one having its headquarters at Glasgow, and the other at Paris, offered to subscribe the whole capital required, but the directors did not consider it advisable that outside capitalists should control entirely this enterprise. The Glasgow Company is one that was formed several years ago for the purpose of carrying on the beet sugar industry in Canada; the French company is engaged in that industry in France.

Several capitalists in Montreal have expressed their readiness to subscribe a considerable portion of the balance stock, and about a fourth of the entire amount will be offered to either the French or the English company.

SITE OF THE ENTERPRISE.

West Farnham, about 50 miles from Montreal, has been selected as the place of operations. The lands in Farnham are suitable to the production of beets; abundant water power can be had, and this village is the meeting point for seven branches of railway.

The following are provisional directors: Mr. Antoine [illegible], President; the Hon. Messrs. P. E. Roy, of St. Pie, Bagot, Rameau de la Bruere, of St. Hyacinthe, and Messrs. Lambert Saracin, of St. Dominique, Rev. P. F. Gendreau, Messel Archambault, and Joseph Cordeau, of St. Hyacinthe, Narcisse Blais, of St. Pie, Michel Dumontet, of St. Rosalie, Timothee Brodeur, of St. Hughes, Alex. Beauchamp, and A. Dieudonne Denis, of St. Simon.

A general meeting will be held during this month. This Company has obtained from the Local Government the grant of $70,000, payable $7,000 per year for ten years.

SATAN'S SEDUCTIVE WILES.

(Salt Lake Tribune.)

At a dance in the Seventh Ward the other night the Bishop expressed himself highly displeased with the round dance. He said that it was condemned by the priesthood, and if the saints could not get along without round dances they had better go home. The young people remonstrated with him, but all to no purpose. "If you must waltz, let me show you how to do it," said he, and he got on the floor with a 180-pound blonde. The band struck up the "Blue Danube," and down the hall glided the Bishop and the blonde. The tips of her fingers touched his and a cruel cold space between them. This was the Church method—the arm-length waltz. Soon there was a slight contraction of the arms and the space between them gradually decreased. Presently one arm encircled the fair form. The blonde was the first to give way, and her cheek looked like a sunflower in a turnip field. Round and round they went, and the fascinating, [illegible] strains floated like heavenly music to his soul. Forgotten was the round-dance dogma of the Church, and by the [illegible]

North Hastings Review.

JAS. A. ORR & BRO., Proprietors. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.50 per Annum in Advance.

VOL. II., NO. 148. MADOC, COUNTY OF HASTINGS, ONT., THURSDAY, JAN. 29, 1880. POSTAGE PREPAID.

The saint [illegible]
And observ[illegible]
"What! what's [illegible]," this traverses
The laws of 'musn't look.'
"Tied back in front! piled up behind,
'Twill never do, I fear;
The thing is too ridiculous;
You cannot enter here."
What did she do, my curious friend?
She got behind a tree,
And in a jiffy out she came
As angels ought to be.
St. Peter kissed her then, and said,
"Pass in, my little dear;
But mind, you mustn't introduce
Such naughty fashions here."

HOLMBY HOUSE.

Dymocke nahned himself for his task. After supper, Effingham and Grace, lover-like, strolled out upon the terrace to look at the young summer moon; much of her they saw—neither of them found out she rose the other side of the house! Lord Vaux, fatigued with his journey, hobbled quietly off to bed. Mary with her head upon her hand, seemed lost in thought. She had no heart for her embroidery to-night, to-morrow she would begin new duties, new tasks; she must not sink, she thought, into a useless apathetic being, but this one night may surely be given to remembrance and repose. Dymocke made two efforts to speak to her, but each time his courage failed him. She thought the man lingered somewhat about the room, but she is in that mode which all of us have known, when the spirit is so weary that any exertion, even that of observation, becomes a task; when we are too much beat even to be astonished or annoyed. She rose as if to go away, and Dymocke felt that now or never he must take his plunge. He coughed with such preposterous violence that she could not but lift her sad eyes to his face. She might reasonably have expected to see him in the last stage of suffocation.

"Mistress Mary," said the sergeant, blank and gasping with agitation, and there he stopped.

She thought he was drunk, and eyeing him with a calm, sorrowful contempt, passed on to leave the room.

"Mistress Mary!" gasped the sergeant, once more, "good Mistress Mary—no offence—he's here—I've seen him."

No need to tell her who. Her limbs tremble as though she was fain to sink into a chair, and she grasped its arms in each hand like an old palsied woman, as, true to her mettled heart, she turned her face to Dymocke, and tried to steady her voice to speak. Not a sound would come save a husky stifled murmur in her throat—not a sound, and the soldier in very pity hurried on with what he had got to say.

"He's to meet me to-night in the Park—under the cedars—he's there now—he's going away at once, for good and all—going over sea—we'll never see him more. Oh! Mistress Mary, for pity's sake!"

She smiled on the honest sergeant, such a wild, strange smile. Never a word she spoke, but she rose steadily to her feet, and walked away with her own proud step; only he noticed that her face was deadly white, and she kept one hand clasped tight about her throat.

Humphrey sat under the cedars in the misty moonlight, and mused dreamily and sadly enough on his past life, which indeed seemed to be gone from him for evermore. A man's strong heart is seldom so hopeful as a woman's; it is harder for his more practical nature to cling, like hers, to a shadow; perhaps he has not so studiously reconciled himself to suffering as his daily lot; perhaps his affections are less ideal, but his despondency is usually of a fiercer and less tractable kind than her meek sorrowful resignation. Humphrey had gone through the whole ordeal, the trial by fire, which scorches and destroys the baser metal, but from which the sterling gold comes out purified and refined. He had suffered bitterly; he sometimes wondered at himself that he could have endured so much; but his faith had not wavered; to use the language of that old chivalry which has never yet died out in England, though it might cover his death wound, his shield was bright and spotless still.

After the King's martyrdom, as the Royalists termed the fatal execution at Whitehall, Bosville, a deserter and conspirator, was fain to hold himself concealed in one of the many hiding places provided by the Cavaliers for their more conspicuous friends. It took time, and cosmetics too, for the dye to wear itself out of his natural skin. It took time for his comely locks and dark moustache to grow [illegible], and thus efface all resemblance to the flaxen-haired Brampton, whilome a private in Hacker's redoubtable musketeers. Although when he was at length able to go abroad again, it was a nice question whether the proscribed Cavalier Major did not incur as much peril by being recognized in his own real character, as in that of the sentinel who had plotted for the King's rescue, and then absconded from the ranks of the Parliamentary army. Many long weeks he remained in hiding, and it was during this interval of inaction that he heard of Effingham's proposed marriage to Grace, and of Mary's accession to her goodly inheritance. It was bitter to think how little she must have ever cared for him, that she should have made not the slightest effort to discover his lurking-place. He judged her, and rightly, by his own heart, when he reflected that she ought to know he could not sue to her now—that if ever they were to become even friends again, the advances must come from her. His spirit sank within him when he thought that heartlessness such as this affected even the past, that she never could have loved him for five minutes to forget him so easily now, and that he had bartered his life's happiness for that which was more false and illusive than a dream. God help the heart that is sore enough to say of the loved ones, "I had rather he or she had died than used me thus!" and yet poor Bosville had thought so more than once.

As is often the case with blind mortality, much of this self-torture was wholly uncalled-for and unjust. While Humphrey was blaming her with such bitter emphasis, Mary busied herself day by day and hour by hour in endeavoring to find out what had become of him. Without compromising his safety, she was bringing into play all her abilities, all her experience of political intrigue, all her new wealth and old personal influence for this purpose, but in vain. The Cavalier party was so completely broken-up and disorganized that it was almost impossible to obtain information concerning any one of the proscribed and scattered band. Mary was fain to give up her search in despair, concluding that he had either fled the country or was dead. The latter possibility she combated with a reasoning all her own. She was not superstitious, only very fond and very [illegible].

"It was my fault, I know," she used to think, that humbled, contrite woman; "and yet he loved me so once, he could not surely rest in his grave if he knew how anxious and unhappy I am." She would rather have seen him thus than not at all.

After a time his pride came to his assistance, and he resolved to seek in other lands, if not forgetfulness, at least distraction and employment. His fortunes were nearly ruined with the ruined cause he had espoused. He had little left save his brave empty heart and the sword that had never failed him yet. In the golden tropics there were spoils to be won and adventures to be found. Many a bold cavalier who, like himself, had been [illegible] to bit and bridle than bolt-sprit [illegible], was already afloat for the Spanish Main, with a vague [illegible] for novelty and a dim hope of romantic enterprise. Fabulous accounts were rife of those enchanted seas, with their perfumed breezes and their coral shores, their palm trees and their spice islands, their eternal summers and their radiant skies. Nothing was too extravagant to be credited of the Spanish Main, and many an enthusiast, gazing at sunset on the flushing splendor of the Western heaven, was persuaded that he might realize on earth just so gorgeous a dream far away in yonder hemisphere to which his eyes were turned.

So the Cavaliers clubbed their diminished means together, and chartered goodly brigantines, and loaded them with merchandise, looking well to their stores of arms and ammunition the while, and launched upon the deep with mingled hopes of trade and conquest, barter and rapine, the beads to tempt the dusky savage in the one hand, the sword to lay him on his golden sands in the other.

And Bosville had a share in one of these pirate-ships, lying with her [illegible], in the Thames, [illegible], well manned, well [illegible], and ready to sail at a moment's [illegible]. Before he left England for ever, he [illegible] he would go and take one more look [illegible] [illegible] that had always been so [illegible] that had witnessed the one great turning-point of his life; and thus it came to [illegible] that Humphrey had met his former comrade [illegible] afternoon in the park at Boughton [illegible] [illegible] under the cedar, musing [illegible] in the misty moonlight.

He was not angry with her now. The bitterness had all passed away. He could no more have chid her than one can chide the dying or the dead. Already they were parted as if the past had never been. He could never again suffer as he had done. The worst was over now. Ay, there was the light glimmering in her chamber; he could see it through the trees. Well, well; he had loved her very dearly once. It was no shame to confess it, he loved her very dearly still. Large tears welled up in his eyes. He knelt upon the bare turf, with his forehead against the gnarled trunk of the old cedar, and prayed for her from his heart, God bless her! God in heaven bless her! He should never see her more!

A dark figure rushed swiftly across the park. She stood before him in that pale moonlight, white and ghastly like a corpse in those mourning garments she had worn ever since the King's murder. As he rose to his feet she grasped his hand. How long those two stood there without speaking, neither ever knew. It might have been a moment, it might have been an hour. Each heart beat thick and fast, yet neither spoke a syllable.

She broke the silence first.

"You would not go without bidding me good-bye?" she said, and he felt her grasp tighten; then the proud head sank lower, lower still, till it rested upon his hand, and the hot tears gushed over it as she pressed it to her eyes, and she could say never another word than "*Forgive me, forgive me*, Humphrey!" again and again.

Those scenes are all alike. Most of us have dreamt them; to some they have come true. None dare ignore them from their hearts. The moon rose higher and higher in the sky, and still they stood, those two, under the cedar, her wet face buried in his breast, his arm around her waist. They must have had much to tell each other, yet it is our own opinion that but little was said, and that is sufficiently unintelligible; but Humphrey Bosville never sailed for the Spanish Main, and that he had good reasons to forego his departure, we gather from the following reply to one of his whispered interrogatories under the cedar, murmured out in soft broken tones by weeping, blushing, happy Mary Cave—

"My own, you never knew it, but I loved you so fondly all the time."

CHAPTER XLVI.

"THE FAIRY KING."

Once more we gather the friends, from whom we are about to part, in a fairy-ring under the old oak tree at Holmby. More than two lustres have elapsed, with their changes, political and private, since we saw them last, lustres that have stolen on insensibly over many a birth and many a burial, over much that has been brought gradually to perfection, much that has wasted silently to decay. The man of destiny has gone to his account. The man of pleasure reigns, or rather revels, on his father's throne. All over England bells have rung, and barrels been broached, to celebrate the Restoration. A strong reaction, to which our countrymen are of all others in Europe the most subject, has set in against Puritanism, propriety, everything that infers moderation or restraint. Wine and wassail, dancing and drinking, quaint, strange oaths, and outward recklessness of demeanor, are the vogue; and decency, so long bound hand and foot in over-tight swaddling clothes, strips off her wrappers one by one, till there is no saying where she may stop, and seems inclined to strike hands and join in with the frantic orgy, nude and shameless as a Bacchanal. As with boys fresh out of school, there is a mad whirl of liberty all over the playground ere each can settle steadily to his peculiar pleasure or pursuit. And the old oak looks down on all, majestic and unchanged. There may be a little less verdure about his feet, a few more tender chaplets budding on his lofty brows, a few less drops of sap in the hardening fibres of his massive girth, but what are a couple of lustres to him? He stands like a Titan, rearing his head to heaven, and yet his time too will come at last.

He spreads his mighty arms over a happy party; not so noisy perhaps (with one exception), as most such parties are in these roaring times, but one and all bearing on their countenances the stamp, which there is no mistaking, of a destiny worked out, of worthy longings fulfilled, above all, of a heart at peace with itself. They are well mounted, and have had to all appearance an excellent afternoon's sport; a brace of herons lie stricken to death on the sward, and Diamond herself, that long-lived child of air, proud, beautiful and cruel, like a *Venus Victrix*, perches on her mistress's wrist, unhooded, to gaze upon the spoils. Grace Effingham takes but little notice of Diamond beyond an unconscious caress to her father's old favorite; for her attention, like that of the others, is taken up by an addition to this familiar party, who seems indeed, as doubtless he esteems himself, the most important personage of the whole.

He is a bright laughing child, of frank and sturdy bearing, not without a certain air of defiance. He has his mother's soft blue eyes and rich clustering hair, with something of the wilful tones and playful imperious gestures which sat so well on the loveliest lady that adorned Henrietta's court, but his father's kindly disposition is stamped on his open, gentle brow, and his bonny, rosy mouth. He has his father's courage, too, and physical delight in danger, as Mary thinks with a glow of pride and happiness, while she watches him ride his pony hither and thither over fortuitous leaps, and galloping that obstinate little animal to and fro with reckless and uncalled-for speed.

A tall old man, his visage puckered into a thousand wrinkles, his spare form somewhat bent, but active and sinewy still, bends over the boy with assiduous tenderness, adjusting for the twentieth time the pony's saddle, which is always slipping out of its place. Hugh Dymocke has no children of his own—an omission on the part of Faith which does not, however, disturb their married harmony—and of all people on earth he is most devoted to the urchin, who never allows him to have a moment's peace. The two are inseparable. The child knows the whole story of the civil war, and the details of each of its battles, as furnished with considerable embellishments by his friend far better than his A B C. He believes stoutly that his father and Hugh are the two greatest and bravest men that ever lived, inclining to award the superiority, if anything, to the latter, and that his own destiny must be necessarily to do precisely as they have done. Besides all this, Dymocke has taught him to ride, to fish, to play balloon, to use his plaything sword, and a host of bodily accomplishments; also he has promised to give him a crossbow on his seventh birthday. Wherever little Master Humphrey is seen (and heard too, we may be sure), there is Dymocke not very far off. Faith, grown stout, easy and slip-shod, having moreover deteriorated in good looks as she has improved in amiability, gives her husband his own way on this single point and no other. "Indeed, he's crazed about the child, and that's the truth," says Faith; generally adding, "I'm not surprised at it, for you won't see such another, not on a summer's day!"

They are all proud of him. Uncle Effingham, as the boy persists in calling George, with half a-dozen little black-eyed darlings of his own, spoils him almost as much as Grace does. He is not a man of quips and cranks, and such merry conceits; but he has one or two private jests of their own with the little fellow, in which, judging from the explosions of laughter by which they are followed, there must be something irresistibly humorous, apparent only to the initiated. George's beard is quite white now, and the snowy locks which peep from under his beaver form no unpleasing contrast to his coal-black eyes, glittering with fire and intellect, and the swarthy glow on his firm healthy cheek. He is very happy, and obeys Grace implicitly in the most trifling matters. The only fault to be found in his strong sensible character is, that he defers too much to the whims and fancies of his pretty wife. Need we observe she has plenty of them ready for the purpose. The neighbors say she "rules him with a rod of iron," that she "bullies him," and "worries his life out," and "abuses his good nature," that "his stable contains a grey mare better than any horse," &c. &c.; but George knows better. He knows the depths of that fond true heart; he knows that a word of tenderness from him can at anytime bring the tears into those fawn-like eyes, which he still thinks as soft and beautiful as ever. What though he does give her her own way in everything? Does he not love her, and is she not his own?

So he works on manfully and fearlessly, doing his duty in that public life to which he has returned. His fanaticism has been disciplined to piety, his enthusiasm toned to patriotism; he is an able statesman and a valuable member of society. Probably little Humphrey is the only person in the world who thinks George Effingham "the funniest man he saw in his life!"

The young gentleman is an only child; need we say how his father watches every turn of his countenance, every gesture of his graceful, childish limbs, and loves him best—if indeed he can be said to love him at any one time more than another—when he is a little wilful and a little saucy, when the blue eyes dance and sparkle, and the rosy lip curves upward, and the tiny hand turns outward from the wrist, with his mother's own gesture and his mother's own beauty blooming once more, and radiant as it used to be, long, long ago? He is Sir Humphrey Bosville now, knighted at Whitehall by his Sovereign's hand; for prone as was the Second Charles to forget faithful services, he could not for very shame pass over such devotion as Bosville's unnoticed and unrewarded.

"Odd's fish, man!" said the Merry Monarch, as he gave him the *accolade* with hearty good-will; "many a shrewd blow have you and I seen struck in our time, but never was one given and received so deservedly as this!

But Sir Humphrey is all unchanged from the Humphrey Bosville of the Queen's household and the King's guard-room. He rides maybe a stone heavier or so upon his *horse*, but he rides him still like a true knight, fearless and loyal to his *devoir*, faithful and devoted to his ladye love—*yes*, she is his ladye-love still—as dear, as precious now after years of marriage as when he took leave of her at Falmouth, and watched for the very glimmer of her taper to bid her his tacit farewell from under the cedar at Boughton. He has got the foolish sleeve-knot still, he has got one or two other equally trifling absurdities; perhaps they represent to him a treasure that is beyond all value here; that, unlike other treasures, he may peradventure take away with him hereafter.

And Mary, riding by her husband's side with calm contented face, is no longer the proud imperious Mary of the Court—the spoiled beauty, whose intellect no statesman was to overreach, whose heart no gallant was to be able to touch. She has known real sorrow now, ay, and real exquisite joy—such joy as dries up the very memory of pain with its searching beams. They have each left their traces on her countenance, and yet it is beautiful still with the placid and matronly beauty of the prime of womanhood.

There may be a line or two on the sweet fair brow—nay, a thread of silver in the glossy rippling hair; but there is a depth of unspeakable tenderness in the comely mask through which the spirit beams with more than its pristine brightness; and the love-light in her eyes as she looks in her husband's face is unquenched, unquenchable.

Mary laughs, and says "she has grown into a fat old woman now;" and no doubt the graceful figure had become statelier in its proportions, and the Court dresses of Oxford and Exeter would scarcely be induced to meet round the still shapely waist; but Humphrey cannot yet be brought to consider her as a very antiquated personage. He says, "She has always been exactly the same in his eyes;" and perhaps indeed the face he has learned so thoroughly by heart will never look like an old face to him.

She spoils him dreadfully—watches his every look, anticipates his lightest whim, and follows him about with her eyes with a fond admiration that she does not even try to conceal. She is always a little restless and out of spirits when away from him if only for a few hours; but she brightens up the moment they come together again. It seems as if she could never forget how near she once was to losing him altogether. She would not say a wry word to him to save her life; as she is angry with herself, though she cannot but confess its existence, at her jealousy of his lavishing so much affection even on her boy.

With all a mother's fondness she knows she loves the child ten times better that he is so like his father.

So the little fellow shoots out from amongst the group upon his pony, careering away over the upland like a wild thing, amidst the laughter and cheers of the lookers-on; and they too move off at a steadier pace behind him, for the sun is already sinking, and the old tree's shadows are creeping and lengthening gradually to the eastward. They move off, and the old oak stands there, as he did in King James's time, when Sir Giles Allonby was young; as he will when that bright-haired child shall become a feeble grey-haired man; when the actors and actresses in our historical drama shall be dead and buried and forgotten.

He is standing there now, though the scenes which we have shifted are scenes of full two hundred years ago. He will be standing there, in all probability, two hundred years hence, when we shall assuredly be passed away and gone—passed away from this earth and gone elsewhere—Where?

THE END.

THE INNOCENT OLD MAN.

The other day the police at the Union depot noticed a feeble-looking old man wandering in and out to kill time till his train should depart, and as he several times displayed quite a roll of bills, he was warned to look out for pickpockets and confidence men.

"Wouldn't anybody rob an old man like me, would they?" he innocently asked.

The warning was repeated, but he jogged on as before, and after a time was seen in close consultation with two strangers, who had walked him around to the wharf. An officer got him away from them, and angrily said:

"Didn't I warn you against strangers! Those fellows are after your money!"

"But how could they git it when I have it in my pocket and my hand on it all the time?"

"Well, you look out."

"Yes, I'll look out; but I don't want to be uncivil. When anybody talks to me, I like to talk back."

The strangers soon had him on the string again, and in about a quarter of an hour they left him in a hurried manner, and he sauntered into the depot with his wallet in his hand.

"There! You've let 'em beat you!" exclaimed the officer. "How much did you lend them?"

"Wall, they wanted twenty dollars," he slowly replied.

"And you handed it over, of course?"

"I give 'em a fifty dollar bill and got thirty back."

"Well, you'll never see the bill again."

"I kinder hope not!" he chuckled as he drew down his eye. "It was a counterfeit which my son found in Troy, and being as I am very old and innocent, not up to the tricks of the wicked world, I guess I'll git into the cars before somebody robs me of my boots! If any one should come around looking for me please say I'm not at home."—*Detroit Free Press.*

HOW THE PRINCE OF WALES LOST HIS SUPPER.

(From the London World.)

At a ball given recently in honor of the Prince of Wales a small table in an alcove was reserved at supper for his Royal Highness and his intimates. The ball was at its height; the Prince led one of his partners to the table, followed by some of the most distinguished guests. Two chairs, however, remained unoccupied. A hopeful parson, supporting a still more hopeful partner, descried the vacant places and immediately swooped down upon them. In vain the courtiers nodded, winked and beckoned; his reverence noticed supper, and was not to be denied. At last Lord Charles Beresford, always fertile in resource, dropped on his knees, and crawling under the table pulled the parson by the leg. It was of no avail; the reverend gentleman merely kicked out and continued his attack on the good things intended for royalty.

MY OWN SUICIDE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

I.

I had resolved to kill myself. There was no longer any doubt but that Amelia was faithless to me.

Let me be sure about it—was it Amelia her name was? To think she once held my life as it were, in her hands; and I cannot recollect, to save my soul, what her name was!

Anyhow, whoever she was, she had proven false to me; and as I was very young at the time, I promptly came to the resolution to destroy myself. My first intention was to go and blow my brains out all over the carpet; but then I reflected that every one would know that Henrietta—come to think of it, her name was Henrietta—had infatuated me and turned my head. "No," I said to myself, "no scandal; no publicity. Let me imitate the wounded stag, which, seeking to hide the fatal hurt, betakes himself to the most secret bushes, to perish far from human eyes."

II.

In this elegaic disposition, I took the 5.30 train for Melun, which sat me down just at dusk, within a few steps of the Golden Lion, a very well kept inn, with clean beds and a capital table.

"What will monsieur have for supper?" said a charming little mistress.

"Nothing—nothing—supper at present would be a mockery—show me to my tomb—room I mean."

I retired to my couch, but not to sleep. In my fevered dreams I beheld Victoria—I am confident it was Victoria after all—passing, leaning on the arm of my hated rival. I clutched madly at his throat and seized—the iron railing of the bedstead, or the marble slab of the little table by my bedside. I rose unrefreshed; but what matters that—I was about to die, ha, ha! to die.

Having dressed myself I went in search of a rope. You may think that when a person wants to hang himself, there is nothing easier than to find a rope; but I had to hunt the hotel high and low before I could find one.

"What on earth do you want with a rope, monsieur?" said the pretty mistress, when finally she found one.

With the precious bit of hemp in my pocket I took my way to a thicket, not far from the hotel, in a little wood, whose paths were familiar to me. There was one lonely and gloomy copse there, where I well knew my lifeless body would swing for weeks, ere it would be discovered.

III.

Upon the road I thought of Bertha—come to reflect about it, it was Bertha—and cursed her with all the bitterness of which my soul was capable. I then tested my cord. It was not such an agent of self-destruction as I would have chosen, had I had an assortment from which to make a selection. It seemed to me short and not up to my weight. I was annoyed. You cannot tell how a trifle like that will affect a person's temper, at such a trying moment.

A further disappointment was in store for me. On arriving at the spot I had selected, I was disagreeably surprised to find some one else there. An individual, whose back only I could see, was occupied in fastening a rope to the most eligible branch of my tree.

"Hallo, what are you doing there?" I cried.

He turned round. "What business is that of yours, anyway."

"Bah; don't you think I know what you intend doing."

"Well and supposing I wanted to hang myself—it is my own funeral—suicide, I mean."

IV.

I regarded him narrowly. He was a handsome and manly young fellow of about my own age, with a frank and winning countenance. He was deadly pale.

"This young man," said I, lifting my hands to heaven, "was going to take his life—all for the sake of a worthless jilt."

"Sic," he cried.

"Poor, silly fool," I went on, communing with myself aloud, "he would undertake to defend her. All lovers are the same. Will you," I continued, "take my advice—the advice of a well wisher? Just leave that cord there—it was a stouter rope than mine, I had observed—and go quietly home, like a good fellow. When you are yourself you will thank me for having given you such good advice."

He shook his head gloomily, "I desire to die," he muttered.

"Don't let yourself be goaded into taking a step that if you were alive you would regret to-morrow," I went on to say, with a benevolent persistence—(You see the fellow had pre-empted the only really eligible bough in the copse)—"when you are dead it will be too late to change your mind."

"I can guess it."

"No, you cannot guess it."

"Sir, a woman that I loved, a woman for whom——"

And he went on to tell me his story, which, singularly enough, was precisely like mine. The coincidence made me pause for a moment, to collect my thoughts.

V.

"I see," said Charles—he had told me, in the course of his painful story, that his name was Charles—"that your silence justifies me."

"By no means," I cried—you will observe that it wouldn't have been dignified for me to abandon at once my former position on the subject of suicide—"there is nothing whatever in all that you have told me to justify you in taking your life. Come, my friend," said I, becoming really interested in his sad case, "come let us reason the matter out. Why should you complain because you have been unfortunate in love? Don't you know what the poet says:—

> The lot of girls was to deceive,
> Since winter first was snow.

"Women have been false to their lovers from all time; women will be false to their lovers to all time."

"But no women has ever been so false to her lover as this women was to me."

"Lots of 'em have."

"No, none could be."

"But I tell you thousands of 'em have. I know one whose conduct toward—toward an intimate friend of mine—was——. Why should you kill yourself because one pretty woman has played you false? Seek another one—a prettier one."

"In vain, in vain," he groaned; "she was the only woman in the world that I cared for—the handsomest woman in Paris, sir."

"Oh, bosh. I know of a hundred handsomer, and more tender than she ever could be. You may think, in the first moments of sadness, that there are no other women in the world, but in a month from now you'll be prepared to admit how silly it was to entertain such a thought."

VI.

My eloquence seemed so convincing, and my position so sound, that it became a pleasure to me to listen to myself.

I went on:

"What good will it do you to hang yourself? Tell me, if you can, what useful purpose would be subserved? Either the woman has a heart, or she has not. If she has no heart——"

"She has none—none."

"Of course she had none; therefore your death will only be agreeable to her, will only flatter her. It is a big advertisement for a woman to have a man kill himself on her account. What will the public say—the boys? They'll say, Charley was an ass—a silly ass. Yes, Charles, everybody will say you were a silly ass; and everybody will be right in saying so, too."

I waxed eloquent, in point of fact, as for some moments it had occurred to me that I was arguing my own case, and pleading for my own life. I heaped fact upon fact, added argument to argument with such earnestness and closeness of reasoning, that my friend at last fell into my arms, and cried:

"You are right, you are right—bid me do whatever you would, and I will obey you."

"All right; let us go and get some breakfast."

VII.

I took him back to the Golden Lion. I was terribly hungry.

The table at which we seated ourselves was neatly set, and aided one's appetite by its snowy linen, its glittering glassware, its golden brown loaves, and its yellow butter.

When a thick, juicy steak, with potatoes, had been served up to us, lapping our prisoned nostrils in the elysium of its appetizing odors, and staining our knives with its vermeil essence, and we had tested the first glass of some remarkable particular Bordeaux, we were rapturously silent, but our speaking eyes said, nay, shouted:

"Well life isn't such a bad thing after all."

"If I hadn't met you," said he, reaching across the table to squeeze my hand.

"If I hadn't met him," I thought, returning his clasp.

"It was the most remarkable piece of luck I ever heard of," he continued; "I don't suppose that a human being goes through that copse twince in a month; do you."

I remained silent.

"But I say, you know," he went on, as if a sudden light had flashed upon him, "what were you doing in that lonely part of the wood, at that early hour of the morning?"

I blushed, guiltily.

"You were going to hang yourself, too?"

"I was—upon the very same tree," I said. "Here's the rope I had in my pocket."

"The worst joke I ever heard of," said he, as we clinked our glasses.

AN ARAB THEATRE IN DAMASCUS.

The Introduction of the Drama by Midhat Pasha.

(From Blackwood's Magazine.)

Among other novelties which have been introduced into Damascus since the arrival there of Midhat Pasha as Governor-General of Syria, is an Arab theatre upon semi-civilized principles. I went there one night with his Highness, and was surprised at the modern aspect of the house. There was a ticket-seller at a guichet, and a house neatly arranged with seats, which were well occupied by an exclusively male audience.

In the front row were the seats reserved for the Governor-General's party, while the orchestra—consisting of a man who played an instrument like a guitar, another who played one like a zithern, another who played a native clarionet, another who sang, and another who drummed—were placed in a recess to the right of the stage. The curtain was inscribed with an Arabic motto, and rose and fell with irregular jerks; the scenes did not change, and the actors sang, or chanted, their parts. The play was the original story which Verdi has adapted, and the plot which he has considerably altered, of "Aida." The leading actor, who performed the part of the *General*, was a man of considerable power, clad in a coat of mail, with a most fantastic helmet, which, at the opening scenes, partly concealed his face, and whose lower extremities were clothed in thick white hose. He stalked about the stage unceasingly in his stocking soles, swaying his body in a measured and not ungraceful manner, so as to keep time with the cadence of his voice, which was expressive of his varied emotions, and by no means unmusical.

The Egyptian King's daughter, who was in love with him, and the Abyssinian King's daughter, whom he makes a prisoner in war, and with whom he falls in love, thus nearly breaking the other one's heart, were both boys dressed as girls, who acted their parts with great feeling and cleverness, considering their youth. Indeed, it was difficult to tell that they were not girls. They were picturesquely attired in Oriental costumes, the one as a slave, the other as a King's daughter, but the other female attendants wore semi-Europeanized dresses which were by no means becoming. The *King of Egypt* was a splendidly arrayed monarch, after the conventional *Sardanapalus*, and he did the Eastern potentate to perfection. Indeed, the whole performance was far more skilfully executed than might have been expected, though of acting in the strict sense of the word there was none; it was recitation, now plaintive, now impassioned, and, in the case of one character, jocose; but the perpetual motion of the players, who move rythmically about the stage all the time, grows somewhat monotonous to the foreigner accustomed to more lively action. The audience, however, seemed thoroughly to enter into the spirit of the piece, and appreciated the jokes keenly. During the entr'actes the Arab band played the wild discordant music with which all Eastern travellers are familiar, and which is to be heard any day in the cafes and gardens of the city. The ballet was of the tamest description, and consisted of the most wearisome repetition of little steps. It was in every respect strictly proper, and was danced by the youths who represented the *Princes'* ladies. The whole affair was an experiment which seems likely to succeed, and on the whole, was a pleasing, if slightly dull, performance.

A CAUDLE LECTURE REVERSED.

The Hat of the Master of the House Disappears.

(From the Meriden Recorder.)

Now, Mrs. Caudle, I should like to know what has become of my hat? Here I've been hunting all over the house, and lost ten minutes that should have been given to the Mutual Life Insurance Co. Now, I say, what have you done with that hat? You haven't seen it? Of course not; never do see it. Frank, go and get my hat, and Jane, fetch me my cane. What's that? You can't find my hat? Now, Mrs. Caudle, I should like to know why you will persist in training your children in such a heedless manner? He can't find my hat! To be sure not; how can he if you don't learn him how to look? Didn't I leave it in the kitchen when I went there last night after something to eat? How the deuce should you know? I say it's your business to know, and to have my things ready for me in the morning, and not have me losing so much time. Eh! you have too much else to do? Of course you have! with three servants and two children! Be calm! O yes, I will be calm! You see I am calm, and if you would only be so, I should have been able to find my hat long ago, instead of staying here to listen to your excuses, when I ought to be down town attending to business. I wonder how you expect I'm to keep this house going, if I'm to be kept waiting here for my hat. What! how can you help it? How can you help it? Why, madam, it's the easiest thing in the world! It's simply this modern management. Now, do you suppose things would go on in this way if you would only see that articles are in the right place; but, I suppose, you haven't got time to do that even! Of course not. Well, there is no use talking, I must go to the office bareheaded. Your bonnet, madam? Your bonnet! But why should I be surprised—why should I be surprised, if you should offer me your skirts also, since I seem to have lost all authority in this house! It's not your fault? And pray, then, whose fault is it? I will repeat it over twenty times, if you wish it—whose fault is it? What! the servants? No, ma'am, I tell you you are mistaken; it is not the servants—it is your fault. I wonder who oversees the servants—who, madam, but you? Then, clearly, it's your fault that I can't find my hat. [Sits down.] Well, it's no use talking, I shan't go to the office to-day and you, ma'am, shan't go to Newport—dy'e hear. It's no use asking; you shan't go. You needn't suppose I'm going to be deprived of my hat like this, and then allow you to spend my money at Newport. No, ma'am; I'm not such a fool as all that comes to. No—no, ma'am; here I am, and here I'll stay all day, ma'am, and—eh! What! You wish I wouldn't talk so much? I tell you, I will talk—I'll talk all day, if I please, and smoke too—dy'e hear that? I'll smoke in the dining-room, and—yes, by Jove! —I'll smoke in the parlor, and by Jove, ma'am, I'll scent the curtains and smoke all over the house!

Here (says Mrs. Caudle) the horrid wretch was about putting his odious precept into practice, when Jane came in with his hat, having found it in a corner of the large oak-tree chair on the back stoop.

—Thousands of men are engaged in repairing the embankment of the River Aral, in Hungary. The waters are falling, but the country is a sheet of ice. At Glogovecz eighty and at Belszerend ninety houses have been carried away, the church and eight houses alone remaining in the latter place.

A MINING CAMP CALAMITY.

How the Christian Road Agents Impoverished a Mining Town.

(From the Salt Lake Tribune.)

Many mining camps are insolated, being only connected with the world by the line of stages carrying the mail and express. How far reaching are the evils of a stage robbery on such a line can only be understood by actual investigation.

One morning, in a camp in Southeastern Nevada, I met an acquaintance from San Francisco, a city I had lived in until quite recently. He was representing and collecting for a liquor house. Being a stranger on his invitation I went around with him to introduce him to the men he had business with. Times had been dull in camp for some time.

We went first to the Ecstatic Saloon, run by Three-fingered Dan. After preliminaries, the agent said to the proprietor:

"I've called to collect the balance due our house."

"Couldn't ev called at a wus time," replied Dan.

"Business poor?"

"Good 'nuff, but been payin' out for work done on my claim, the Packed-in; she er snorter; an' was lookin' for money by express las' night, but the stage was robbed, you know. Didn't come that way?"

"No; from the South."

"You were in luck. You see jes' the fix the cussed road agents has got me in."

"Yes; well, let us hear from you soon."

"Nuthin' but another stage robbery can keep me from settlin' right away."

We next went into the Heavenly Rest Saloon, kept by One-eyed Smith, who took lodgers also. He was so called to distinguish him from Two-eyed Smith, who was in the whiskey business next door. After some conversation the liquor man inquired:

"Can you settle with our house to-day, Mr. Smith?"

"Bless your soul! lost every cent I had by the robbery last night."

"Was expecting money, certain?"

"Got pardner North, wrote me tellin' by what day's express I'd get $500. Wish I could pull on a rope round the necks of the infernal hounds that got it."

Visiting the Elysian Bower Saloon, owned by No-eared Bill, we found him in. Bill, it seems, at some time had been engaged in what is called a "chawin' match," to distinguish it from a shooting match. In the course of remarks between them the collector said:

"You owe a balance, I believe, on your last bill?"

"Yes, but blamed if I ain't hemmed in like I was in a augor hole an' a peg driv' in. Been lookin' for money by the stage for two or three days; know I lost it in the robbery las' night. Thieves is gettin' too thick for hones' men to thrive. I'm broke, mister, fell flatter'n a flapjack mashed. Take something?"

We did.

I had heard of the robbery, but did not know it amounted to such a calamity. It seemed that hardly any one, however significant, had escaped loss. While taking dinner at Jake Blunderbuffer's restaurant, I overheard him dunning a boarder. The latter excused his tardiness by explaining that he had been deprived by the robbery of funds which he had written to his uncle for. That it was just time for an answer from his uncle when the stage was robbed. Later in the day, while standing at the bar of a saloon, the Nook of Bliss, run by Denis O'Snooligan, I overheard a man with a thick neck and a face which had, doubtless, cost a great deal of money to color, say to a young man sitting near him, in the corner, who had pale blue eyes, but did not seem to have much hope:

"Did you get your money?"

"No."

"Don't your mother send yer a little money every month?"

"Yes; it gets here about the first of the month always. To-day is the first you know; and the stage was robbed before it got in. My money is gone, just my luck, you know. Looks like a fellow might as well give up."

"What did yer want with the five dollars I lent yer any how?"

"I saw—I saw," the despairing young man hesitated.

"Well, what?"

"Saw an advertisement——," hesitated further.

"What advertisement?"

"Saw," desperately, "where a man advertised to tell anybody how to make a good living in a mining country for five dollars."

"An' yer axed it?"

"Yes."

"What'd he say to yer?"

"Rustle."

"Hell!"

The robbery had entailed such confusion in business on the community, and such an unusual amount of money had been lost, I concluded to go and see the driver who was on the stage when it was robbed. On the way his stopping place, I heard a boy cry out to another:

"Johnny, when yer going to fork over that four bits for the cat I sole yer?"

"Dunno; can't git no money; dad got robbed on the stage las' night. Pay yer nex' pay day, when the Silver Shower Smeltin' Kump'ny pays off. Uncle's workin' for 'em."

Finding the driver I said:

"You were stopped last night?"

"Yes."

"How far out?"

"Two miles."

"How many robbers were there?"

"Five."

"They must have made a big haul. How did they get the treasure box open?"

"Weren't no treasury box. Don't come ev'ry night, now. Done to fool the road agents."

"Got the money and checks in the mail?"

"Didn't trouble the mail."

"Why, I'm surprised. How many passengers did you have?"

"One."

"Robbed him?"

"Went through him."

"What did they find?"

"An old silver dollar."

"That all they got away with?"

"Didn't get away with that. The feller said he'd like to keep it; that his mother had given it to him when he was a little boy, back in New Hampshire, an' he'd kep' it for a sort o' pocket piece, nest-egg like, an' they let him keep it."

"Did they do anything else?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"Went off cussin'."

BATHING IN VIENNA.

The Trials of a Modest Man Not Accustomed to the Ways of Austria.

Mr. Prentice Mulford thus writes the San Francisco *Chronicle* from Vienna: After awhile I discovered that the Viennese who did wash themselves washed themselves all over at the great public baths, and not in the little pint pitchers of water they kept in their bedrooms. So I went to a public bath. I did not know what to ask for, but I knew German enough for water. I went in and said, "Wasser." They took my meaning immediately, or they might have seen that I needed washing. I declare the ridiculous amount of water they furnish one leads to dreadful results.

There are two passages leading into the great five-storied bath barrack—one for males, the other for females. Of course I took the wrong one, and was shoved back by a woman with a towel. I didn't see that it made much difference, for the attendants on both sides were females. Marie showed me to my bath-room. Marie was a big, brown, black-eyed Austrian maid, in round short skirts. She went ahead of me with an armful of towels. She opened my bath-room door. I went in. She came in after me. I was quite unprepared for this. But she wasn't. She seemed used to it, and went to work. She spread a sheet on the bottom of the bath tub. I don't know what it was for, but they always do it. At all events it takes off the rough edge of the zinc for one's skin. I waited also. Out of regard for the proprieties I removed only my hat. I would not even take of my collar before Marie. The water seemed a long time running in. It generated a cloud of steam, which gradually filled the small bathing room, and through which vaporish atmosphere Marie and I saw each other dimly. Finally she gave me all the hot water I was entitled to and to and left. Relieved, I sprang to the door. There was no lock upon it. I haunted in vain for some kind of a fastening. I sat down uneasy. Then I removed my coat and collar. Then Mary burst in again with another towel. Then she went out. How was I to battle in peace with that confounded girl intruding on me?

Then I tried to turn on some cold water and couldn't. By this time I had removed many of my garments and barricaded the door with my jacknife. Instead of having sensible faucets, by which a man could regulate his own flow of water, these require the use of a wrench to turn them. The wrench I suppose was kept by the attendant outside. I did not know any German for wrench, and if I had, dared not call for one with the prospect of the young lady's bringing it. So I sat down on the chair, which I had backed up against the door as an additional security against Marie and waited for the water to cool. It takes hot water a long time to cool in Austria. Finally I got into the tub. I think it could not have been much below boiling temperature. I got out again pretty quickly, blushing all over and sympathizing more heartily than ever with boiled lobster. It was an uncomfortable bath. I suffered externally from the water, and internally from fear of that possible Marie. But she never came again. She left a large pile of linen for me. I examined it. There was one towel about as large as a napkin, and two large aprons, which reached from my head to my heels. The aprons puzzled me. I utilized them for towels. A friend afterward told me their use. They are to put on, the one before and the other behind, on getting out of the hot bath, and you sit in them and ring the bell for the attendant to enter, turn off the hot water and let on the cold. Marie all this time was waiting for my bell to ring to come in and turn on cold water. She never heard that bell. I put on but one of these aprons, the forward one. It fitted me perfectly. It would fit anybody. It was a splendid dress for hot weather; so easy to put on and off; so loose, cool and comfortable; so easy to slip out of, and, if need be, fan yourself with the skirt.

WHY ARE WIVES WHAT THEY ARE?

(From Land and Water.)

Why are wives what they are, and not what they might, could, and should be? Because in nine cases out of ten it is for want of temper or judgment in the man. We have all heard of the cautious individual who would see his wife's grandmother before he took the irrevocable vow. He was quite right. A man desiring to enjoy the delights and consolations unknown to a single condition, prepared to love and cherish under all calamities and changes, would do well, if possible, to learn a little of the early training of the woman he desires to make the partner of his joys and the consoler of his sorrows, and to have some knowledge of her in a domestic relation.

It seems hard in this our day to find the medium between the fashionable wife, all frivolity, dress and excitement, and the female virtuoso, or the woman without tact; but there are women, of many of whom it may be truly said in scriptural language, "the heart of her husband does surely trust her." How often are these women linked to the vicious and the unstable, are obliged to shut their eyes to facts, and when love is gone live on enduring? Marriage to them has been a desperate thing, a curse and slavery, instead of the nearest approach to perfect happiness permitted on earth.

Of the drunken ruffian, quick with the blow, we have nothing to say—he is scarcely one remove from the beasts that perish, and, as a rule, belongs to the extreme lower class; but amongst the so-called gentleman there is the overbearing, tyrannical husband, at whose voice children and servants flee, soured probably by difficulties in his business or profession, but surlily keeping his trials from his wife, and snappishly resenting all her attempts to win his confidence. Who so capable as she to soothe and to aid by her womanly tact and discrimination, made keener by its concentration in her little world—home; and have we not sacred warrant that the wife is a helpmeet for the man, not a slave to minister to his material wants only, while he grudgingly doles out his money, never dreaming that the order of his house is only arrived at by a thousand little domestic cares, so heavy in the total, yet a labor of love when lightened by kind, husbandly interest. This man acts as if he were devoid of affection himself and grossly presumes on his wife's early inculcated sense of duty.

Then we have the henpecked husband. Now the censorious world contemptuously laughs at his name, and discusses the anxious, irritable wife; it never troubles itself to consider the weak, vacillating man he must necessarily be in his safest condition. He is a never-ceasing anxiety to his wife, who knows he must either be a fool or a scoundrel. She toils early and late with brain and fingers to rectify his sins of omission. Her pitiful tenderness must always follow him and hold his wavering mind in check lest his selfish folly should bring more troubles into the household impoverished by his careless indifference, leaving his wife to fight the battle of life single-handed. He is only amiable when gratified, loving when spared a difficulty, giving a few flattering words of praise at his wife's clever management—more painful than pleasing, for she knows their value—ill-tempered if forced to do anything he dislikes, and coarse in his taunts about nagging and bickering. If she is righteously and sternly compelled to give ugly names to his procrastination he will occasionally cry *Peccavi*, thereby firmly believing he has washed out all his sins and may begin them again on the morrow. With such a man a wife cannot take the inferior attitude which all womanly women really delight in, but must unpoetically fulfil Wordsworth's picture of

> A perfect woman nobly planned
> To warn, to comfort, and command.

Then last, but not least, we have the salt of the earth—great and gifted, tender and true men whose lives are spent in making strong resolutions which they seldom fail to carry out. A husband from this class is at peace with himself; therefore gives joy to others, bringing home light and comfort at all times, and under all circumstances. Self-governed, he justly exercises rule over his wife, whose happiness it is to anticipate his wishes and acknowledge his supremacy. Excepting the few in whom the taint of moral baseness is hereditary, men know full well that women, through their strong affections, are what men make them.

It is also want of faith in men that makes women unjust to each other, preventing the friendships there might be between them, so sacred and helpful, for woman only knows woman as she really is. As Byron says—"Man to man so oft unjust, is always so to woman."

ROT.

(Ottawa Times.)

It is scarcely necessary at this late day to assure our readers that we have a sincere respect for the *Globe* newspaper and an abiding faith in the principles of the party of which it is the chief organ. We do not subscribe to everything we read in it, however, nor are we likely to do so as long as its Ottawa correspondent is permitted to fill his columns with such abominable rot as he manages somehow to collect under a delusion that it is news, or even decent political gossip.

The country has no wish to listen to tattle of this kind, and it is exceedingly out of place in the columns of a powerful and respectable journal such as the *Globe*. We have had a great deal too much of this kind of thing in the past. And no Government was ever overturned by it nor ever will be. It tends to make "bad blood," to bring politics into contempt, to belittle the struggles of the contending parties. We do not expect that the *Globe* will care much for our opinion, nor that its Ottawa correspondent will be pitched into the Chaudiere on account of what we say of him, as he ought to be, but for all that we venture to suggest to our big contemporary that many of the stories telegraphed from the capital would be better left unpublished.

—If our grandmothers had been as careless as our granddaughters there would have been no old chinaware.

AROUND THE WORLD.

—During last year seven "Opera Houses" were burned in Texas. They were built of pine boards.

—Executions continue in the palace of the King Theebau of Burmah. Five princesses were recently murdered on suspicion of being in correspondence with Prince Nyoungyan.

—The birthdays of the famous authors are observed in the Cincinnati public schools. Brief addresses on the life and works of the person in question are given, with recitations and essays by the pupils.

—In Upper Alsace the cold has made wolves and bears issue from their coverts. The former are prowling round the villages near Mulhouse, and several bears have been run over by railway trains.

—The duty on salt in Russia brings to the State treasury fifteen and a half million dollars annually. Now the Russian press advocates the abolition of the salt duty, as it falls chiefly on the poorest classes, and serves rather to depress than to increase the national welfare.

—John Wesley's chapel in Finsbury square, London, built by him in 1777, was burnt down on December 7. It was regarded by "the connection" in all parts of the world almost as a shrine, and visited by hundreds from Australia and the United States.

—The Rev. John G. Brady, who has returned from a stay of two years in Alaska says that the natives have learned how to make "a ruinous intoxicating liquor" from molasses, and they drink so much of it that alcoholism is a common disease there.

—The valuable majolica ware recently sold for $8,000 at the papal castle of Gandolfo, near Albano, by permission of the Pope, has been confiscated by the Italian Government, on the ground that all the property allowed the Popes in the various palaces was inalienable under the law.

—The majority of Italian newspapers still clamor for a more powerful army wherewith to redeem "the unfinished unity of Italy." The following is from an influential organ; "Italy is poor, we know, and an increase of the army will be very costly. But it matters not!"—("*non monta.*") This "non monta" equals Emile Ollivier's "light heart" on going to war with Prussia.

—Since the clergymen's agitation against the "mixed marriage" system of the Oneida Community, twenty weddings have taken place there. These, with twenty-five couples who had become members after wedlock, make forty-five married couples. The population of the community is 299, 57 of whom are children under ten, and 26 young people under twenty. One member is over ninety years of age; 5 over eighty; 26 over seventy; 57 over sixty; 97 over fifty; 143 over forty; 191 over thirty, and 216 over twenty.

—It is proposed to complete a grand opera house on the Thames embankment by a company with a capital of £160,000, £45,000 to go to the present owners, which is just half what they spent. One hundred stalls are to be put up at the disposal of the shareholders, and, there being sixteen hundred shares, he in sixteen years each shareholder will have one year's right to a stall, which he may let. The sixteen hundred shareholders are to form a tontine, each holder nominating a life of sixty, and the nominator of the surviving life ultimately to have the theatre.

—A Paris paper gives some curious statistics regarding the number of women who have entered the professions of art and literature, from which it seems that there are at present living in France 1,700 lady writers and 2,150 female artists whose productions have been exhibited in the Salon. Two-thirds of the writers were born in the provinces, 1,000 are known to be writers of fiction, 200 are poets and 150 compile educational works. There are 752 modelers in wax, 602 painters in oil, 193 miniature painters and 107 sculptors. Painters of fans, artists in water colors and chalks, etc., number 494.

—A big bully whipped a boy at Lexington, Ky. On the following day the boy patrolled the street in front of the bully's house with the handle of a huge pistol protruding from his breast pocket. The man saw this when he came out, and fled in terror. The boy gave chase, wildly brandishing the weapon, and the fugitive and pursuer went through street after street at the top of their speed, the former calling piteously on the spectators for help. A policeman at length arrested the boy, and then it was discovered that the pistol was not only unloaded, but was devoid of a trigger.

—The Liverpool *Post* tells a strange adventure of a venturesome small boy. It appears that he played truant from school and dared not go home at night. He managed to get into the station yard at Chorley with the intention of passing the night in one of the passenger carriages, but he failed to gain access, the doors being locked. He then crept under the guard's van and pulled himself on the couple of short iron rods between the axle of the wheels and the carriage floor, and between which the brake apparatus passes. In this position he went to sleep, and at 5 o'clock in the morning the train started for Wigan. The lad was actually brought to Wigan and again taken to Chorley, clutching the rods. At the latter place he was discovered, still fast asleep, and rescued from his perilous position. The marvel is how the lad remained on this frail support during his eighteen miles' journey, and asleep all the while. Had he moved, death was certain.

BRO. GARDNER'S LIME-KILN CLUB

The janitor was seen in close consultation with Brother Gardner and Sir Isaac Walpole before the meeting opened, and directly that the triangle had sounded the President arose and said:

"Gem'len, I hole in my han' written charges agin Pickles Smith. Will Pickles step dis way?"

Pickles came forward, his tongue out and a look of amazement on his face, and the President continued:

"Brudder Smith, you am charged by de janitor wid bein' loud' drunk in Paradise Hall."

"What!" exclaimed the defendant as he came square down on his heels.

"De charges go to say dat on Thursday when de janitor came in heah to sweep out de hall, you were drunk and asleep on a bench. De janitor ran out to call an officer, an doorin' de meanwhile you lit out and fled and vanished."

"Bring fo'th my black-faced accuser," demanded Pickles, as he waved his hand toward the ante-room.

The janitor was sent for.

"Sah! look me in de face!" commanded Pickles; "look me right in de eye, an' tell dis club if you saw me in dis hall Thursday night?"

"De chap looked like you," was the hesitating reply.

"Did you go nigh him?"

"No, sah."

"Did you git a fa'r look at his face?"

"Not very."

"Didn't you run off de minit you opened do dooh an' seed a man in heah?"

"I—I—yes, sah."

"Gem'len," said Smith as he turned to the club, "I was out to Pontiac Thursday and half of Friday, an' yit dis vile caitiff has brought dis charge agin me!"

Pickles took his seat, and the janitor stood alone, the centre of all eyes and a target for all frowns. After a long silence the President said:

"You am hereby broken of your office an' fined two dollars! Let dis be a warnin' to you as long as you live, an' de smaller heap you kin git into fur de nex' six months de better it will be for you. Take a seat on a back stool an' keep your mind quiet."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A WATCH IN HIS HAT.

We have seen a great deal written and heard considerable said about the "Man in the Iron Mask," and the man with the "brick" in his hat, but while riding on a Western railroad a short time since we actually beheld a man with watch in his hat—aye, in his hat—but not on the inside of his hat—a plain silver watch set in his hat front about midway between the rim and the crown, face outward, so that anyone passing in front of him could tell the time of day. He was a middle-aged man, with long hair—by the way, how is it that almost all eccentric individuals wear long hair—even Sampson did until Delilah found a pair of shears—and paid no apparent attention to the numerous queer looks cast at him. It getting noised about the train, numerous persons from other cars would pass through the coach he was in to see the man with the watch in his hat. At last one young gent with more assurance than discretion ventured to ask the peculiar party the reason why he carried his watch in that prominent position. The old sport looked his questioner quizzically in the face and told him it was an alarm watch, and every time it struck it hit his head and reminded him it was time to take his medicine, and remarking, "It has just struck," pulled out a bottle of "old rye" and took a good "swig," and the young man retreated amid the quiet smiles of the adjacent passengers.

—A man refused to be treated by a physician the other day. But suppose it had been a saloonist?

G. F. AYLSWORTH, P.L.S. & C. E.,
INSPECTOR OF COLONIZATION ROADS. Madoc. 1

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Mr. Titus, from Mr. Bleecker's office, will attend at each Division Court held at Madoc.

GEO. W. WALKER,
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[illegible] 133

North Hastings Review

MADOC, JANUARY 29, 1880.

THE Provincial Grand Orange Lodge for Ontario East is to meet at Gananoque on the 24th of February, at 2 o'clock p. m.

THE election of a member to represent West Hastings in the Ontario Legislature will take place to-morrow, (Friday.) The candidates are Mr. Alex. Robertson, Conservative, who was lately unseated through corrupt practices by agents at the general election, and Mr. E. G. Sills, of Sidney, Reform. The contest promises to be exceedingly warm, the friends of both candidates putting forth every effort for success, and as usual both sides are serenely confident that the victory will be theirs. The local organs are also busy, and for the past week have devoted a large portion of their space to the services of their party.

MR. HARCOURT has introduced a bill into the Ontario Assembly to make free markets compulsory. This is in accordance with the views of the Grangers expressed at their last general meeting, but it is hardly fair to the cities which have spent large amounts in providing market accommodation. People in cities, however, are not averse to making the markets free, but they require that the farmers should do their part by inducing the country municipalities to make the roads leading to the markets also free by abolishing tolls. The concessions asked on both sides balance each other, for free markets would be of but minor benefit so long as the roads leading to them are encumbered by tolls. Both the toll bar and the market impost are remnants of barbarism, and cities and counties should unite and do away with them forever.

THE *Intelligencer* has the following remarks in reference to the Murray Canal, a scheme in which the people of Belleville are taking great interest at the present time:—"Col. Prince, United States Consul at Belleville, in a despatch to the Department of State, on January 7th, transmits his annual report on the trade of this district. He says it is proposed to connect the waters of Lake Ontario with the Bay of Quinte by a canal less than two miles in length. Three surveys of the route across the narrow isthmus have been made, and the cost is estimated at about $750,000. Besides affording greater facilities for transporting iron ore from the mines of Hastings, the proposed canal would open a route avoiding some of the most dangerous points on Lake Ontario. It would also be a pleasant route for summer travel in connection with the Thousand Islands. Considerable iron ore is sent from the Hastings mines to the United States, partly by land transportation. A strong appeal will be made to the Dominion Government to go on and construct the canal. It has been more or less discussed these fifty years."

WE HAVE received a copy of the Annual Report of the Minister of Education, on the Public, Separate, and High Schools of this Province, for the year 1878, which contains some interesting statistics. The total school population of Ontario was 492,360—a decrease of 2,444 from the previous year. Out of this number 489,015 attended school, 260,400 being boys, and 228,615 girls, the average attendance being 224,588. The amount paid by trustees for salaries of teachers was $2,011,207—a decrease of $26,891. The highest salary paid to a male teacher in a county, $800; the lowest $125; in a city, the highest $1,000, the lowest $500; in a town, the highest $1,100, the lowest $200. There were 4,990 schools reported, employing 6,473 teachers, 3,060 of whom were males and 3,413 females. The number of Roman Catholic Separate Schools was 177, which were attended by 25,820 pupils. The number of teachers in the R.C. Separate Schools was 333, of whom 104 were males and 229 females. Of the 6,473 teachers in the Province their religious persuasions are reported as follows:—Church of England, 949; Roman Catholics, 789, (446 of whom were employed in pub. sch'ls); Presbyterians, 2,042; Methodists, 2,052; Baptists, 337; Congregationalists, 106; Lutherans, 20; Quakers, 17; Christians and Disciples, 49; Reported as protestants, 85; Plymouth Brethren, 2; Unitarians, 5; other persuasions, 40. The total amount of money received from Legislative Grant, County Municipal Assessment, Trustees School Assessment, and Clergy Reserves, for all public school purposes for the year, amounted to $3,247,321—a decrease of $175,863 over the total receipts of the previous year. On the whole we think the school statistics of Canada will compare favorably with any other country in the world.

THE PROSPECTS OF IRON.

The large interests that are being developed in minerals, particularly iron ores, makes everything appertaining thereto of interest to the people of North Hastings. We have faith in the iron products of this section of country, and that it only requires fair prices to make it in course of time an iron centre. To this end it is important there should be a demand for iron ore, and also that the class of ore we produce should meet the wants of iron men. We have had our attention directed lately to this subject, and we find that the following can be relied on: That the furnaces of the world have been producing about 3,400,000 tons of rails annually; that for the next ten years it will take not less than 4,500,000 tons of rails to meet the renewals required on the present railways. Add to this the new roads to be built and it is estimated that for the next ten years not less than 5½ millions of tons of rails will be required annually—not less than 2½ millions for the United States—to meet the wants of railway men, or an increase annually of two millions of tons. To meet this there have been no new fields of iron ore opened in America, except in Canada, of a class that will satisfactorily produce the article required. Is it any wonder then that Scotch pig, which sold a year ago for $22, is worth $32 to-day, or that American pig that brought $17 in 1879, is now worth $35 to $40, and that rails have nearly doubled in value, and steadily increasing. Such being the case there need be no fear of a demand for ore, and particularly for the class of ore produced here, from the fact that *it must be had from Canada, Lake Superior, Spain, or Algiers*, in order to make Bessimer steel. There is the best of reasons, therefore, for parties engaged in developing iron ores to look hopefully to the future for a return for their labor. It is sure to come. The estimate made above is believed by many to be far below what will be required. Their opinion is that the number of miles of railway will be doubled in the next ten years; but at our estimate it will be an enormous quantity, and the value something tremendous—requiring the production in value of nearly three-fourths of a million of dollars per day for the next ten years. If the above estimate is as we believe correct, there is not much danger of a fall in the prices of ore.

REGISTRY OFFICE.

We are again reminded by a correspondent in to-day's issue of the importance of immediate action relative to a Registry Office, and we think our correspondent is right in not depending on outside help. The northern parts of Hungerford, Huntingdon, and Rawdon, and all the parts of the County north of these townships are interested in having a Registry Office in the North Riding. We earnestly hope the business men of our village will take hold of this matter and set the ball rolling. Surely the Council should take some action. For the time being they are the parties to look after the village interests, and in serving the village in this case they will be doing what will serve the whole Riding. We must not forget that the representative of North Hastings lives in the south-west corner of the riding—a riding that is 36 miles by 100. No matter how desirous he may be to serve the constituency, his interests and the interests of his village and his immediate friends are *not* to have a Registry Office in North Hastings. Evidently he will not be the first to act in this matter. We must take action first, and then claim his efforts in the support of what is just and right. Again we say do not delay this matter.

Since writing the above our attention has been called to the fact that Mr. Bonfield, the member for Renfrew, has introduced a Bill in the Ontario Legislature for the purpose of separating the County of Renfrew for Registration purposes. It has by no means the claims of North Hastings.

COUNTY COUNCIL.

The Council met in Shire Hall, Belleville, on Tuesday, at 2 p. m. All the members present.

After they had made the necessary declaration, the Clerk called the members to order and asked for nominations for the office of Warden.

Mr. W. R. Aylsworth, Reeve of Mill Point, proposed Harford Ashley, Reeve of Thurlow, who, he said, was a gentleman well qualified to fill the position.

Mr. Thos. Emo, Reeve of Huntingdon, seconded the nomination, and spoke of the claim of Thurlow to the Wardenship.

Mr. Donald Anderson, Deputy-Reeve of Tyendinaga, also spoke of the claims of Mr. Ashley to the position.

No other nomination being made the Clerk declared Mr. Ashley elected by acclamation.

Mr. Ashley then addressed the Council, and thanked them for electing him unanimously. Among other matters he spoke of a reduction in the Warden's salary, as he thought it was too high at the present time.

The following applications were received: From John Bell, for John Stamburg, to lease the mining right under the Hastings Road, at lot 12, between concessions 5 and 6, Madoc, near the Wallbridge hematite iron mine; from H. S. McMinn for the Messrs. Andrews, of Youngstown, and from Messrs. Cross and Chambers, A. H. Wallbridge, and Coe & Mitchell, for the same object. Referred to Committee on Roads and Bridges.

The following items were referred to their respective committees: a communication from Peterborough *re* Trent Valley Canal; a resolution from Carleton County Council *re* the building of a bridge at Coteau Landing, and a report from the Grand Jury recommending that the gaol laundry be enlarged.

Mr. Aylsworth gave notice of a By-law for the appointment of County Auditors and High School Trustees.

Mr. Wilmot moved, seconded by Mr. Anderson, that Thos. Emo and A. McLatchie be appointed Auditors of Criminal Justice accounts.—Withdrawn until brought up in Committee of the whole.

Mr. Tuttle gave notice of a By-law to confirm a certain By-law of the townships of Elzivir and Grimsthorpe.

The Clerk stated that he had received from the Intelligencer Printing Co. 200 copies of the Hastings Directory, and asking what should be done with the extra copies.—To be discussed in Committee on Ways and Means.

The appointment of Mr. R.S. Bell as Clerk, *pro tem*, in the absence of the Clerk, was confirmed.

Council adjourned until Wednesday, at 10 o'clock.

December Examinations, 1879.

ADMISSION TO HIGH SCHOOLS.—HISTORY PAPER.—TIME: ONE HOUR AND A HALF.

(VALUES—No. 1, 12; No. 2, 12; No. 3 12; No. 4, 12; No. 5, 12; No. 6, 12.)

1. Tell how the Roman conquest of England was brought about, and what were the principal changes effected by it in England?
2. Why is the reign of King John a very important period of English History? Explain fully.
3. Give an account of the public life of Oliver Cromwell.
4. Tell what is meant by the Revolution, the Restoration, the Reformation, the Parliament.
5. Why is the power of the Sovereign now less than it was three centuries ago?
6. Tell the principal events in the reign of George III.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT NEWS.

A spiritualistic exposer is to visit Stirling this week.

Telephones are becoming quite numerous in Belleville.

The members of the Belleville Police force have received new winter pants.

The Eganville *Enterprise* says almost every day shantymen arrive in that village with minor wounds.

Over $75,000 was paid out for grain in the village of Hastings from the middle of October last to the 1st of January.

Scarlet fever has made its appearance at Wellman's Corners. The disease has not assumed very large proportions yet.

The walking mania has just reached Picton. A match for the championship of that town and a silver cup will soon take place.

The *Ontario* calls on the Belleville authorities to take some action towards getting up a fund for the relief of the poor in Ireland.

The *Star* says business is "booming" in Hastings, two new stores having been opened in that village since the beginning of the year.

The *Advocate* says every body who has anything larger than a dog is training it for the races, which are to take place at Trenton this week.

The congregation of the M. E. Church, Stirling, are about to take active measures for the erection of a new church building in that village.

The Auditors for the town of Peterborough receive $50 each for their services this year. The *Daily Review* argues that the work they are required to do is worth $200.

The following were the births, deaths and marriages registered in Stirling for the half year ending December 31st, 1879:—Births, 9; deaths, 14; marriages, 13. Total, 36.

A team of horses ran away in Stirling one day last week, but had not gone far when one fell and broke its leg. The animal was shot, and the driver procured a pair of shafts to enable him to reach home.

Dr. Parker, the retiring chairman of the Stirling School Board, last week entertained the members of the Board and Village Council to an oyster supper at his own residence. The affair was very enjoyable and satisfactory to all concerned.

According to Mr. Wilkins, Fishery Inspector for Belleville district, the value of last year's catch in the bay of Quinte was $23,375—$10,000 less than that of 1878. The fish caught in the bay last year amounted to about 275,000 pounds.

On Wednesday, the 18th of February next the freehold electors of Camden will vote on a by-law proposing to grant a bonus of $20,000 to the Napanee, Tamworth & Quebec Railway. On the same day Sheffield votes on a $10,000 bonus for the same purpose.

The N. T. & Q. R. R. company have leased for ninety-nine years, 655 acres of rich mining lands (hæmatite iron ore) contiguous to, and a portion underlying the proposed line of road. The lands lie in the township of Sheffield.

The Napanee *Standard* records the drowning of Mr. John Walmsley, last Monday, while crossing the ice on the "Reach," nearly opposite the residence of Mr. Henry Carman, of Sophiasburg. When he broke through the ice he was observed from the shore, and several parties immediately started for his rescue with a boat, but, when within about sixty feet of him, he sank. The body was afterwards recovered.

The Eganville *Enterprise* says:—The outlook for phosphate mining during the coming season, as compared with last year, is better, and no doubt more men will be employed in our phosphate mining districts than ever before. The improvement is due to an advance of phosphate in England. The Templeton and North Ottawa Mining Co., a new corporation, which includes English capitalists, will probably begin operations in March next, and will employ a large number of hands.

The house of refuge in Belleville now has some half a dozen or more inmates, embracing the aged and infirm exclusively. The managing committee carefully examine the case of each applicant previous to granting admission. By this means only the deserving receive protection. The mode of procedure inspires the public with confidence, making their support generous. Many charitably inclined have contributed articles of furniture and other comforts, to make things as attractive as possible.

Mr. Thomas Buck, we are glad to learn, is utilizing the Grand Junction Railway to convey his timber cut in the woods north of this place, from Hastings to Belleville, where it will be rafted, and thence floated as in former years to Quebec. Price of lumber has advanced considerably of late, and therefore we may expect to hear of our lumber merchants reaping a rich financial harvest, as an offset to losses sustained by the depression in the lumber trade for some years back.—*Norwood Register*.

On Thursday last the dead body of an unknown man was found lying face downwards near the farm of Mr. John Ham, 1st concession of Thurlow, in the vicinity of the railway track. Hanging over an adjoining fence was a coat which must have belonged to the deceased, as the body had no coat on when discovered. No one appears to know who the poor creature was; but it is conjectured that the body is that of a demented individual who had been lingering in the vicinity of Shannonville, where an inquest was held last evening by Dr. Wilson, Coroner. Several witnesses deposed to having seen and spoken with the deceased about the beginning of the month, but neither his name nor where he came from could be learned. The opinion appeared to be that he had lain down to sleep and was frozen to death during the night.—*Free Press*.

On Saturday morning, shortly after 11, a well loaded wood-car, which was standing on the G. J. R. line near the Montreal Bank, suddenly began to move down the grade, and despite every effort made to stop it, it continued to gather force, until it flew down the line at a speed of about 60 miles an hour. A cow, which happened to be in the way, was carried several hundred yards, and was then flung into a ditch with a broken leg. The car was finally stopped by its running into two other loaded cars near Monohan & Mason's wood-yard, a brakesman who saw the car coming having presence of mind enough to hastily climb up and put on the brakes. It is a wonder that no person was hurt, as the road near the market was filled with people and waggons at the time the car passed. However, the accident will not be repeated, as the manager has decided not to allow a car to stand on the track north of the station.—*Free Press*.

HOUSEKEEPER WANTED.
WANTED, a middle-aged woman to keep house. Only two in the family. Work light and easy. Apply at the "REVIEW" OFFICE, Madoc.
147-2t

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANTED.
HOUSE TO RENT, short distance from Durham Street. Address "P. H.," this office.

WARNING !
ALL parties are warned not to purchase or deal with the South half of Lot 22, in 10th Concession of Madoc, occupied by Elliot Thompson, as I claim the said lot as my own.
JAMES ROUSBORNE.
Madoc, January 26th, 1880.

NOTICE.
THE undersigned has dissolved partnership with E. B. Fraleck, and is continuing his general practice in No. 2, Ashley Block, over Bank of Commerce, opposite Anglo-American Hotel, Belleville. Any quantity of private money to loan on reasonable terms and in sums to suit borrowers. Straight loans only. He represents no Building Society or other Loan Company at 5½ or 6½ per cent., as advertised by others, as it is too cheap to be good.
HUGH BLAIR,
Attorney-at-Law,
Solicitor in Chancery,
Notary Public, &c.
Belleville, Jan. 28th, 1880. 148

Fire and Life Insurance.
LIVERPOOL and LONDON & GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY.
CAPITAL, Two Millions Sterling.
INVESTED FUND, $27,909,000.
Risks accepted on Farm and Isolated Property only.
North British and Mercantile Co.
CAPITAL, $2,000,000.
The security of Standard English Companies, with the conveniences of a Canadian Office, is assured. Risks accepted at lowest rates.
R. STOCKTON JENKINS, Agent,
Post Office Block, Madoc.
Madoc, Jan. 28th, 1880. 148-3m.

IN CHANCERY !
PURSUANT to a decree of the Court of Chancery, made in the matter of the estate of the late Rachel Mulrooney, and in a cause Thompson vs. Gabourie, the creditors of the late Rachel Mulrooney, who during her lifetime resided in the Township of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, and who died on or about the eleventh day of March, A. D. 1879, are on or before the 21st day of Feb'y, A.D. 1880, to send by post, prepaid, to R. C. Clute, of the City of Belleville, Solicitor for the plaintiff, Catherine Thompson, the administratrix, their christian and surnames, addresses and descriptions, the full particulars of their claims, a statement of their accounts and the nature of the securities (if any) held by them, or in default thereof they will be peremptorily excluded from the benefit of the said decree.
Every creditor holding any security is to produce the same before me at my Chambers at the City of Belleville, in the County of Hastings, on the 24th day of February, A.D. 1880, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, being the time appointed for adjudication on the claims.
Dated this 27th day of January, A.D. 1880.
Signed, S. S. LAZIER,
148-4 Master.

NOTICE.
E. B. FRALECK, Barrister, &c., having dissolved partnership with Hugh Blair, will continue his general practice in his present office, No. 17, Ridley's Building, opposite the Opera House, Belleville. Plenty of private funds to loan on first-class mortgage security, at low rates of interest and reasonable charges.
If borrowers desire it, Company money loaned at five and one quarter per cent. interest.
E. B. FRALECK.
Belleville, Jan'y 20th, 1880. 147-4t

County Orange Lodge.
THE Annual Meeting of the North Hastings County Orange Lodge, will be held at the village of Stirling, on Tuesday, February 3rd, 1880, at the hour of two o'clock, p. m. A full attendance is requested.
M. BRISTOL,
County Master.
JAS. A. ORR,
County Secretary.

$20,000 TO LOAN.
AT THE LOWEST RATES OF INTEREST. Apply to
GEO. A. SKINNER,
Solicitor, &c., Stirling.
140

MISS M. A. CUMMINGS,
GRADUATE of St. Mary of the Lake Convent, Kingston, is prepared to receive Music Pupils in Madoc and immediate vicinity.
TERMS MODERATE.
All information required may be had by calling at the residence of Rev. Father Davis.

TIES! TIES!
I AM now prepared to make contracts for any quantity of HEMLOCK, TAMARAC, OAK, or ROCK ELM TIES, delivered along the B. & N. H. Railway.
A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, Nov. 22nd, 1879. 127

LOST !
ON Thursday, 18th inst., between Bannockburn and Madoc Village, a Carpet Bag, containing a Lady's Dress, Coat, and some children's wearing apparel. The finder will be suitably rewarded by returning it to W. H. Brown, Bannockburn, or to this office.
December 22nd 1879.

FOR SALE !
LOT 11, in the 15th Concession, Township of Wollaston. Over 30 acres cleared. Good log barn, also logs hewed for a large barn. Soil deep and free of stone. Good springs close to the barn. Terms easy. For particulars apply to
MRS. KATE ELLIOTT,
146. Tweed P. O., Ont.

TO BE LET.
LOTS 56 and 57, east side Hastings Road, Township of Tudor; also Lot 58, west side (part of the Cameron Mining Lot) comprising 100 acres or upwards. About 40 acres cleared, the rest well wooded, with water accommodation. The above would be well suited to the wants of a grown up family. A lease can be given on very moderate terms.
Apply to CAPT. NORMAN,
or to Millbridge,
Chas. Gream, Esq., Madoc. 130

NOTICE FOR TENDERS.
TENDERS will be received up to Monday, the 16th day of February, 1880, for the erection and building of a Board Fence around the School House, School Section No. 13, in the Township of Madoc, comprising half an acre of ground, and out-buildings. Tenders to be addressed to either of the undersigned Trustees. Plans and specifications may be seen on enquiry of the Trustees of said School Section.
THOS. H. TUMELTY,
JOHN GILLEN,
RICHARD FARRELL, } Trustees.
Madoc, Jan. 15th, 1880. 146-td

Private Boarding House
PRIVATE BOARD and comfortable rooms can be obtained by applying to the undersigned, on Elgin Street, leading to the Model School.
MRS. J. HULIN.
Madoc, May 27th, 1879. 113

Land for Sale.
WEST half of Lot 10, in 7th concession of Marmora, (near the Gatling mine,) containing 100 acres, partly cleared. Price moderate and terms liberal. Apply to
S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL,
27-2m 467 St. Paul St. Montreal

FOR SALE OR TO LET.
A GOOD Frame House and Lot, situated on St. Lawrence street, nearly opposite the residence of Mr. Orrin Dunn, in the flourishing village of Madoc. The house is in good repair, and there is also on the premises a good stable and never-failing well of water. For particulars apply to
WILLIAM MULLETT,
140-3m Proprietor, Madoc.

Gold and Iron.
West half of Lot 25, 4th Con., Madoc.
THIS lot, upon which the Fraser Gold Mining Company's claim is situated, contains an unlimited amount of GOLD BEARING QUARTZ with several of the largest and best defined Quartz veins in the Township, upon which two or three SHAFTS have been sunk. It is also supposed to contain a splendid bed of RED HEMATITE IRON. Capitalists and miners are requested to examine the lot.
A. KEEFER,
Department of Justice.
Ottawa, 20th December, 1879.

HOUSE AND LOT
FOR SALE OR TO LET,
Situated on corner of Church and Elgin sts., in the
VILLAGE OF MADOC.
ALSO
A Small Shop to Let,
Opposite Harper's Block.
WM. MOORE.

Lumber For Sale !
HAVING purchased all the manufactured Lumber at the Bannockburn Mills, I am now prepared to offer for sale 216,000 feet of all kinds of Dry Lumber at Low Prices.
I purpose bringing a large quantity of the above to Madoc Village, and storing it at the Planing Mill. I will be here every Saturday to attend to the wants of customers. During the rest of the week the proprietors of the Planing Mill have kindly consented to attend to the sale of it. From Monday to Friday I will be at Bannockburn to wait on customers there.
CHARLES FOX.
Madoc, Dec. 8th, 1879. 141-3m

MADOC BAKERY
James Latimer
BEGS to inform the inhabitants of Madoc and surrounding country that he has commenced business as
BAKER AND CONFECTIONER
and will do his utmost to supply his patrons with first-class
Bread & Graham Bread,
DELIVERED DAILY.
Furnishings for Socials and Tea Meetings got up on the shortest notice.
BUNS,
PASTRY,
PIES,
AND CHEWING CANDY,
All of my own make.
Remember the Place,—Corner of the Hastings Road.

MONEY. MONEY. MONEY.
MAY BE SAVED
BY PURCHASING
BOOTS,
SHOES,
GROCERIES,
—AND—
Fancy Holiday Gifts !
—AT—
REDUCED PRICES,
FROM
N. D. PETERS,
O'FLYNN BLOCK,
MADOC.

1879 and 1880.
FRESH
X'Mas Groceries
Gray & McGregor,
Victoria Block, Madoc,
HAVE RECEIVED
FRESH LAYER RAISINS,
VALENTIA RAISINS,
SULTANA RAISINS,
NEW CURRANTS,
NEW FIGS,
DRIED APPLES,
CITRON, ORANGE, LEMON PEEL,
VALENTIA ORANGES,
VALENTIA LEMONS,
CANNED PEACHES,
do PEARS,
do CORN,
do GREEN PEAS,
do LOBSTERS,
do SALMON,
do COOKED CORN BEEF
do LUNCH TONGUE,
ORANGE MARMALADE,
PRESERVED GINGER,
POTTED MEATS,
The Celebrated Diamond Brand Oysters
FINNAN HADDIES,
BLOATERS, CODFISH,
LABRADOR HERRINGS,
—ALSO—
A CHOICE STOCK OF
CONFECTIONERY.
Madoc, Dec. 17th, 1879.

AXES.

No advance in the price of BURRELL'S AXES. We are selling them at 65 cts. each.

Sydmer Ross & Co.

Madoc, January 29th, 1880.

JUST RECEIVED,

150 PIECES GRAY COTTONS,
50 " STEAMLOOMS,

All of which we intend to sell at the old prices.

Now is the time to Secure Bargains.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA,
POST OFFICE BLOCK.
Madoc, Jan. 21st, 1880.

WRIGHT'S
Grocery, Provision,
WINE & LIQUOR STORE,
(Established by the late Andrew Wright, in 1858,)
NOW CARRIED ON BY MRS. WRIGHT,
On the premises, in Wright's Block, Durham Street, Madoc,
WHO KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A FULL ASSORTMENT OF FIRST-CLASS
Groceries, Confectionery, and Biscuits,
(A SPECIALITY.)
FRUITS IN SEASON.
WINE, BRANDY, GIN, SPIRITS, ALES AND PORTERS,
of the best brands imported direct from the manufacturers.
—ALSO—
CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE,
FLOUR AND FEED, &c., &c.,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL AT THE LOWEST CASH PRICE.
JANE WRIGHT.
Madoc, January 1st, 1880.

FISH ! FISH ! FISH ! !
JUST RECEIVED,
WHITE FISH,
FRESH WATER HERRING,
SALT WATER HERRING.
Wholesale and Retail.
—ALSO—
CROCKERY
AND
GLASSWARE.
Sets, - $2.00 and $2.50.
A LARGE STOCK OF
Groceries & Provisions
constantly kept on hand.
The highest price paid for all kinds of Farm Produce.
J. HARPER.
Madoc, December 17th, 1879.

Holiday Goods ! !
A full and complete stock of
WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
JEWELRY,
AND
FANCY GOODS,
Also a choice assortment of
Children's Toys,
and other articles suitable for the present
HOLIDAY SEASON,
will be found at
RAWE'S,
IN THE WILSON BLOCK.
Madoc, December 11th, 1879.

VICK'S
Illustrated Floral Guide

A beautiful work of 100 *Pages, One Colored Flower Plate, and 500 Illustrations*, with Descriptions of the best Flower and Vegetables, with price of seeds, and how to grow them. All for a FIVE CENT STAMP. In English or German.

VICK'S SEEDS are the best in the world. FIVE CENTS for postage will buy the FLORAL GUIDE, telling how to get them.

The *Flower and Vegetable Garden*, 175 Pages, Six Colored Plates, and many hundred Engravings. For 50 cents in paper covers; $1.00 in elegant cloth. In German or English.

Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine—32 Pages, a Colored Plate in every number and many fine Engravings. Price $1.25 a year; Five Copies for $5.00. Specimen Numbers sent for 10 cents; 3 trial copies for 25 cents. Address,

JAMES VICK,
Rochester, N. Y.

Land For Sale.

TWENTY-ONE (21) Building Lots for sale in the Village of Madoc, laid out on Park Lots 3 and 4, and known as "Norman's Hill."

Enquire of Captain Norman, Millbridge, or the undersigned,

CHARLES GREAM.

Madoc, September, 1879. 131

LOTS FOR SALE!

In the Northern part of the Village of Madoc, (Russel Estate.)

AT MODERATE PRICES. Terms—one quarter cash, balance in three equal annual payments, 7 per cent interest on unpaid balance. Expenses of conveyancing to be paid by purchasers to vendor's solicitor, (Morgan Jellett, Esq., Belleville.)

Apply to S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL, Montreal. 11

Stoves & Tinware.

If you want good

COOKING, BOX, OR PARLOR STOVES

CALL AT GEO. CHOWN'S,

Division Street, Reed's Block,

Where you will find a good assortment, together with all kinds of Tinware, on hand or made to order. Furnaces, Eavestrough, and all kinds of job work attended to. Remember the place, opposite Orr's blacksmith shop.

22 GEORGE CHOWN.

MONEY TO LOAN!

THE CANADA

LANDED CREDIT COMPANY,

TORONTO, ONT.

To Farmers of Madoc and Vicinity:

Do you want to pay off a Mortgage?
To build a new House or Barn?
To make improvements by fencing or clearing?
Or, for any other purpose?

APPLY TO

The Canada Landed Credit Company,

EIGHT PER CENT. INTEREST

and ample time given, with privilege of paying as soon as you please.

For further particulars apply to

A. F. WOOD,
MADOC.

Madoc April 2nd, 1877. 1

Loans made outside the Company if required, at long or short dates.

A. F. WOOD.

BUSINESS NOTICE!

The Boot and Shoe business formerly carried on by

MR. LOUIS WEISS, SEN.,

will be in the future conducted by his son,

E. L. WEISS,

with whom all outstanding accounts must be settled

Within Sixty Days,

and all business transacted in the future.

Boots and Shoes

MADE OF

FIRST-CLASS STOCK,

and a fit guaranteed.

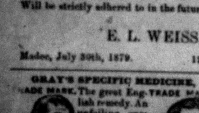
THE READY PAY SYSTEM

Will be strictly adhered to in the future.

E. L. WEISS.

Madoc, July 30th, 1879. 122

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.



TRADE MARK. The great Eng. TRADE MARK. lish remedy. An unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, and all diseases that follow as a sequence. **After Taking.** **Before Taking.** of self-abuse, as loss of memory, universal lassitude, pain in the back, dimness of vision, premature old age, and many other diseases that lead to insanity or consumption, and a premature grave. ☞ Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at $1 per package, or six packages for $5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO.,
Toronto, Ont., Canada.

☞ Sold in Madoc and everywhere in Canada and the United States, by all wholesale and retail druggists.

N. B.—The demands of our business have necessitated our removing to Toronto, to which place please address all future communications.

$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for our free private terms and particulars, which we mail free. $5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ORANGE LODGES.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
O. RUPERT, Sec'y, Madoc P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Tuesday in each month.
C. DONALDSON, Sec'y, Millbridge.

NUGENTSVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
HENRY BENTLEY, Sec'y, York River P.O.

DOWNEY'S L. O. LODGE, No. 425,
Held on the first Tuesday in each month.
FRANK H. GAUEN, Sec'y, Ivanhoe P. O.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
W. J. WIGGINS, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

MADOC LODGE, No. 321.
Meets the first Wednesday in each month.
W. BRISTOL, Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every second Monday in each month.
R. S. ALLEN, Secretary, Cooper P. O.

HAZZARD'S CORNERS LODGE, No. 1133.
Meets first Friday in each month.
R. KEENE, Secretary, Madoc P. O.

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. SOLMES, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT NO. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

NORTH HASTINGS CO. ORANGE LODGE.
M. BRISTOL, Co. Master, Madoc P. O.
JAS. A. ORR, Co. Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

Hearts of Oak Lodge,
No. 139. O. Y. B.

A REGULAR meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Lodge-room, Madoc, **On Thursday Evening, February 5th,** at 7.30 o'clock. A full attendance requested.

FRED. B. TABEE, Secretary.

MADOC LODGE

No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on

Monday Evening, Feb. 2nd,

At 8 o'clock.

J. MOUNCEY, Rec. Secretary.

MADOC LODGE, NO. 48
A. F. & A. M.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Masonic Hall,

On Tuesday, Jan. 27th,

at the hour of 7:30 p. m. A general attendance of members is requested. Visitors are cordially invited. By order,

JAMES O'HARA, Jr., Secretary.

B. & N. H. RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

On and after Monday, November 3rd, trains will run as follows:

Going South—Train leaves *Madoc* at 8 a.m., arriving in Belleville at 10.

Going North—Leaves Belleville at 3 p. m., arriving at *Madoc* at 5.55.

Belleville time.

R. LUTTRELL,
General Superintendent.

The new Valentines direct from England have arrived at J. G. Deans' Drug Store.

Village Council.

Regular meeting of the Village Council on Monday Evening next, at 7.30 o'clock.

The Latest.

"Let us see your gold dust," or, "Your givin' us iron ore," are the latest expressions around Madoc.

County Orange Lodge.

The annual meeting of the North Hastings County Orange Lodge will be held at Stirling on Tuesday next, February 3rd, at 2 o'clock p. m. There will undoubtedly be a large attendance.

N. H. Teachers' Association.

The first convention of the above association for the present year will be held in the village of Stirling, on Saturday next, 31st inst. An attractive programme has been prepared, and no doubt there will be a good attendance of teachers.

Ocher.

Specimens of red and yellow ocher from the Wallbridge mines in this township were sent to-day to Messrs. Clark & Co., Chemists, Belleville, where they will be placed on exhibition. This article is in great demand as a fire-proof paint, and we are informed the supply at the above mines appears inexhaustible.

A Striking Contrast.

A subscriber at Tweed P. O. has paid,—in cash,—for the REVIEW to the first of January, 1882. Here is an example which might be followed with profit to all concerned, by a large number of our subscribers, many of whom are owing us from April 1st, 1877, when this paper was first started. Who will be the next to do likewise.

Insurance.

We would direct the attention of our readers and those who contemplate having their lives or property insured, to the card of D. Stockton Jenkins of this village, in another column. Mr. Jenkins represents two of the soundest British Companies doing business in Canada, and insurers can rely on having their claims promptly and satisfactorily adjusted.

Excursion.

On Friday evening, February 6th, a special train will be run from this village to Belleville to afford all who may wish the opportunity to attend the Opera in that city, the occasion being the visit of Miss Neilson, the celebrated Actress, who will play *Rosalind* in "As You Like It." The train will leave at 6 p. m., and the fare for the round trip is $1.00. Full information may be obtained by applying to Mr. Dunn, Station Agent.

An Untimely Visitor.

Mr. N. Bridoil, who lives a short distance from this village, a few days ago discovered a live mosquito in his house, as lively, healthy and apparently as happy as a person could possibly be expected to wish one of these annoying little insects to be. We presume Mr. B. at once clubbed it to death with a stick; if he did not he ought to have, as the "critter" certainly deserved it for venturing out at such an inopportune season of the year.

Mental Labor at School.

Here is an item for School Trustees and Teachers which, perhaps, may afford them a subject of consideration:—Dr. Clark, the Superintendent of the Toronto lunatic asylum, and an eminent authority on the subject, says the "unwritten mental and over-strain to which school children are subjected, is a pregnant source of mental and physical deterioration." "He is right, beyond doubt," adds the *Mail*. "The common school curriculum is far too elaborate; it induces superficiality, and encourages forcing and cramming, and in nine cases out of ten the pupil finds three-fifths of it useless in after life."

North Hastings Agricultural Society.

The annual meeting of the above Society was held at Lake's, on Wednesday, 21st inst. The following officers were elected:—John M. Ashley, President; William Kingston, First Vice-President; James Foster, Second Vice-President; Peter Fergey, Secretary; Thomas Enos, Treasurer; Directors—James Haggerty, W. T. Bird, Peter Fergey, Francis Taylor, Thomas Enos, John Gordon, John McCaw, jr., Sandford Caverly, and W. H. Chapman. Auditors—J. C. Wilson and Sylvester Holden.

LEAP YEAR.—Call in and see the new Valentines at Deans' Drug Store.

O. Y. B. District Meeting.

Ahe annual meeting of the South Hastings Orange Young Briton District was held at Foxboro, on the 16th of January, when the following officers were elected for the present year:—Thomas Maney, Foxboro, W. M.; Johiel Heagle, Trenton, D. M.; Alva E. Ross, Secretary; William McCoy, Belleville, Treas.; William Pringle, Belleville, Chaplain; Lewis Eggleton, Foxboro, D. of C. At the close of the meeting the Foxboro brethren entertained their visitors to an oyster supper at the Dominion Hotel, which, it is needless to say, was served up in excellent style.

Magistrates' Court.

On Saturday the 24th the "Chief" in the discharge of his duty brought before A. F. Wood, J. P., two parties having a very marked Israelitish appearance, for a contravention of By-law No. 240, of the County of Hastings, which prohibits parties from hawking goods without a license,—the license being $25 if party travels on foot;—with one horse, $75;—two horses, $100. Both made a strong appeal to be "let off" on the plea of "ignorance of the law." On examining into the case, however, their ignorance was not so apparent as they evidently wished it to appear, and a fine of $5 each with costs was inflicted, one half of the fine under the By-law going to the informant. After judgment was given, one of the parties expressed strong feeling against the "Chief" but the other laid the blame on the merchants and stated he "would rent a store for a year and show them where cheap clothing came from." The names of the parties were Abraham Harris, and Henry Starr.

Important to Cheese Companies.

We notice by the Campbellford *Herald* that a meeting of delegates from the various cheese manufacturing companies of the township of Seymour was held in that village on the 12th inst., to "take action to establish or get established some other more equitable way of selling the ensuing season's make of cheese, than that which has hitherto prevailed in this district." After considerable discussion as to the necessity of having a weekly market in some central position, the following resolution, the object of which we trust will be carried out and result to the material advantage of the cheese trade in this section, was unanimously carried:—"That the Secretary of this meeting is hereby authorized to confer with the Presidents of the several cheese manufacturing companies of the County of Hastings, asking them to attend a meeting in Belleville, on Monday, the 9th day of February next, at 11 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of taking such action as in their opinion may be necessary in order to secure a weekly cheese market at Belleville."

Madoc Model School.

On Monday morning last, the school Board was called together to investigate a most disgraceful matter. The walls and doors of the water-closet were found disfigured with profane remarks, and obscure drawings, the floors and seats soiled in the most abominable way, the windows broken and some of the fixtures wantonly injured. The fences about the grounds were also marked and written upon; the outbuildings on the girls' side of the school ground had been invaded and treated in a similar way, and the walls of some of the class rooms had not escaped the same disfiguration. The boys of the school were collected in the large room of the third division, and addressed by the Chairman of the Board, the Treasurer, and Inspector Mackintosh. The disgraceful nature of what had been done was plainly stated to them, and they were no less plainly informed of the determination, in which the members of the Board were unanimous, that such conduct should be put a stop to, no matter at what expense or trouble. Although there was little hope that those concerned in such acts would have the manliness to acknowledge them and thus remove suspicion from the rest of the school, they were nevertheless allowed an opportunity of doing so, but did not avail themselves of it. Others who had any knowledge of the affair were invited to volunteer a statement to the Board, but these showed the same lack of manliness as the young blackguards who had done the deed. The Board then withdrew to another room and the pupils were called in one at a time and carefully questioned. After four or five hours spent in this way sufficient evidence was obtained to directly inculpate six pupils, who were suspended from the privileges of the school for two weeks. Facts of importance in many other respects were also elicited and in case of further trouble the Board will be able to indicate the probable culprits with very little difficulty. Among other evils truancy was found to be still practiced by some of the pupils, while others, by beating those smaller than themselves, were endeavoring, to inaugurate a terrorism amongst the junior classes which should deter them from exposing the transgressions of their seniors. One of the saddest features of the investigation was the evident untruthfulness of many of those who were questioned, and the readiness with which they resorted to falsehood either to conceal their own misdeeds or screen their school-mates. It was gratifying, however, to learn as one result of the investigation that the evil spirit of blackguardism has as yet taken possession of but a small number of our school-boys, and it is to be hoped that those who are thus far free from suspicion will take a more manly stand henceforward and refuse to imperil their own good name by screening the perpetrators of such disgusting crimes.

The Board is anxious that the parents of the Section shall aid by their influence to inculcate a code of morals among the pupils in which truthfulness shall be a more conspicuous feature. The Board is determined to stamp out blackguardism from the school at whatever cost. Any repetition of offences such as called for the investigation of last Monday will be prosecuted before a magistrate and the culprit sent to a reformatory prison, while those boys who endeavor to screen their comrades by withholding evidence will be taught that the law of the land ranks such conduct as a crime and treats it accordingly.

TOWNSHIP COUNCIL.

The Council met at Eldorado, on Monday, 19th inst. After the members had taken the necessary oaths of qualification and office, the Reeve called the Council to order and addressed them on the business of the session.

Minutes of last meeting were read and approved.

Moved by Mr. McLeroy, seconded by Mr. Thompson, that Walker Unwin be appointed auditor on behalf of the Council.—Carried. The Reeve appointed James Caskey.

Moved by Mr. Caskey, seconded by Mr. Broad, that Samuel McMechan and John Long be the Assessors for the year 1880, at a salary of $30 each.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. McLeroy, seconded by Mr. Thompson, that Thomas Allen collect all the taxes east of the Hastings Road for the sum of $35, and that Donald Nicholson collect all the taxes west of the Hastings Road at a salary of $25.

It was moved in amendment by Mr. Caskey, seconded by Mr. Broad, that Thomas Allen collect all the taxes east of the line between the 5th and 6th concessions, at a salary of $40, and that Donald Nicholson collect all the taxes west of the line between the 5th and 6th concessions, at a salary of $30. The amendment was carried.

Moved by Mr. McLeroy, seconded by Mr. Thompson, that Robert Bonnside be Road Surveyor, at $1.25 per day.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. McLeroy, seconded by Mr. Broad, that the Reeve and Clerk be authorized to sign the petition to be presented to the Government, asking aid to the Toronto and Ottawa Railway, and affix the seal thereto.—Carried.

Petitions were presented from Henry Elliot, Coe & Mitchell, and A. H. Wallbridge, asking to have the privilege of mining on road allowances between 5th and 6th concessions, lots 12 and 13. Received and laid over to next meeting.

Moved and seconded that this Council adjourned to the third Monday in February.

MARMORA ITEMS.

SIR,—As you do not receive any regular correspondence from Marmora, I thought that I should like to give you an account of some things that have transpired lately. To begin with, our tea-meeting is over, which was one of the largest and most influential gatherings that has assembled for some time. The Town Hall was crowded to overflowing with people of almost every class. There were those who pride themselves as being "above everybody," who think that they represent "a higher class of manhood—a nobler race." There were the "slaves of fashion," the coldfish aristocracy, (may I call it); to see some of them walk, you would think they were walking on eggs. There were also those who are of a more humble turn of mind, who do not hold their heads "quite so high." But after all when the receipts of the evening were made up, were found to be $106, which was presented to the worthy pastor, Rev. S. McCauley, whose labors on this circuit are fully appreciated. May he long remain to labor among us.

The foolish and depraved portion of our village have adopted a new (that is, new in these parts) mode of amusement, that of cock-fighting, which will not tend to anything good. Poor, deluded beings, was it for this they were brought into the world? Is it any wonder they should be visited by any calamity, such as small pox, last winter. Would they like it to again come in their midst? No. It would put a stop to their cock-fighting, horse-racing, &c., in a way they would not like. Still with the lesson they had last winter, they are going into these things as strong as ever. Perhaps they will see the "error of their ways."

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, let me draw the attention of the public to a long felt want, viz., that of a direct mail route to Madoc. Now I know of a place 8 miles from Madoc, (the Dean & Williams mine,) from where a letter has to travel 60 miles to get to your village by mail. Can not something be done to draw the attention of the postal authorities to this important project. Wishing to the REVIEW every success as a paper to suit our wants. More anon.

MARMORA.

January 19th, 1880.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

A very unseemly exhibition took place last evening in the lower part of the village. I do not care to be unnecessarily severe in my condemnation of it, for the reason that, evidently, the principal parties engaged thought there was no harm in it, but at the same time this does not make the affair less disgraceful. I would ask these parties what they think would be the opinion of a stranger coming into the village to see a large crowd of men and boys assembled to witness a horse race through one of its principal streets—to say nothing of the danger to life and limb by the furious driving. There is something interesting in good horses and good horsemanship, but the exhibition of last night did not even have the redeeming features of speedy horses or skilful drivers. In some respects horse-racing bears some resemblance to prize-fighting, the difference last night being in the drivers beating their unfortunate horses instead of each other; but the language used was the slang and oaths of the prize ring. I hope it will not occur again, but if it does, and I wish to give fair warning, the necessary steps will be taken to prevent its recurrence.

Yours truly,

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, January 27th, 1880.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

SIR,—I am glad you have again called attention to the question of a Registry Office for this village, and your correspondent deserves the thanks of the community for having reminded you of it. As to assistance from any one outside of the region benefitted, I think need not be looked for. When Dr. Boulter was a candidate at the last election he fought shy of this question. The truth of the matter is Stirling is unreasonably jealous of everything that appertains to Madoc—political, municipal, and educational. Why it should be so no one can understand, for very little, if any, of this sort of feeling exists in Madoc towards Stirling. But they may as well possess their souls in patience. It is only a matter of time when Madoc will become the County Town, and with it the Registry Office, as a matter of course. I agree with you that the danger lies not so much with our surroundings in the northern part of the County as in Belleville. We need expect nothing from the representative of North Hastings in the Local Legislature. His whole feeling seems—to be let along quietly; very much exertion seems contrary to his nature. So long as he is allowed to occupy the position of representative he will be happy, and why should not we. The long and short of it is, we must depend on ourselves. Your suggestion is a good one—let the Reeve call a public meeting and have this matter discussed; then decide upon a course of action, and bring our influence to bear upon the Government. A year has been wasted since this matter was agitated before. Whatever delay may take place in getting a separate County, there is no need of delay in having a Registry Office.

Yours, &c.,

GO-AHEAD.

First-class Family Flour for $3 per cwt., at Rollins' Flour and Feed Store, Victoria Block.

CHEAP AND PRETTY.—English Valentines in the newest styles from 3 cts. to 75 cts., at Deans' Drug Store.

MARRIED.

LANGMAN—HOUTLER.—On the evening of January 25th, by the Rev. James Macfarlane, at the Methodist Parsonage, Mr. Enos Langman, of Stirling, to Miss Margaret Houtler, of Marmora.

PORK and BACON

200 Bbls. of Pork

Heavy New Canadian Mess,

—ALSO—

10,000 lbs. Long Clear Bacon,

FOR SALE BY

W. R. McRAE,

146-3m BELLEVILLE.

Madoc Markets

Flour, per bbl	$6 00 to $0 00
Wheat, per bushel	1 25 to 0 30
Rye, "	0 65 to 0 00
Oats, "	0 40 to 0 00
Barley, "	0 40 to 0 00
Peas, "	0 65 to 0 00
Potatoes, "	0 30 to 0 00
Eggs, per doz	0 14 to 0 00
Butter, per lb	0 15 to 0 00
Hides, per cwt	6 50 to 0 00

FARM FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale his farm of 100 acres, being composed of Lots Nos. 1 and 2, 1st con., township of Herschel. On the premises are erected a good log house, new frame barn, and other outbuildings. A never failing spring of water close to the house.—Terms easy, and title indisputable. Apply to the proprietor on the premises, or by letter to

GODFREY GEBAL,
104 York River P. O.

HARNESS! HARNESS!

P. SINCLAIR

HAS REMOVED HIS HARNESS SHOP TO

DALE'S BLOCK!

GRAIN, GRAIN!

MR. A. F. WOOD

WOULD take this means of announcing to the farmers in this vicinity, that as soon as he can get the Storehouse, which he has secured from Mr. Thos. Cross, fitted up, he will be in the market as a buyer of all kinds of grain, for which, as heretofore, he will be prepared to pay the highest prices.

December 23rd, 1879.

E. L. WEISS,

Watchmaker

AND

Jeweler,

MADOC, ONT.

A GOOD STOCK OF

WATCHES,

CLOCKS, and

JEWELRY,

ALWAYS ON HAND,

CHEAP FOR CASH.

ESTRAY STEER.

LOST, about the middle of May last, a three-year-old Steer, dark red color, with scar on one flank. Any person giving information leading to its recovery will be suitably rewarded.

THOS. McNAMARA,
Lot No. 3, 10th con., Madoc.
January 1st, 1880. 144-tf

Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

HOME-MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

—AT—

MORRICE'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS

in all the different styles and sizes.

☞ CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.

MADOC

Flour & Feed Store

I BEG to announce to the citizens of Madoc and the public generally, that I have opened out in the

VICTORIA BLOCK

a first-class Grocery, Flour and Feed Store, and am now fully prepared to attend to the wants of customers.

CHOICE FAMILY FLOUR,

CORNMEAL,

OATMEAL,

BUCKWHEAT FLOUR,

BRAN, SHORTS,

AND

CRACKED FEED

of every description, kept constantly on hand.

PRIME MESS PORK,

By the barrel or pound.

GROCERIES,

CONSISTING OF

Teas, Sugars, Raisins, Currants,

SPICES, TOBACCOS, &c., &c.

Highest Cash Price Paid

FOR ALL KINDS OF GRAIN.

All goods purchased from me will be delivered free to any part of the village.

TERMS - CASH.

ROBERT ROLLINS.

Madoc, December 10th, 1879.

Boots!! Boots!!

TO THE PUBLIC:

THE undersigned wishes to inform his friends and the public generally that he has lately opened a Boot and Shoe Shop in the Village of Madoc, and is prepared to execute all orders in the above line in a first-class manner and at low rates. Particular attention given to repairing and all kinds of custom work. Give me a call.

M. RAE.

Shop—Directly opposite Bristol's Carriage Works. 141

FINAL NOTICE!!

I have fully made up my mind to change my Credit business to the Ready Pay System, by Cash or Produce taken in exchange for goods, considering it better for both myself and customers.

I close my Books on the 15th day of November, inst., and all parties indebted to me are requested to call and settle at once, or costs will be made.

G. M. BROOKS.

Madoc, Nov. 5th, 1879.

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

U CAN GET

BETTER

FURNITURE,

AND

MORE OF IT,

For Less Money

—AT—

M. MAYBEE'S,

than at any shop in the County.

CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

UNDERTAKING

ALL SIZES OF

Coffins & Caskets

KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Robes, Shrouds,

AND

FUNERAL FURNISHINGS.

M. MAYBEE.

Madoc, April 22nd, 1879.

MADOC PLANING MILL.

The undersigned having removed their Planing Mills from Bridgewater to the Village of Madoc, and fitted up a

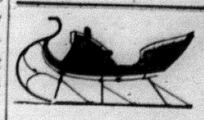
Planing Mill, Door, Sash and Blind Factory,

are now prepared to do all work in our line with promptness and despatch.

CUSTOM PLANING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

KERRS & WALTON.

Madoc, June 29th, 1879.



CUTTERS, CUTTERS, CUTTERS.

LOTS OF CUTTERS FOR SALE AT

BRISTOL'S.

First-Class Timber, and Well Ironed, With Steel Shoes.

SOME AS LOW IN PRICE AS $25.

—ALSO—

FIRST-CLASS SLEIGHS FOR SALE CHEAP.

Madoc, January 1st, 1880.

NEW GOODS,

at Low Prices

AT

JOHN ROBERTSON'S.

This Great Household Medicine Ranks among the leading necessaries of life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on

The Liver, Stomach, Kidneys,

and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the world.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers,

it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even Asthma. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

GOUT, RHEUMATISM,

And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured only at

533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON,

And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered in Ottawa; hence, any one throughout the British possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

CALL FOR THE GREAT

SIERRA NEVADA SMOKING!

At C. G. Wilson's Drug Store, one of the most delicious aromas ever smoked. Cures colds, catarrh, asthma, and all bronchial complaints. Singers and speakers use it smokefully. M. L. SMITH, Athens, Ont.

FOUND!

—AT—

C. G. WILSON'S

Drug Store.

THE FINEST LOT OF

XMAS CARDS

AND

SCENT SATCHETS

IN TOWN. ALSO ALL SIZES OF

Autograph Albums,

Purses, Brushes,

Perfumery, &c.,

FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

$1500 TO $5,000 A YEAR, or $5 to $20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Any one can do the work. You can make from 50 cts. to $5 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. I create nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth $5 also free; you can then make up your mind for yourself. Address GEO. STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

57. CATHARINES NURSERIES.

A full assortment of splendid

FRUIT & ORNAMENTAL TREES.

ORDERS BY MAIL receive careful and prompt attention.

AGENTS WANTED!

To take Orders in every part of the country. PAY LIBERAL.

DEALERS!

Should call and see the Stock—it is unsurpassed. Prices as low as in the States, thereby saving the duty of twenty per cent.

Address,

D. W. BEADLE,
St. Catharines.

146 6m

A NEMESIS IN PETTICOATS.

How a Woman Has Tracked Her Brother's Murderers.

Ellen Dupree's Remarkable Story of Five Years' Thrilling Adventure—If True, She is a Wonderful Woman—If not, a Phenomenal Liar.

(From the Kansas City Times.)

In yesterday's *Times* mention was made of a woman, calling herself Mrs. Ella Dupree, with a wonderful story, a small part of which she related to the Chief of Police, and was in effect that she was chasing a man who murdered her brother five years ago last April. From the facts which she asserted there were only two conclusions to be drawn, and these conclusions were that she was either a phenomenal liar or a most wonderful woman.

Her story is told in her own words, and is to the following effect:—

"My husband was Surgeon Dupree of the Regular United States Army, and he died some years ago. I have a daughter at present in Denver. She is 16 years of age, and very pretty. Five years ago, in Houston, Texas, in the month of April, I was stopping at the Hutchins House, and was expecting the arrival of my brother, J. W. Laforce. Before his arrival I heard of a homelike boarding house, below the Masonic Temple and sent my negro servant to secure rooms there, as I thought it would be a pleasant place to welcome my brother. A few days afterward he arrived from Kansas City. He had a large sum on money—nearly $11,000—with him, which fact became known to three desperate characters, who laid a plan to kill and rob him as he was crossing one of the two bridges. One of the men Charley Howard, watched the iron bridge over the bayous, and met my brother. He sprang upon him and foully murdered him, stabbing him in several places, after which he secured the money and threw the body into the bayou. Some days afterward the body was found and recognized by me. To render it more terrible, it was committed by a man whom my brother had educated and lavished money upon as he would on a son. I found out the names of the three men upon whom the crime rested, and swore an oath that I would follow them to the death. That was five years ago, and I am still on the trail. While pursuing my self-imposed task I became acquainted with every outlaw of note from Denver to the Rio Grande, and have friends among them, hundreds I might say, who would dare anything for me in return for what I have done for them.

"At one time I visited the camp of the famous outlaw Sam Bass. It was in Indian Territory, and I boldly went into his camp and presented to him letters of recommendation from mutual friends. I sat on a stump some distance from the fire and held a long conversation with him. Charley Howard, my brother's murderer, was also there, but did not recognize me, as I wore a false beard and was dressed in men's clothing. Bass took my letters, and went to the fire to read them. When he returned I asked him if he knew me. He said he did not, when, with one sweep I tore the disguise away and let my hair down. He stepped back and surveyed me, after which he passed a compliment on my bravery. Collins, afterward concerned in the great Union Pacific robbery at Big Springs, was also my friend. There was another man in the gang—a young man named Bill Scott; also a man named Frank Snow. On account of information which I gave Bass he discharged five of his men, Charley Howard among the number. This was what I planned for, but I did not make anything out of it. Snow was suspected by Bass, who feared that he meant to give them away, which he could easily do. The gang had their programme arranged to the most minute particulars for months ahead, and, as Snow had the knowledge of even where the gang would be at certain hours they resolved to get rid of him as an easier task than changing the programme. By substituting another man's clothes for Snow's while he slept, the latter, when waking, put them on and was immediately arrested and placed in an underground cell in Sherman, where the heat was so great that the skin upon his hands cracked open. When it was learned by the officers that the prisoner knew of Bass's movements, he was treated better, in hopes that he would squeal. From Snow I learned of the future movements of the Bass gang. Their intention was to kill and rob an old man who possessed a large sum of money, and lived near Fort Worth. I hired out to him and saved his life. They also intended killing a planter who lived on outskirts of Eagle Ford. I knew of their plans, even to knowing under what bushes in the yard they would conceal themselves. I took supper with the planter on the night of the proposed robbery and saved him. I knew in advance of the Mesquit robbery, the Eagle Ford affair, the robbery of the First National Bank of Dallas and the Post Office at Shreveport. I further know where there is a peach basket full of money, the fruit of the famous stage coach robbery in the Black Hills. It is in gold and silver, and buried in a certain spot.

"A second time I entered Bass' camp secretly, and lay in the brush looking at Howard, who was fashioning a wooden sword out of red cedar. Howard afterward went out with the militia after Bass, as a blind, he being a member of the gang all the time. I was shot once by Howard, and have been shot altogether some five times, ruining my health and reducing me from 200 pounds weight to what I am—almost a skeleton. For a long time I did not believe that Howard was the one who actually murdered my brother. I suspected another man of the trio. I traced him down and found him dying. I ran a great risk, but he told me all. He said Howard watched from the bridge, and the other two went to look for him at the remaining bridge, over which it was thought he would come. Contrary to expectations he was met by Howard. The fight was desperate, and the victim fought bravely in the dusk, while the murderous knife was plunged into his body seven times. The dying man fully described the thrilling fight and fixed the crime on Howard. Soon after the murder a man named Voorhees, one of the three murderers, passed through Kansas City, and is at present in Toledo, O. My husband was well known on the lower river, having been captain on the ill-fated Sultana, on which so many lives were lost.

A part of my life I have been in Mexico, where I was constantly engaged with the revolutionists. I am endeavoring at present to raise money with which to liberate Marian Iznovoda, the Mexican General, who is chained down in a dungeon with six other captives. At one time I possessed the coat worn by Maximilian when he was killed. It is in the French Museum at Paris, France. I also owned a knife which belonged to the Emperor, but it was stolen from me when I was drugged in St. Louis. In my search I found myself in St. Louis, last August. I stopped at the St. James Hotel. During the latter part of the month I took medical baths in a bath-house not far from the hotel. One day I took some tea that was offered me by the attendant, and in a short time my tongue swelled up, my mouth became dry, and I became unconscious. I was insensible twenty-four hours, and my life was preserved by a miracle. While in this condition I was robbed of $1,000, leaving me in straitened circumstances. Stiles, of St. Louis, chief of detectives, treated me shamefully; but I'll get even with him. I could have obtained some money next day, but unfortunately necessary papers had been stolen which prevented me from getting it."

There are a number of things in addition to the foregoing which were told to the reporter, but are not ready for publication. The recital occupied nearly three hours' time; although cross-questioned the speaker did not vary a particle. The reporter left the parlor in a whirl, with brain dazed at the recital. Inquiries have been made, and should her story be verified the remainder of the tale, which is more remarkable than the introduction, will be given to the public.

A NEW CEREAL FOR THE WEST.

In the regions of Western Kansas, where there is liable to be a lack of rainfall in any season, and where the corn especially must have plenty of moisture to produce a crop in paying quantities, a grain that will not merely be a succedaneum, but will absolutely take the place of corn, has been experimented with during the past three seasons, and it is believed to be demonstrated beyond a doubt that it will add very much to the value of western lands.

The grain is called here Egyptian, or rice corn, and, so far as known, has not been cultivated in any other part of the United States. The seed was obtained from the display made by the Egyptian Government at the Centennial Exposition. The name is derived from the resemblance of the grain to rice, and, so far as it has been experimented with, has proved a success, both in wet and dry seasons. While growing, this crop can hardly be distinguished from sorghum; the seed forms at the top of the stalk in large bunches, and, as it ripens and gets heavier, bends over and hangs down, not unlike a cluster of grapes. It belongs to the sugar-cane family, and is cultivated in the same manner and as easily as sorghum or broom corn. One bushel of the seed is sufficient for five acres, and is has been put in here with a wheat drill. In harvesting the heads only are gathered, and a good threshing machine will clean ready for market two thousands bushels a day. The specimens raised this year weigh sixty pounds to the bushel. The yield per acre in 1878 was from sixty to seventy-five bushels. This season, which, as said above, has been a very dry one, the yield was forty to forty five bushels per acre. No scientific analysis has been made of this new grain as yet; indeed, it is scarcely known, except in some two or three counties in Western Kansas, where it has been grown by several farmers who desired to find some grain that would serve in the place of corn as food for stock. The trial by these men has satisfied them that for horses, cattle, sheep, or swine, it is superior to maize, and farm animals to which it is fed give it the preference to corn, when both are laid before them. When ground into meal the rice corn is about equal to a mixture one-third wheat flour and two-thirds corn-meal.

The value of this new grain to the people of Western Kansas can hardly be estimated, when considered a sure yield in any season, and it will enable the stock raiser to fatten his herds at home instead of shipping them east, as has heretofore being mostly the custom for fattening. The vast plains in the western portion of this state, so celebrated as grazing grounds by reason of the buffalo grass with which they are covered, and its excellent climate, will be doubly valuable if further experiment confirms the value of the hitherto unknown grain.—*Letter to Chicago Times.*

OUR SPECIAL COLUMN.

Alexander Dumas has come out in favor of divorce, and argues that the Church while reproving the principle admitted the practice.

The poet Laureate, Tennyson, has written a one-act play, "The Falcon," which, like his "Queen Mary," is destined to fail. Mr. Tennyson is not a dramatist, and is not likely ever to write a successful play.

M. Emile De Girardin, the well known editor of *La France*, is about to withdraw from journalistic life. In politics he has been on all sides, but has never had his equal as a political writer in France.

The popular preacher of the day, in London, England, is the Rev. Douglas Scott.

The most popular lady writer in America just now, is the author of "An Earnest Trifler." She is said to be young, pretty and country bred.

The Leipzic newspaper, the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, has been discontinued, after an existence of forty years. Want of support is the cause of its discontinuance.

Mr. Allibone's new work, "Great Authors of all Ages," does not meet with approval from the critics, because it is deficient in respect to the authors treated of in its pages, many of much eminence being omitted. The work is pretentious, but its shortcomings will operate against it.

The latest biography of John Milton is from the pen of the Rev. Mark Pattison, and it forms one of the volumes of "English Men of Letters." It is considered a very excellent work.

The fable of the ass kicking the dead lion was never more clearly exemplified than in the case of Col. Forney in his insane ravings against the recently dead Mr. Arthur Roebuck, of whom Canada knew something, but nothing to his advantage, for his interference was in behalf of the rebels of 1837. Mr. Forney denounces Mr. Roebuck because he happened to sympathize with the South in the late rebellion. Mr. Roebuck was like many others; his sympathy was with the weak against the strong, but Mr. Forney is not justified in speaking of him as an "envenomed Tory," or as the utterer of "brutal language." Mr. Roebuck was incapable of being brutal, and Mr. Forney ought to know that his political views were decidedly radical. By way of giving force to his condemnation of Mr. Roebuck, Mr. Forney says, "This man Roebuck died in London on the 1st of Dec., and was succeeded by a genuine Liberal." Of that Mr. Forney knows nothing beyond hearsay, for he has no means of knowing anything about the political character of Mr. Roebuck's successor in the representation of Leeds.

In a work entitled "Politicians of To-day," by Mr. T. Wemyss Reid, the author places a high estimate upon M. Gambetta, the famous French politician. He thus pictures him as an orator:

"I have heard the voices of many great orators in my time. I have often listened to Bright before he betrayed that huskiness of tone which now distresses him whenever he speaks. Many a time have I sat entranced whilst the mellow, rounded and most melodious tones of Gladstone have rung clear and high above the din of stormy factions in the House of Commons. I have heard Spurgeon at his best, letting every man in his vast Tabernacle hear each syllable as it fell from his lips. I remember, too, the mellifluous tones of Wilberforce, and I am familiar accents of Coleridge. But never have I heard speech like that of M. Gambetta—never have I heard a voice of such compass, emphasis, flexibility and power."

Prince Bismarck fares worse than the Frenchman, for Mr. Reid calls him "one of the last of the great race of Protestant Tory despots who have been so conspicuous in the world's affairs, but who will soon happily be numbered among the extinct races of mankind." This is liberalism with a vengeance. It is not likely, however, that the great German chancellor will fall beneath the Radical truncheon of his bitter critic. The author has made a great mistake in classing her Majesty and the Prince of Wales among the "Politicians of to-day." He should have known better than drag in their names as he has done. The book is not likely to create a sensation.

Charles Lamb was unrivalled in his day as an essayist and humorist. He was born in 1775, and died in 1834, after a chequered and eventful life. He was thirty-three years' a clerk in the India House, and lived with his mother and sister, the latter murdering the former during a fit of insanity. She recovered her senses through the mild treatment of her brother, who devoted years to her care. Lamb's tombstone bears the following epitaph, written by the Rev. H. F. Carry:

"Farewell, dear friend! that smile, that harmless mirth,
No more shall gladden our domestic hearth;
That rising tear, with pain forbid to flow,
Better than words, no more assuage our woe.
That hand outstretched from small but well-earned store
Yields succor to the destitute no more.
Yet art thou not all lost; through many an age,
With sterling sense and humor, shall thy page
Win many an English bosom, pleased to see
That old and happier vein revived in thee.
This for our earth; and if with friends we share,
Our joys in heaven, we hope to meet thee there."

The origin of the *Edinburgh Review* is not generally known, although the proposed motto is familiar to many. The plan was suggested by Sydney Smith in Jeffery's lodgings in Edinburgh. The motto proposed for it was "*Tenui musam meditamur avena*," meaning "We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal," which caused Byron to speak of the reviewers as an "oat-fed phalanx." But there was too much of the spirit of independence among them, and the motto was altered to "*Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur*"—"The judge is found guilty when a criminal is acquitted." The motto was taken from an author of whom Sydney Smith said none of the reviewers ever read a single line.

How few who read our great authors know what trouble it gives some of them to write. Alexander Pope published nothing until it had been a year or two before him. He once made so many corrections that his publisher preferred re-composing the matter. Goldsmith took four years to write his "Deserted Village," for he considered four lines a good day's work. Hume wrote his History of England on a sofa, and corrected every edition until his death. St. Pierre copied his "Paul and Virginian," that most charming of stories nine times. Rousseaux wrote his new "Heloise" on a fine gilt-edged card-paper, so that he might read them in the solitary woods.

A HUMAN LUCIFER MATCH.

Lighting gas with the finger is a feat anybody may perform. Let a person in his slippers, walk briskly over a woolen carpet, scuffing his feet thereon, or stand upon a chair, with its legs upon four tumblers to insulate it, and be there rubbed up and down on the body a few times with a muff by a second individual, and he will light his gas by simply placing his finger to the tube. It is only necessary to take the precaution not to touch anything or be touched by anybody during the trial of the experiment. The shock of electricity acquired by the process we have described is discharged by contact with another object. One person must turn on the gas while the other fires it.

—"If a man calls you a fool pass him by," says the Persian philosopher. That is, leave him lying on the ground.

—You may preach kitchen economy a lifetime and not get ahead unless you hide the towels and prevent the cook from using them as dish-cloths.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Seasonable Information for Tillers of the Soil.

Halter Pulling.

We never see a horse pulling at the halter whether from a viciousness or from a fear of being hurt, when a hand is put toward him, but we recall the advice which a correspondent of the New York *Observer* couched in a bit of experience which he related as follows: I took a good, well twisted cord, slightly thicker than a lead pencil, strong enough to bear some strain, yet not so large as to prevent it stinging a little, and of sufficient length, passed it under the tail, twisting it double to secure direct pull, as it ran over the back and under the saddle, and then an end through each bit ring, making there a simple slip-knot which would give at once upon tension, still keeping the cord in the ring, and running it beyond tied it tightly to the hitching post. I thus had him in fact tied up to the post by the tail. Then I tied him up by the bridle rein, shorter than by the cord, making the tie to the post with a slip-knot, which would give upon the least tug. The result was that as soon as left to himself he began to pull, the bridle slipped loose quietly, and before he got to the end; as he supposed, he brought up sharply against the now tightened cord, which stinging him severely, yet not cutting the skin under the tail, made it spring forward and away from "a fire in the rear." I repeated it again tying him up by the bridle but I had to back him the second time, and within fifteen minutes I couldn't force him back nor would he stir so as to tighten the bridle rein, although I flirted an umbrella and threw a robe in his face. He never again, while I knew him—for five years after—pulled on his halter.

Botts.

J. H. Wilson, London, Ont, President fo the Ontario Veterinary College, says: Botts are the larva of various species of the gadfly that pester and annoy the horse in the summer and autumn months by depositing their eggs on the long hairs underneath the jaws, on the breast, shoulder and forelimbs of the animal, thus placing the eggs in a proper position when matured to either drop into the animal's food, or be taken by the mouth into the stomach by the horse biting at his sides or limbs when the fly is about to deposit the egg. It is in this way that the fly or bott is preserved from one season to another, the stomach of the horse being provided by nature to protect them during the winter months. After hatching they are supplied with two sharp fangs or hooks, by which they attach themselves securely to the various coats of the stomach, more particularly in the right or pylaric region. The duodenum also is not unfrequently the seat of the bott. In this position they are nourished and fed by the various secretions of the stomach and fluid portions of the food until they become matured, which generally occurs in the months of May and June, when they suddenly let go their hold and pass off with the fæces, where they again undergo another change, and once more assume the parent fly. Great diversity of opinion exists as to whether botts do any harm or not. Some even go so far as to assert that they assist materially in digestion by their stimulating action on the secreting portion of the stomach. But in my opinion they frequently do much harm and mischief, that is, when they accumulate in large numbers and partially fill or block up the pyloric orifice, thereby preventing the food from passing out of the stomach into the duodenum.

Symptoms.—Botts are seldom recognized by any distinct signs, except that the animal is weak and easily fatigued. His coat is long and staring. The bowels are sometimes loose, and at other times constipated, but the surest sign of their presence is when they are found in the manure, which generally happens in the spring season. The reason attributed for their appearance at this particular time is that the time has arrived for them to quit their winter quarters and to be once more transformed from a grub to a fly.

Treatment.—The irritation caused by the presence of botts is not easily distinguished from other forms of indigestion; sometimes we have flatulency and at other times attacks of spasmodic colic. There is one thing certain, that we cannot kill the botts in the horse's stomach, as they will resist the strongest acids and alkalies, the most potent narcotics and mineral poisons, but if their presence should be suspected it would be well to feed the animal on soft, nutritious diet; also, a mild purgative, given occasionally, might do much in removing the mucous that is generally present in the bowels when the animal is troubled with parasites of any order whatever.

Sheep Raising.

A New Brunswick correspondent writes:—I am surprised that farmers do not keep more sheep, and also that some farmers do not keep sheep. On many farms the flocks are small, and some farmers have not a sheep to their names. A flock of sheep should be large enough to make it profitable to a ram, and there are few farms on which such a flock will not pay. I have met with farmers who have only two or three sheep, or none at all, who once kept a decent flock. When asked if sheep were profitable, the invariable reply has been that sheep paid about as well as anything else, if not better. The flock has somehow got run down. We cannot afford to neglect this or any other source of profit. Sheep are easily cared for. They are the pleasantest of all our live stock to handle. They will live on steep hillsides and other comparatively waste places. They do not require costly shelter in winter, an open shed being better for them than a close building. They require some attention at lambing time, but if the lambs come early, there is leisure to look after them. A flock soon multiplies, and with judicious management will improve from year to year. I know a farmer who, beginning with common ewes and using well bred rams, now owns a flock from which he has no difficulty in selling his surplus every fall to American buyers, at prices greatly in advance of what they are worth for mutton. He counts on there yearly sales as an important item of income.

Here are no extravagant figures, with the exception perhaps, of the wool item, which is higher than last season's prices would warrant. But if we reduce the wool item, there are still $120 profit on the investment of $115, upwards of 100 per cent. The cost of keep is but a little more than two cows, and from this would have to be deducted the value of manure. The sheep had good ordinary care, no petting. It is questionable if, for some time to come, wool will be as low in price as during the past season, so that there seems to be little or no risk about sheep raising.

How to Save Liquid Manure.

An inquiry has come to hand in regard to the value of liquid manure—the urine of domestic animals—and the simplest mode of saving it. When it is recollected that it is to the urine in it, that barnyard manure chiefly owes its fertilizing properties both as regards nitrogen and salts, the value of liquid excrementory matter will be appreciated. Some of the most eminent authorities deny that there is any available nitrogen in horse manure. In 100 pounds of barnyard manure when it has been properly cared for, as has been found by analyses, there are sixty five pounds of water. Of the remaining thirty-five pounds twenty-five are inert carbonaceous matter, leaving but 10 per cent. of inorganic substances and 0 6 of nitrogen as true fertilizing matters. This, it must be borne in mind, is based upon good manure, and not such as has been thrown from stables and subjected to sun and rain which drive out and leach out about everything which will cause a plant to grow, leaving little or nothing that is soluble. But urine, rotted with water contains a large quantity of nitrogen, and many valuable salts also, already dissolved and suitable at once for plant food. The urine of all animals is very much alike in chemical constituents. For preserving the liquid, various methods are employed. The floors of the stalls to which the animals stand are laid with a slight incline, from which the urine runs off into a small gutter immediately in the rear of the stall, and is conveyed to some receptacle provided for it under, or very near, the barn. The following description of such a tank was recently given by Prof. G. C. Caldwell: "First of all, a suitable water-tight covered receptacle must be provided, which should be deep rather than shallow, and have a capacity of ten to twelve gallons for every adult animal in the stalls, on the supposition that it will be emptied once or twice a week. This tank may consist simply of a hogshead sunk in the ground; but it will be cheaper in the long run if built of stone, laid in a mixture of coal-tar, pitch and sand, liquefied by heat, or of brick first warmed and soaked in tar, and then laid in the same manner. The tank should have a banking of clay. A supply of water should be provided in addition to that coming from the stalls, which may be turned into the tank at pleasure; with this the manure can be diluted before it is applied, and the manure pile can be kept moist, for it will be poor policy while making liquid manure to let the solid manure burn up by too rapid fermentation."—*Prairie Farmer.*

A correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker* gives an account of one year's experience in sheep keeping. The venture was made with fair cross-bred ewes and a pure Southdown ram. Here is the balance sheet:

Dr.	
18 ewes at $5 each	$ 90 00
1 Southdown buck	25 00
	$115 00
Cr.	
18 ewes at $5 each	$ 90 00
1 Southdown buck	25 00
14 ram lambs 1,000 lbs. at 5c. per lb	50 00
10 ewe lambs at $5 each	50 00
75 lbs. of wool at 35c. per lb	26 25
	$241 25
	115 00
	$126 25

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Hints in and Out of Season by Aunt Kate.

Winter Eggs.—The receipt of 10 dozen large, splendid fresh December eggs from Mrs. A. F. Wood, of Mason, puts us in mind that there must be a profit as well as a knack in producing them. What a dish is fresh ham and eggs for Christmas! First get the breed and then give the food. Hot boiled potatoes, mashed when hot, with wheat bran and Indian meal well stirred in, is capital food. Corn is the favorite. Mix occasionally cayenne pepper in their breakfast. Keep gravel and sand, old lime mortar, powdered bones, oyster shells, chalk, charcoal in sight. Fresh pure water is relished; so are cabbage leaves, slices of turnips, potatoes and apples. Scraps from the butcher's shop are first rate. You must feed if you want winter eggs. Ask Mrs. Wood, at Mason, and she will tell you how she does it.

Egg-Eating by Pullets.—If hens get into the habit of eating eggs, take enough bran and corn meal of equal parts for one feeding, and enough vinegar warmed to make the meal wet enough for the hens to eat. Mix together and feed it to the hens. Repeat this once the same day.—*Farmer's Boy in Country Gentleman.*

Steamed Ham.—This by far is the best way of cooking ham, to be used cold, sliced or for sandwiches. Lay the ham in cold water for 12 hours; wash very thoroughly, rubbing with a stiff brush to dislodge the salt and smoke on the outside. Put into a steamer, cover closely, and set it over a pot of boiling water. Allow at least 20 minutes to a pound. Keep the water at a hard boil. If you serve the ham hot, skin and immediately strew thickly with bread or cracker crumbs to prevent the waste of the flavor. Put a frill of paper about the knuckle.

Beefsteak with Oyster Sauce.—The steak should be about an inch thick, tender and juicy. Have the grid iron hot and rub with a small piece of butter to prevent the meat sticking. Broil it carefully, and do not season it until done; then lay in a dish, cover tightly and keep hot. In a very little juice stew 20 or 30 oysters; season and add a little cream; pour hot over the steak and serve.

Gravy for Potatoes.—Put a spoonful or more of butter, according to the quantity of potatoes you have, into a frying pan and set over the fire until brown, being careful not to scorch it. Mix a spoonful of flour in a cup of thin sweet cream, or milk if one has no cream—pour into the browned butter, boil up, season with pepper and a little salt if necessary, and turn over the boiled potatoes.

Chicken and Ceylon Moss for the Sick.—Cut a small fowl into small pieces, and put over the fire with three pints of cold water, four ounces of Ceylon moss (bought at a drug store), and half a teaspoon of salt. Boil an hour and strain into cups or jelly mold.

Broiled Ham.—Should the ham be very salt soak the slice to be used in warm water, letting it stand about 20 minutes before broiling. Then take out, wipe dry, and broil on a gridiron, turning often; season with pepper and butter.

Fried Ham.—Soak as for broiling. Cook in a hot frying-pan, turning often until done, serve with or without the gravy, as you please. Some prefer after taking the meat from the pan to add cream to the gravy, then thicken with flower, boil up once and pour over the ham. A little chopped parsley is a pleasant addition to its gravy.

Domestic Sausage.—Two pounds of lean pork, two pounds of veil, two pounds of beef suet, one teaspoonful of black pepper, one of cayenne peper, five teaspoonful of salt, three teaspoonfuls of sweet marjorum and thyme mixed, two teaspoonfuls of sage and the juice of lemon. Stuff in cases, or skins if you prefer.

Celery Vinegar.—One bunch of fresh celery or a quarter of pound of celery seed, one quart of best cider vinegar, on teaspoon of salt, one tablespoon of white sugar. Cut the celery in small bits, or pour the seed into a jar; scald the salt and vinegar, and pour over the celery stalks of seeds, set it by to cool, covered tightly. Let it stand about one week, after which strain the bottle in small flasks for use. This will be found nice for use out of season for fresh celery.

Corn Starch and Egg Omelets.—Four eggs well beaten; two tablespoonfuls of corn-starch, mixed with a half cupful of milk; add pepper and salt to taste, and fry in hot lard.

Pound Cake (White.)—One cupful of fine white sugar and a half cupful of butter; beat 10 minutes, add the whites of four eggs, well beaten, and beat 10 minutes longer. Sift 1½ cupfuls of flour, in which sift 1 scant teaspoonful of baking powder and 6 tablespoonful of milk. Flavor with rose or bitter almond.

Cream Pie (Very Nice).—One tablespoonful of syrup, a large tablespoonful of flour, one do. of butter; stir well together; one cup of rich cream and one do. of milk, sweetened with sugar and seasoned with nutmeg to your taste. This is one pie; bake in crust.

Coffee Cake.—One cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of cold coffee, four or five cups of flour, one pound of raisins (only one and a half cups are necessary). Put the raisins in the coffee. Spice to taste.

Ginger Drops.—One-half cup of butter, one cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, one cup of cold water, one heaping spoonful of soda, ginger and salt to taste. Sufficient flour to make a batter. Drop in tins and bake in quick oven.

Molasses Pound Cake (new).—Four eggs, four cups flour, two cups nice molasses, one cup butter, one cup cream, two tablespoonfuls of soda. Fruit to taste.

Indelible Ink.—An indelible ink without silver salts is made by rubbing together 15 grains of aniline black with 60 drops of muriatic acid, and adding 1½ ounces of strong alcohol. The mixture is diluted with a hot solution of 38 grains of gum arabic in a third of a pint of water. This ink is asserted to have no corroding effect on steel pens, and to be neither destroyed by mineral acids nor by caustic alkalies.

Black Writing Ink.—Digest together for a fortnight 18 ounces of bruised galls, and half an ounce of cloves in five quarts of water, or at this rate for any other quantity. Press and filter. Add to the clear mixture six ounces sulphate of iron and two fluid drachms of sulphuric acid, shaking thoroughly until dissolved. Then add an ounce of indigo paste, and filter if necessary. The work should be done in glass or stoneware vessels, and the ink thus made kept well corked. Druggists, who have the materials at hand, may easily make their own ink in this way.

Liquid Glue.—Take 50 parts of the best white transparent glue and break it into small pieces and pour on just enough distilled or pure rain water to cover it for 67 parts, and let it stand till the pieces become soft: if any project above the surface push them under. The mass is then melted over a water bath, and nitric acid added very slowly until about 69 parts are added, stirring constantly. If the acid is weak the mass may gelatinize or cooling, in which case add a little more acid. But too much acid will make it thin and weak. A glass vessel is of course necessary.

—"Just now, in at Smith's," said Jones, his face flushed with the proud consciousness of a good deed done, "my honesty had a severe strain. A fellow went out just after I came in, and I noticed he left a half dollar of his change on the counter. My first thought was to pocket it, boys; but it is a fact, I didn't though, thank heaven! No, I just put my fingers near it when Smith handed me my cigars, and by a curious coincidence it was just the right change. Seemed sort o' providential, didn't it. Yes," he continued, "there is no doubt about it; honesty is the best policy."

—The natives residing in the neighborhood of Monrovia, Liberia, until lately were accustomed to visit the city dressed very much in the style of our first parents. Mayor Leon, a civilized emigrant from the United States, issued a proclamation to the effect that the men should wear breeches and the women gowns to the knees, or they couldn't attend market. The decree is now observed, but in the rural regions the primitive costume of the fathers of the republic remains in vogue.

—A man "out West," envious of Edison, has invented, or rather discovered, an electrical stove. When you put wood in it, or at least when he did, a severe shock was felt and he dropped the lifter and the griddle he was holding. In attempting to take a stove pan off, his wife dropped to the floor. The hired man coming in was baffled in their efforts to get anything to eat. One taking a coffee pot sprang two feet into the air and yelled; another in attempting to move a pot of cabbage was himself moved to the corner

IRISH NOTES.

Considerable excitement was created about Galway on New Year's Day in consequence of intelligence received that the passage of a body of mounted constabulary, with baggage, had been interrupted at Carraroe, near Spiddal, some few miles from Galway. A portion of the road was torn up by the people and barriers of stones erected. The police were intended to protect process servers who have processes to serve in consequence of arrears arising out of the prevalent distress.

The Duchess of Marlborough, in encouraging the developement of Irish industries, has given orders that Dublin Castle be draped with curtains of silk figured terry poplin. The design selected is exceedingly beautiful, the chief feature being the royal crown worked over an arrangement of shamrocks. The drawing rooms at Blenheim Palace, the English seat of the Viceregal family, are also being thoroughly embellished with the same fabric. Here the design on the poplin will consist of an arrangement of the ducal coronets and monograms, surrounded by the star of the Order of St. Patrick. The object of this movement is to bring the Irish poplin generally into use as a fabric for upholstery and decoration.

On Christmas morning a riot occurred at Fethard, county Tipperary, between some of the soldiers of the Seventh Hussars, stationed there, and civilians. There had been a good deal of drinking the previous night in the canteen and in the town, and later on some civilians encountered three hussars out on pass. It is alleged that the soldiers, being from the North of Ireland, exclaimed "Down with Pope and popery!" and the civilians resorted with other equally insulting cries. A row was the result, and then the hussars went into barracks and brought out fourteen or fifteen of their comrades, and the fight was renewed on a larger scale with about twenty-six young men of the town. In the affair a hussar lost his sword. The guard from the barracks, under Lieutenant Johnston, soon turned out, dispersed the civilian rioters and brought back the soldiers, some of whom had been sentenced to back drill for periods varying from seven to fourteen days. The sword was brought back to barrack ground next morning. No arrests of civilians have been made.

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Duchess of Marlborough's Fund was held on the 31st ult. at Dublin Castle. The Duchess presided. Among the subscriptions were Mr. Gladstone £50 and the Duke of Northumberland £100. The Duchess of Marlborough read a letter from Cardinal Manning, in which he stated that he deeply sympathized with the object her Grace had in view, and that he had already collected £1,300, which he had forwarded to the Bishop of Galway, Kerry, Tuam and Ross, and that that fact alone prevented him from making a further collection in aid of her Grace's fund. A letter from the Agent General for South Australia was read conveying an offer of assistance from Hon. W. Morgan, Chief Secretary of South Australia. Communications from various distressed districts in the west of Ireland were received and considered, and several local committees appointed. The names of the Countess of Westmeath, the Countess of Mayo, Lady Bloomfield, Lady de Freyne, Lady Constance Bellingham, Lady Mary Burke, Lady Anna Daly, Mrs. O'Connor, Mrs. Cogan, Mrs. Gerald Dease, Mrs. Edmund Dease and Mrs. Burke were added to the General Committee, and the committee adjourned until Friday next.

The Dublin *Gazette* contains a proclamation of the Lord Lieutenant, offering a reward of £200 for information which shall lead to the conviction of the person or persons who, on the evening of the 7th of December, fired three shots at the door of the house of Patrick Timmons, at Fordstown, county Meath, one of which penetrated the door and grazed the arm of the said Patrick Timmons, and a reward of £100 for information which shall lead to the conviction of the person or persons who on the night of the 10th stole or maliciously threw into the sea from off the cliffs of Kanrowar and Toonadooravaun, county Galway, ninety-six sheep, the property of Michael O'Neill; ten sheep, the property of Patrick Holloran, his herd; four sheep, the property of Patrick Nee; two sheep, the property of Thomas Nee; two sheep, the property of Michael Connealy, and fourteen sheep, the property of Mr. H. C. Smyth. The *Gazette* also contains a notice from the Board of Works including the poor law unions of Athlone, Limerick and Kilmallock in the list of unions to which special facilities for loans for public relief works are conceded. The *Gazette* repeats a notice of the appointment of extra police constables on the estate of Sir Robert Blosse.

RIGHT AND WRONG TRAINING.

There are two kinds of love; that which indulges and never restrains; and that which is willing, even when anxious to indulge, to restrain, if it be necessary. The former injures and often ruins; the latter is beneficent. From this improper love have orginated in our time some errors whose existence would defy belief if their consequences were not general. Men who have succeeded are heard to say, "My children shall not work, as I had to work;" forgetting that in that work, though enforced and irksome, the foundation of their own prosperity was laid. In a similar spirit, doting parents try to give to their children everything that they were deprived of; thus bringing them up in softness and effeminacy, making them hot-house plants. Instead of teaching them the manly toleration of pain and courageous surmounting of obstacles, they administer opiates; allow them to take "gas" when the first teeth are extracted; permit them to sleep up late; to attend parties, and to drive to and from school in a family carriage, if they have one, or in public conveyances. Not long since the writer attended the "commencement" of a well-known military school. As the boys and young men were performing their evolutions, attacking and defending a redoubt, etc., certain doting mothers sat in the reception-room surveying the scene. One said to the others: "The boys seem to enjoy it; but I can't help feeling that the poor fellows are being worked too hard." And the rest chimed in with this absurd remark, as though the boys were training for jelly-fish instead of men.

When parents live in luxury and accustom their children to, especially on transient profits, not accruing from (to use Franklin's homely expression) a "pile contrived to last for life," and makes the impression on those children that "father has enough to take care of me," they do them great harm and jeopard their success in life. Formerly rich men often lived very closely and at death precipitated fortunes on their sons, that they did not know how to use. But this seldom occurs now, and the danger is at the other extreme. Many crimes committed by young men can be traced to those errors in their training; and when they marry young women reared under similar influences the evil is intensified. From this point of view it is easy to understand the breaking away of sons and daughters from the ascendancy of their parents. Many never were subdued; but from birth ruled the whole house. Many have broken away gradually and secretly. The work was done before the confiding parents suspected it had begun. And yet parents should be as jealous of the love and confidence of their children as lovers. Where the work of training boys is left wholly to the mother, when the boys begin to go astray she is too easily persuaded and too easily deceived, being ignorant of the world and incapable of understanding the impulses and temptations of boys. Widows often train boys much better than the same women did or could while their husbands were alive and left it to them. If the writer does not wholly mistake the tendencies and perils of the time, there is a demand on parents and teachers to impress on youth clear ideas of the consequences of vice; to make them feel by their way of speaking about vice that it is more to be feared than scarlet fever or small-pox; and that the death of children is less to be dreaded than that they should become vicious. They should also be taught that a good reputation is of priceless value; and the highest estimate should be attached to a sense of personal dignity, manhood being more valuable than accomplishments. The necessity of self support should be urged, and the sons even of the rich taught that they have no permanent reliance but on their own qualities and qualifications.—*Rev. J. M. Buckley, in Independent.*

CANADIAN NOTES.

Mr. Grebenstein, one of the successful candidate for municipal honors for the North Ward in Berlin, had the pleasure of being serenaded by the 29th Battalion band the other evening.

The following are the births, marriages and deaths in Stratford for 1879: Births, [illegible]7; marriages, 52; deaths, 31.

Edward Proper, a young lad who does not bear a very enviable character, was arrested by Detective Dunn, of Brantford, and brought before his Worship James Weyms, on a charge of carrying firearms. It is said that Proper presented this same revolver at Mr. D. Heffernan, because that gentleman refused to give him liquor. His Worship after giving the lad some good advice, allowed him to go upon his own recognizance to appear when called upon to answer the charge of presenting the revolver. The revolver was confiscated.

A silver watch was stolen from a drawer in Ald. Thomas Potts' store and tinware store, in Brantford, one day last week. The police have just been notified of the theft.

Petty thefts seem to be of frequent occurrence in Brantford. On Monday night last some person entered the hall of Mrs. Austin's residence, nearly opposite Grace church, and stole therefrom a beautiful lustre dress. Up to the present time nothing has been heard either of the dress or the party who took it.

The annual meeting of the L. O. District Lodges of the district of Brant was held in the Orange Hall, George street, Brantford. The different lodges in the district were fully represented. The reports from the different lodges were very satisfactory. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Bro. S. Wetmore, D. M., re-elected; Bro. Jos. Armstrong, D. D. M.; Bro. A. Cromar, D. Chap.; Bro. John Catton, D. Sec., re-elected; Bro. Jos. McLean, D. Treas.; Bro. Bawtinheimer, D. D. of C. Cainsville was selected as the next place of meeting. An effort is being made to have the Provincial Grand Lodge meet here next year.

The Clifton, Ont., Council have passed a by-law creating a paid fire department in that town. The new organization is to consist of a Chief Engineer, at a salary of $30 per annum, and Assistant-Engineer, at a salary of $20 per annum, ten firemen at a salary of $10 each per annum, and a team of horses with a driver at an expense of $2 per hour while on duty at fires. The men are also to be paid twenty-five cents per hour while on duty.

Hugh Cockburn, of Puslinch, has purchased one hundred acres from his brother on the 8th concession of Puslinch for $5,500. Mr. Hugh Cockburn has now a farm in one block of 500 acres.

Fishing with nets on Kempenfeldt Bay is prohibited, and the Fishery Overseer gives notice that he will confiscate any nets used for that purpose.

Brantford will soon send out into the world a dramatic company.

Mulmur teachers complain about not being paid their salaries promptly.

Orillia wants a Mechanics' Institute.

Two Collingwood Councillors refuse to serve.

Mr. S. Dice, Nelson, has sold his 100-acre farm to Mr. Thos. Elliott, of Nassagaweya. Price, $7,000.

An old resident of Barrie, in the person of Mr. Wm. Pavey, died very suddenly on Monday.

About seven years ago a son of Mrs. Mooney, Aberfoyle, left for the Southern States. After his departure he did not write home and his relations thought him dead. A few days ago the first letter was received from the absent son from Texas, where he is working on a railway and doing well.

The following are the officers of Welland Literary and Debating Association, elected January 9th, 1880: President, Mr. Swayze; Vice-President, Mr. Grant; Treasurer, Mr. Cowper; Secretary, Mr. Griffith; Critic, Mr. Cowper.

In the month of October, 1879, the firm of Strong & Co., undertakers, St. Thomas, interred the remains of eight persons who ages made an aggregate of 666 years, the youngest being 66 and the oldest 102.

On Tuesday afternoon Mr. Thomas Roach, hotel keeper, Welland Junction, was badly bitten by a dog. The dog seized him by the calf of the leg and tore it terribly so much so that Dr. Cook, who was called in, after cauterizing it, was compelled to stitch it.

The West End cheese factory (Huron county) received 622 540 pounds of milk in 1879, from which 57,937 pounds of cheese were made, realizing $3,844, of which $2,859 were paid to the patrons. Considering the unfavorable season the result was very satisfactory. Mr. N. Cousins was re-appointed salesman, and Mr. A. Hally, secretary-treasurer.

J. H. Lockhart has sold his farm on the lake shore, Malden, containing 280 acres in 5th and 6th concessions, to Edward Barron & Bros., for $11,000. Mr. Lockhart has since purchased 33 acres in lot 27 in the 3rd concession of Malden, from D. P. Beaume, for $3,300.

The horse fair at Little Germany on Wednesday was very well attended. Considerable stock changed hands. All the horse traders within reach of the place were present, and took great interest in speculating in horse flesh.

At a meeting of Niagara District L. O. L., held in Merritton, on Tuesday, the following officers were elected for the current year: James Gillespie, W. D. M.; John Strong, D. D. M.; Thomas Bump, Chap.; T. B. Brownlee, Treas.; Wm. Chewlew, Sec.; Richard Clark, D. of C.; J. Laughlin, Lecturer; Wm. Winslow, Proxy.

Counterfeit bills are in circulation in the vicinity of Lucknow. Chiefly Dominion Bank fours, old issue, Ontario Bank tens, and Commercial fives, old issue. The Lucknow Bank detected several during the week.

Forty-eight sons and daughters of Mr. and Mrs. David Reed, of Thurlow, with their wives, husbands and children, held a surprise party at the residence of the aged couple a few nights since.

There are now 100 pupils attending at the Chatham High School.

Mrs. James Scott, of Roxboro', had a narrow escape on Sunday last. She, with two or three other ladies, were standing on the bridge at Roxboro' when a portion of it gave way with the flood. The two other ladies got off, but Mrs. Scott was carried into the water, and had it not been for a couple of lads who were near by at the time, and who immediately sprang into the water and rescued her, she would have been drowned. As it was, she is now none the worse for the narrow escape she had.

On the recommendation of Mr. Rufus Stephenson, M.P., the Hon. the Postmaster-General has been pleased to appoint Mr. Alfred Bishop as postmaster at Baldoon, P. O., in Kent county, Dover township.

Mr. Robert Richmond, on the 14th con. of Hullett, has sold his farm of 50 acres, getting $2,500. Mr. Wm. Sanderson, of the same township, is the purchaser.

Archibald Munro, of Wardsville, was accused of perjury by Richard U. Willcox. The trial came off at Glencoe on Tuesday, before Squires Simpson, Leitch and Slater, and resulted in the discharge of the accused.

A fatal accident happened last Friday at Spring Hill Farm, in the vicinity of Walkerton. Mr. Rivers had a threshing on that day, and Michael, a son of Gotleib Polfuss, was assisting. He jumped up into a mow five or six feet above the level of the barn to throw a fork to those engaged with the straw. In jumping down on the floor again he came in contact with a broken rake handle, a portion of which was driven into his abdomen. He regarded his injury as being of a trival character, and worked on for a while; but grew worse and died the following morning.

Good dry cordwood can be purchased in Clinton for less than two dollars per cord.

At Brussels the other day during an altercation with his sister Hannah, a youth named Salem Armstrong hastily flung a large pair of scissors at her. The point struck the girl in the thigh, making an ugly wound. A medical man was called in and stitched it up. Had it hit a few inches further away, the femoral artery would have been cut.

Maggie McKinnon, of Ekfrid, attempted suicide a few days since by taking a teaspoonful of Paris green. Dr. McIntyre was sent for, but before he arrived the poison had been vomited. The dose proved too great for the object sought. The Glencoe *Transcript* proffers Maggie the advice that if she had taken one-fourth the quantity it would probably have been fatal.

The Southern Fair board have been awarded a grant of $200 by the township of Brantford to liquidate their debts.

Mr. David McDonald, a wealthy farmer residing in the township of Athol, died on Tuesday evening from the effects of a kick received from one of his horses the day previous.

Mayor Rysthaupt, of Berlin, is at present getting material ready to commence early in spring the erection of a large boot and shoe manufactory.

It has been decided that the outport of Simcoe be detached from the port of Brantford and placed under the charge of the collector at Port Dover, the change to take effect from the first of February next.

Mr. A. G. Scott, of the Sterling House, Stirling, gave his hogs, four in number, what he supposed was condition powder, but what turned out to be blue stone used for killing potato bugs. The result was death to the hogs, and as they averaged 150 lbs each the mistake turned out to be a serious one.

More than a year ago Mr. J. Wark, of Ross, imported a bag of oats from Ireland, with the intention of using them for seed here. We are sorry to hear that the oats have not turned out as well as was expected, but rather seem to be a complete failure. The oats appear to have grown well, but the trouble seems to be that the season here is not long enough to give them proper time to ripen.—*Almonte Gazette.*

The following were the officers elected by the Nelson Agricultural Society at the meeting held on the 8th inst., at Nelson village: President, John Ireland; Vice President, Jos. Alton; Secretary-Treasurer, John Bracken; Directors, T. Ghent, R. B. Smith, John Fothergill, W. J. Bracken, Wm. Wood, Jas. Little, Isaac Burkholder, E. Corlett and J. Hartley.

During the half year ending January 1st, 1880, there have been 20 births, 8 marriages and 13 deaths registered in Oakville division.

The notorious "Billy Moore," who has already served some five years in penitentiary, will be tried by Judge Jones, of Brantford, shortly, on a charge of breaking into a house and assaulting a woman. The offence was committed at Scotland, the woman being a Mrs. Bennett.

While Mr. Henry Kilpatrick, of Campbellford, was leading a pig out from the narrow doorway of its pen to slaughter, lately, two others attacked him and bit him severely, one on the shoulder and the other on the hand.

Rev. W. T. Osborne, of Greenfield, has received $60 from the Council of that town for a horse which he was compelled to shoot after the animal had broken its leg on a defective bridge.

Renny Maloche, Exciseman of the Inland Revenue Department, had his overcoat stolen from the Essex House, Windsor, several nights since. The coat contained several valuable papers, the loss of which renders it impossible for Mr. Maloche to make out his regular monthly report, besides embarrassing him in a general way. Mr. Maloche has offered a reward of $10 for the return of the papers, and the matter is receiving the best efforts of the Windsor authorities.

At the annual meeting of the district of Nelson L. O. L. the following officers were elected: F. Crooks, District Master; Wm. Hall, Deputy Master; Richard Evans, Treasurer; Wm. Litchfield, Secretary; W. B. Smith, Chaplain; R. B. Tait, D. C. The next meeting of the lodge will be held at Oakville.

The Muscow mills, situated in the township of Culross and owned by Mr. Andrew McLean, were destroyed by fire on Monday night last. They consisted of a saw and grist mill with two run of stones, and were insured for $5,000.

A CANADIAN HEROINE.

An Old Story of 1813—How Mrs. Laura Secord Served Her Country.

(From the Orillia Packet.)

We are indebted to Mrs. Isaac Cockburn of this town, a granddaughter of the late Mrs. Laura Secord, who warned the British outpost at Beaver Dam, on the 23rd June, 1813, of the advance of the American force from Queenston, as related in last week's *Packet*, for the following interesting additional particulars:—Mrs. Secord was born in Boston, U. S. At an early age she came to Canada with her father and family, going to Ingersoll, which place he settled, and was named after him. She married Mr. James Secord, one of a numerous family, all U. E. Loyalists, and settled at Queenston, where he held the position of Surrogate Judge for the District of Niagara. Here she remained quietly until rumor reached her that Lieutenant Fitzgibbon and his little band were to be surprised. Her patriotic spirit was fired with the desire to acquaint them with their danger. But she was only a woman, and the distance long and tedious and through a dense wood. Still she could not rest, and gaining her husband's consent resolved to make the attempt at all events. She was a woman of light and delicate frame, and as her patriotic mission had to be performed in the heat and glare of the summer sun, fears were entertained that from exhaustion she would sink by the way. But her steps did not falter nor her courage give way until she reached the Indian encampment, when by the light of the fires she could see reflected the dusky forms of the savages, hideous in their war paint and feathers. She halted, and as they spied her they all arose and gave a piercing war-whoop, at the same time quickly advancing towards her, and demanding "Woman!—What woman want here?" For one moment her courage failed her; but quickly summoning up all her presence of mind, so that they should not detect the least show of nervousness, she said quite calmly, "I have great news for your chief; I must see him at once." They looked very suspiciously at her. This, after some parleying, she got them to do, when they found that indeed she had great news to tell. But she paid dearly for it, being nearly exhausted; for she had by stratagem and painful toil, through foes and forests, with the howling of the wolves on one hand and the dread of an encounter with the enemy on the other, accomplished a feat which but comparatively few men could have undertaken; prompted and sustained solely by sentiments of patriotism and loyalty, by which both she and her husband were distinguished. To her I think can safely be imputed the turning of the tide of war. Shortly after this Mr. Secord received the appointment of Collector of Customs at Chippawa, to which place they removed, and where Mrs. Secord died about twelve years ago, at the ripe old age of ninety-eight years, respected and loved by all. Indeed they went so far as to hang the church in black—something very seldom done for any of the laity. She had a special presentation to the Prince of Wales when he was in Canada, and the circumstances just related was told him. It seemed to make an impression upon him, for he spoke of it afterwards. She has one surviving brother, Mr. James Ingersoll, of Woodstock, formerly Bank Manager, and now Registar of the county of Oxford. She lies in the little churchyard at Lundy's Lane, beside her husband.

TRACHEOTOMY.

A Surgical Operation for the Relief of Diphtheria.

(Ida County Pioneer.)

We mentioned last week that Cora Johnston of this place was down with diphtheria, and now we are pleased to announce that her recovery is inevitable. Cora is 11 years and 8 months of age, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Johnston, and a girl of more than ordinary thought and patience. Last Friday, which was the ninth day of her disease, she was taken with diphtheretic croup, which is always considered sure death, but this case will assuredly be an exception. About 5 o'clock that evening, the poor little girl commenced suffocating and gasping for breath. Obtaining the consent of the parents and the medical fraternity of the city, Drs. J. D. Miller and A. T. Baker performed the operation of tracheotomy, and were ably assisted by Drs. Heilman, Moorehead and Walker, the operation being attended by the usual dangers of hemorrhage. The operation was soon performed, which rallied the patient and afforded immediate relief. A piece of membrane was at once taken out of the windpipe through this hole, that measured seven and one-half inches in length, and was forked at the lower end, showing that it had grown down into the passage leading to the lungs. Thus relieved she began breathing through the wound with perfect ease. Upon being asked if she felt better, she smiled and made a regular school-girl motion for a slate and pencil. This was handed her when she quickly wrote, "Yes, I feel ever so much better." She had lost her speech, and used her pencil for communicative purposes. At present writing she can breathe through her mouth and nose, talks in a slow tone, eats hearty, is gaining strength and looks as bright and cheerful as any of her school-mates who are skipping about the streets preparing for Christmas. Though medical writers inform us that only six patients in ten recover after an operation of this character, yet the physicians inform us that the patient is nearly out of danger. This will be glad tidings to everybody, as Cora is a general favorite with all who know her. During her entire illness she has not uttered a complaint, but has always been cheerful and ready to let her physician do whatever the circumstances demand. For several days the windpipe had to be cleaned out every hour with a probe through the wound, which certainly was very painful, yet she urged them to probe deep and sure. At one time she told them that a portion of the membrane had fallen down in her lungs, and that they must splice their probe in order to reach it. The doctors obeyed, and sure enough, they extricated a chunk the size of a chestnut, which had fallen below the windpipe.

—The statement sometimes made that the German nobility disdain all trades but the military one, and think commerce beneath them, is hardly borne out by facts. The *von*, equivalent to the French *de* as a sign of gentle birth, is frequently found figuring on the signboards of grocers' and apothecaries' shops; and few German trade dictionaries are to be found in which the aristocratic prefix does not occur. A few days ago there appeared in the *Neuesten Nachrichten*, of Munich, an advertisement in which an undoubted noble, the Count von Hirschberg, announces that he has opened a marriage office, and from his high connections is enabled to offer those who may favor him with their custom an unusually rich choice of advantageous matches.

—Good-bye, if it please you, sir—good-bye.
This is a world where the wild swans fly;
This is a world where the thorns [illegible]
When the rose [illegible] is gone, is gone.
Good-bye—good-bye—good-bye.

Good-bye, if it please you, sir—good-bye.
You are here and away—I care not why.
This is a world where a man has his will,
A world where a woman had best be still.
Good-bye—good-bye—good-bye.

Good-bye, if it please you, sir—good-bye.
This is a world where—we see the sky;
After a while the stars will fall
And the end will make an end of it all.
Good-bye—good-bye—good-bye.

[illegible] TAY BRIDGE [illegible]

The L[illegible] cember [illegible] eye witness of the [illegible] bridge catastrophe [illegible]

Enjoying the [illegible] comforts of my parlor fireside on Sunday night, I listened to the fierce clamor of the storm without, and felt a deep sense of gratitude for the security I possessed, mingled with a feeling of compassion for the poor sailors on the sea battling with the storm. Stepping over to the casement I gazed out upon the street, and just then a blaze of moonlight lighted up the broad expanse of the Tay down below, and the long white sinuous line of the Tay bridge came into view. I looked at my watch and saw that it was exactly seven o'clock. "The Edinburgh train will be due immediately," I exclaimed to my wife; "come and let us watch to see if it will attempt to cross on such a night." So saying, we turned down the gas in the parlor and prepared to await the appearance of the train. The light by this time had become most fitful. Great masses of clouds were sweeping across the expanse of the heavens, at times totally obscuring the light of the full moon. "There she comes," cried one of the children, and, at that moment, the slowly moving lights of the Edinburgh train could be distinctly seen rounding the curve at Warmit, and passing the signal-box at the south side, entering upon the long straight line of that portion of the bridge. The train once on the bridge seemed to move along with greater swiftness, and when the engine entered the tunnel like cloisters of the great girders my little girl exactly described the effect of the lights as seen through the lattice-work when she exclaimed, "Look, papa, isn't that like lightning?" All this takes some time to write down, but to the eye it seemed as if almost simultaneous with the entrance of the train upon the bridge a comet-like burst of fiery sparks sprang out, as if forcibly ejected into the darkness from the engine. In a long visible train the streak of fire was seen till quenched in the water below. Then there was absolute darkness on the bridge. A silence fell upon our eager group at the window. Then, with stunning force, the idea broke upon my mind. "Heavens!" I cried, "I fear the train is over the bridge!" With a growing horror I watched the curve at the north side to try if I could see the train pass that point, but as several minutes passed and no moving object broke the continuity of the bridge at that point, I snatched up my hat and hurried down and across the Magdalen Green, to meet several individuals all bent upon the same errand as myself.

The terrific nature of the gale at this time may be inferred from the fact that, descending the slope of the green, I had to crouch down upon the grass to prevent my being blown bodily away. It seemed as it the wind had became a solid compelling power. One gentleman was blown against another on the green and both tumbled together. The massive signal post beside the signal box on the north side of the bridge was bent by the wind like a willow wand, and on entering the Esplanade the sand and pebbles were dashing about with such force that the hands and face were positively sore with the violence of the impact. My hands held behind my back for a minute were completely filled with drifting sand and pebbles. Looking towards the river nothing clearly could be made out. The water from the broken Newport waterpipe on the bridge was pouring into the river, and being caught in its descent by the wind, was lashed into a misty spray that helped to veil the gap that had by this time been made in the iron highway.

A number of gentleman having now collected below the bridge on the Esplanade, one of them climbed up into the signal box above, and there learned from the man stationed less than a mile from the scene of the great catastrophe that he knew nothing more of what had happened than that the train signalled to him as having entered upon the bridge fully fifteen minutes before but had never reached his station, and that all telegraphic communication with the other side had ceased. What had in reality happened the public know as well as they will ever be likely to know. An entire train with its living freight had been swept into the bosom of the Tay. The rest was left to the imagination. In the clear sunlight of this morning I have again visited the spot, but so calmly was the river then rolling onwards towards the sea that, save for the incontestible evidence of the great gap in mid-river, it was difficult to think that the significant scene of last night was other than a horrid nightmare.

IN THE SIGNAL BOX.

In the signal cabin as usual the signal man Barclay had on Sunday afternoon taken his post some time before the south train was due. It was blowing quite a gale, which with every passing minute seemed to increase in strength and volume. After he had entered his box he was joined by Watt, a foreman surfaceman. Watt had just entered the cabin when the Edinburgh train came on from St. Fort, speed being reduced until Barclay had passed the baton, without which no train is supposed to enter upon a single line of rail. At this time the wind was so high that Barclay experienced the greatest difficulty in making his way safely down the steep stair that led from his cabin to the ground. Hurriedly handing the baton to the stoker, John Marshall, he made the best of his way upstairs, while the train continued on its journey. The speed was about three miles an hour, and at that pace is crept along steadily. Its course was earnestly watched by the surfaceman Watt, who had previously expressed his fears as to the structure being able to weather the storm. The red danger lights at the rear of the train were distinctly visible for some time, but just as, from calculations, it was pretty accurately known that the engine must almost have cleared the centre span of the bridge, the red lights, with a startling suddenness, disappeared. Though the cabin door was immediately opened by Watt, not a sound was heard above the roar of the wind and the wild splash of the waves beneath. Barclay, who had been otherwise engaged and had not closely observed the progress of the train, assured Watt, in response to his expressions of alarm, that no doubt the lights had disappeared from view as the train took the decline and rounded the curve on the northern half of the bridge. Hoping that all was well, yet fearing the worst, the two men patiently waited for the signal that the train had reached the Dundee side. The allotted time passed and still there was no signal from the telegraph instrument. Barclay touched the communicating knob; the indicator showed that the electric current was interrupted, but still the cause was unknown. Barclay, thoroughly alarmed, then tried some eight instruments which gave direct wire connection with Dundee, but all were silent, and the horrible truth was now forced upon the minds of both Watt and Barclay that some parts of the bridge had broken down.

A FLASH IN THE NIGHT.

The first idea that suggested itself to the two men was to run along the bridge and see the nature and extent of the undoubted disaster; but the storm was still at its height, and in the intense darkness that prevailed second thoughts warned them that danger might attend any efforts which could be made to penetrate the mystery that way. An alarm being raised, some people who lived close by in the cottages were roused, and measures were devised for ascertaining how matters really stood. About this time the moon shot out from behind a thick bank of rain-laden cloud, and the men running down along the margin of the river to the point whence they could command the greater part of the bridge, were enabled to make out a large gap in the central portion. Suddenly there was a great glare noticeable towards where the front portion of the train was supposed to be; simultaneously all the lights in the rear—the white side ones and the blood red ones—seemed to get mixed up, and in a moment darkness supervened. Several other persons in adjoining houses witnessed the same strange phenomenon, and a number of gentlemen, who were detained by the rough nature of the night from crossing to Dundee, either by ferryboat or the train, and who were driving from Newport to "The Cottages" to see how the train fared, were also observers of the singular jumble of the lights. So far as is known the train had got about the middle of the bridge, and was running upon the high girders which were lashed overhead, forming, as it were, a cage for the train. It is thought that it had got to the fourth high girder when the vast fabric tottered beneath its weight, and fell, with its load, into the water, which at low tide is twenty-six feet deep; the whole of the high girders, twelve in number, went at once, and the iron piers which supported them had also snapped asunder, leaving only the stone piers above high water. Not a soul escaped. In a moment the train and its living freight went down into the estuary, and all people must have been immediately drowned.

—Luther's wedding-ring is on exhibition at the jeweller's, Herr Bohe, of Dusseldorf. The ring, which bears the inscription, "Dr. Martinus Luther, Catharina Von Bora, 13 June, 1525," is a work of considerable art. On it is represented the passion of our Lord, the cross and the body of Jesus forming the middle, surrounded by all the chief tools of the carpenter's craft, a small ruby recalling the holy blood.